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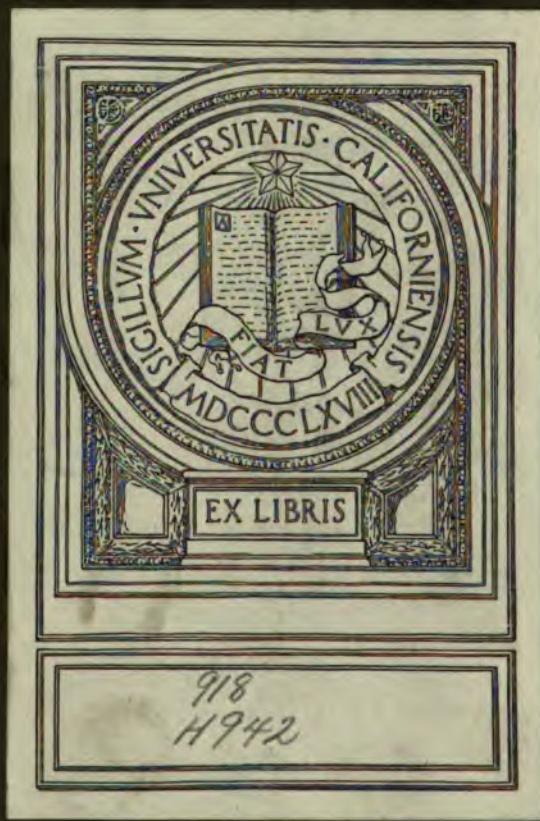
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POETRY OF OTHER LANDS

COMPILED

BY

N. CLEMMONS HUNT







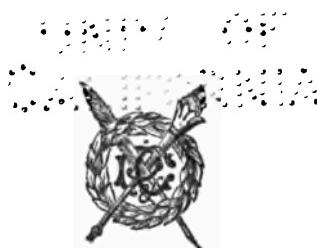




THE
POETRY
OF
OTHER LANDS.

A COLLECTION OF
TRANSLATIONS INTO ENGLISH VERSE OF THE POETRY
OF OTHER LANGUAGES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

COMPILED BY
N. CLEMMONS HUNT.



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PORTER & COATES.

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"NO. 1 MILK
ANNESTON, IOWA."

P R E F A C E.

THIS work does not claim to be an encyclopaedia of all the poetry of other countries that has been translated into English verse, but is a collection of those minor and lyrical poems that seemed to the compiler, after an examination of all the works on the subject accessible to him, as worthy of being better known to English-speaking people than they ever would become lying hid in obscure corners and amid much rubbish. Some of the translations are so well known that they have almost become incorporated into English poetry, but by far the greater number have never been read by, nor are even known by name to, many of the persons who will meet with this collection; and the compiler hopes that the work may prove to be a valuable companion volume to any one of the encyclopaedias of English poetry that are now published.

Some of the poems, perhaps, should be classed as paraphrases rather than as translations, but as an equivalent expression, taking into account the difference of idiom, will frequently convey the author's meaning and the beauty of the passage much more truthfully than a mere literal translation could possibly do, the compiler has not hesitated to include such in the collection.

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The poems are arranged under subject headings, a plan which has been adopted by the compilers of several of the most successful collections of English poetry, and those of each nationality are grouped together under the respective headings. As neither the names of the poems nor the first lines are familiar, the only index deemed necessary is one of the names of the authors alphabetically arranged, containing the dates of their birth and death, whenever these were attainable, and also the names of the translators.

N. C. H.

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

POEMS OF NATURE.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

HUSH'D is the howl of wintry breezes wild ;
The purple hour of youthful Spring has smiled :
A livelier verdure clothes the teeming earth ;
Buds press to life, rejoicing in their birth :
The laughing meadows drink the dews of night,
And, fresh with opening roses, glad the sight :
In song the joyous swains responsive vie ;
Wild music floats, and mountain melody.

Adventurous seamen spread the embosomed sail
O'er waves light heaving to the western gale ;
While village youths their brows with ivy twine,
And hail with song the promise of the vine.

In curious cells the bees digest their spoil,
When vernal sunshine animates their toil,
And little birds, in warblings sweet and clear,
Salute thee, Maia, loveliest of the year :
Thee on their deeps the tuneful halcyons hail,
In streams the swan, in woods the nightingale.

If earth rejoices, with new verdure gay,
And shepherds pipe, and flocks exulting play,
And sailors roam, and Bacchus leads his throng,
And bees to toil, and birds awake to song,
Shall the glad bard be mute in tuneful Spring,
And, warm with love and joy, forget to sing ?

MELLEAGER (*Greek*).

Translation of ROBERT BLAND.

A VERNAL WALK.

WHEN Spring adorns the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the west-wind's gentle sighs,
As o'er the scented mead it flies !
How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
Ready to burst in tears of wine ;
And with some maid, who breathes but love,
To walk, at noontide, through the grove,
Or sit in some cool, green recess,—
Oh, is not this true happiness ?

ANACREON (Greek).

Translation of THOMAS MOORE.

*THE FETH CHAMPETRE.*

Not in the city be my banquet spread,
But in sweet meadows, where around my head
The zephyr may float freely : be my seat
The mossy platform of some green retreat,
Where shrubs and creepers, starting at my side,
May furnish cushion smooth and carpet wide.
Let wine be served us, and the warbling lyre
Trill forth soft numbers of the Muses' choir ;
That we, still drinking, and our hearts contenting,
And still to dulcet tones new hymns inventing,
May sing Jove's bride, from whence these pleasures come,
The guardian goddess of our island home.

NICANTRUS (Greek).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

See the Spring appears in view ;
The Graces showers of roses strew.
See how ocean's wave serene
Smooths the limpid, glassy green :
With caring feet the sea-duck swims ;
The stork in airy journey skims :
The sun shines out in open day ;
The shadowy clouds are roll'd away ;
The cultur'd fields are smiling bright
In verdant gaiety of light :
Earth's garden spreads its tender fruits ;
The juicy olive swelling shoots ;
The grape, the fount of Bacchus, twines
In clusters, red with embryo wines :
Through leaves, through boughs it bursts its way,
And buds, and ripens on the day.

ANACREON (Greek).

Translation of SIR C. A. ELTON.



ON AN ANCIENT OAK.

HAIL, venerable boughs, that in mid sky
Spread broad and deep your leafy canopy !
Hail, cool, refreshing shade, abode most dear
To the sun-wearied traveller, wand'ring near !
Hail, close inwoven bow'rs, fit dwelling-place
For insect tribes and man's imperial race !
Me too, reclining in your green retreat,
Shield from the blazing day's meridian heat.

ANTIPHILUS (Greek).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

THE DOVE.

"LOVELY courier of the sky,
Whence and whither dost thou fly,
Scattering, as thy pinions play,
Liquid fragrance all the way ?
Is it business ? Is it love ?
Tell me, tell me, gentle Dove."—
Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,
Vows to Myrtale the fair :
Graced with all that charm the heart,
Blushing nature, smiling art,
Venus, courted by an ode,
On the Bard her Dove bestow'd.
Vested with a master's right
Now Anacreon rules my flight :
As the letters that you see,
Weighty charge consigned to me :
Think not yet my service hard,
Joyless task without reward :
Smiling at my master's gates,
Freedom my return awaits :
But the liberal grant in vain
Tempts me to be wild again.
Can a prudent Dove decline
Blissful bondage such as mine ;
Over hills and fields to roam,
Fortune's guest without a home ;
Under leaves to hide one's head,
Slightly shelter'd, coarsely fed ?
Now my better lot bestows
Sweet repast and soft repose ;
Now the generous bowl I sip

As it leaves Anacreon's lip ;
Void of care, and free from dread,
From his fingers snatch his bread,
Then with luscious plenty gay
Round his chambers dance and play ;
Or, from wine as courage springs,
O'er his face expand my wings ;
And when feast and frolic tire,
Drop asleep upon his lyre.
This is all ; be quick and go,
More than all thou can'st not know ;
Let me now my pinions ply,—
I have chatter'd like a pye !

ANACREON (*Greek*).

Translation of SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect ! what can be
In happiness compar'd to thee ?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine !
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill ;
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king !
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee ;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough ;

Farmer he, and landlord thou !
 Thou dost innocently joy,
 Nor does thy luxury destroy ;
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he.
 Thee country-hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripen'd year !
 Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire ;
 Phœbus is himself thy sire.
 To thee, of all things upon earth,
 Life's no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect, happy, thou
 Dost neither age nor winter know ;
 But, when thou'st drunk, and danc'd and sung
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
 (Voluptuous and wise withal,
 Epicurean animal !)—
 Sated with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

Anacreon (Greek).

Translation of ABRAHAM COWLEY.

ON A GROVE OF LAUREL.

WHOE'ER thou art, recline beneath the shade
 By never-fading leaves of laurel made ;
 And here awhile thy thirst securely slake
 With the pure beverage of the crystal lake :
 So shall your languid limbs, by toil opprest,
 And summer's burning heat, find needful rest,
 And renovation from the balmy power
 That stirs and breathes within this verdant bower.

Annyte (Greek).

Translation of FRANCIS HODGSON.

ON THE ENTRANCE TO A CAVERN.

STRANGER, beneath this rock thy limbs bestow—
Sweet, 'mid the green leaves, breezes whisper here.
Drink the cool wave, while noontide fervors glow ;
For such the rest to wearied pilgrim dear.

AMITTE (Greek).

Translator UNKNOWN.

THE BEE.

MANY-COLORED, sunshine-loving, spring-betokening bee !
Yellow bee, so mad for love of early-blooming flowers—
Till thy waxen cell be full, fair fall thy work and thee,
Buzzing round the sweetly-smelling garden plots and bowers.

NICIAS (Greek).

Translator UNKNOWN.

TO THE CICADA.

OH shrill-voiced insect ! that, with dew-drops sweet
Inebriate, dost in desert woodlands sing ;
Perch'd on the spray-top with indented feet,
Thy dusky body's echoings, harp-like, ring.
Come, dear Cicada ! chirp to all the grove,
The nymphs, and Pan, a new responsive strain ;
That I, in noonday sleep, may steal from love,
Reclined beneath this dark o'erspreading plane.

MELEAGER (Greek).

Translation of SIR C. A. ELTON.

TO THE BEES.

Ye nimble, honey-making bees, the flowers are in their prime ;
 Come now and taste the little buds of sweetly-breathing thyme ;
 Or tender poppies all so fair, or bits of raisins sweet,
 Or down that decks the apple-tribe, or fragrant violet :
 Come nibble on, your vessels store with honey while you can,
 In order that the hive-protecting, bee-preserving Pan
 May have a tasting for himself ; and that the hand so rude,
 That cuts away the combs, may leave for yourselves a little food.

ZONAS OF SARDIS (*Greek*).

Translation of W. HAY.

ON A BEE'S NEST.

O BEAUTIFUL Bee-homestead with many a waxen cell,
 Self-built for hanging, so it seems, that airy citadel !
 An unbought blessing to man's life, which neither plough,
 nor hoe,
 Nor axe, nor crooked sickle, is needed to bestow ;
 A tiny vessel—and no more—wherein the busy bee,
 From its small body, liquid sweets distilleth lavishly.
 Rejoice, ye blessed creatures ! regaling while ye rove,
 Winged workers of Nectareous food, on all the flowers ye love.

ANTIPHILUS (*Greek*).

Translation of JOHN WILSON.

HYMN TO THE EVENING STAR.

MILD star of eve, whose tranquil beams
Are grateful to the queen of love,
Fair planet, whose effulgence gleams
More bright than all the host above,
And only to the moon's clear light
Yields the first honors of the night!

All hail, thou soft, thou holy star,
Thou glory of the midnight sky,
And when my steps are wandering far,
Leading the shepherd-minstrelsy,
Then, if the moon deny her ray,
Oh guide me, Hesper, on my way !

No savage robber of the dark,
No foul assassin claims thy aid
To guide his dagger to its mark,
Or light him on his plund'ring trade ;
My gentle errand is to prove
The transports of requited love.

Eros (Greek).

Translation of J. H. MERRIVALE.

TO THE MOON.

HEAVENLY Selene ! goddess queen !
That shedd'st abroad thy light !
Bull-horned moon ! air-habiting !
Thou wanderer through the night !
Moon, bearer of the nightly torch !
Thou star-encircled maid !

Female, at once, and male the same ;
 Still fresh, and still decay'd !
 Thou, that in thy steeds delightest,
 As they whirl thee through the sky !
 Clothed in brightness ! mighty mother
 Of the rapid years that fly !
 Fruit dispenser ! amber-visaged !
 Melancholy, yet serene !
 All-beholding ! sleep-enamor'd !
 Still with trooping planets seen !
 Quiet-loving ! who in pleasaunce
 And in plenty tak'st delight !
 Joy-diffusing ! fruit-maturing !
 Sparkling ornament of night !
 Swiftly-pacing ! ample-vested !
 Star-bright ! all-divining maid !
 Come benignant ! come spontaneous !
 With thy starry sheen array'd !
 Sweetly-shining ! save us, virgin !
 Give thy holy suppliants aid !

ONOMACRITUS (Greek).

Translation of SIR C. A. ELTON.

INSCRIPTION ON THE BANKS OF A RIVER.

Not here, O thirsty traveller, stoop to drink ;
 The sun has warmed, and flocks disturbed, its brink ;
 But climb yon upland, where the heifers play,
 Where that tall pine excludes the sultry day ;
 There will you list a bubbling rill that flows
 Down the cool rock, more cold than Thracian snows.

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM (Greek).

Translation of ROBERT BLAND.

ON AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

NAUGHT, now, can pass belief ; in Nature's ways
No strange anomaly our wonder raise.
Th' Olympian Father hangs a noon-day night
O'er the sun's disk, and veils its glittering light.
Fear falls on man. Hence miracles before
Incredible are counted strange no more.
Stand not amazed if beasts exchange the wood
With dolphins; and exist amidst the flood ;
These the firm land forsake for sounding waves,
And those find pleasure in the mountain caves.

ARCHILOCHUS (*Greek*).

Translation of SIR C. A. ELTON.

TO LUCIUS SEXTIUS.

By Spring and Zephyr's gladsome sway
Unloosed, stern Winter hastes away.
Again the vessel tempts the sea ;
The herds again bound o'er the lea ;
His ingle-nook the hind forsakes,
And frosts no longer bleach the brakes.
Beneath the moon, o'er grassy meads
The sprightly dance soft Venus leads ;
And, link'd, the nymphs' and graces' train
With foot alternate beat the plain ;
While Mulciber, with kindling fires,
The Cyclops' toilsome forge inspires.
Now round the brow be myrtle twined
In verdant braid ; now chaplets bind
Of flowers, from earth's freed bosom thrown :
The sacrifice now lead to Faun,

Lambkin, or kid, whiche'er he claim,
 In grove deep-hallow'd with his name.
 Pale Death knocks with impartial foot
 At prince's hall and peasant's hut ;
 Warn'd, Sestius, by life's brief amount,
 Forbear on distant bliss to count :
 Soon, soon to realms of night away,
 Hurred, where fabled spectres play,
 Thou shalt 'neath Pluto's shadowy dome,
 Thyself a shadow, thither come ;
 No more shall dice allot to thee
 The banquet's jovial sovereignty ;
 Nor Chloe more shalt thou admire,
 The virgin's pride, the youth's desire.

HORACE (*Latin*), ODE IV., BOOK I.

Translation of ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

TO THALIARCHUS.

BEHOLD yon mountain's hoary height,
 Made higher with new mounds of snow ;
 Again, behold the winter weight
 Oppress the laboring woods below :
 And streams with icy fetters bound
 Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid ground.

With well-heaped logs dissolve the cold
 And feed the genial hearth with fires ;
 Produce the wine that makes us bold,
 And love of sprightly wit inspires.
 For what hereafter shall betide,
 God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

Let him alone, with what he made,
To toss and turn the world below ;
At his command the storms invade ;
The winds by his commission blow,
Till, with a nod, he bids them cease,
And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

To-morrow and her works defy ;
Lay hold upon the present hour,
And snatch the pleasures passing by,
To put them out of Fortune's power :
Nor Love, nor Love's delights disdain ;
Whate'er thou gett'st to-day is gain.

Secure those golden early joys
That youth, unsour'd with sorrow, bears,
Ere withering Time the taste destroys
With sickness and unwieldy years.
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possest ;
The best is but in season best.

The appointed hour of promis'd bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half-unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again ;
These, these are joys, the gods for youth ordain.

HORACE (*Latin*), ODE IX., BOOK I.

Translation of JOHN DRYDEN.

COUNTRY RETIREMENT.

SAFE roof'd my cottage ; swelling rich with wine
 Hangs from the twisted elm my cluster'd vine.
 Boughs glow with cherries, apples bend my wood ;
 And the crush'd olive foams with juicy flood.
 Where my light beds the scattering rivulet drink,
 My simple pot-herbs flourish on the brink ;
 And poppies smiling wave the rosy head
 That yield no opiate to a restless bed.
 If for the birds I weave the limed snare,
 Or for the startliah deer the net prepare,
 Or with a slender thread the fish delude,
 No other wiles disturb these woodlands rude.
 Go now and barter life's calm stealing days
 For pompous suppers, that with luxury blaze :
 Pray Heaven, for me the lot may thus be cast,
 And future time glide peaceful as the past.

AVIENUS (*Latin*).

Translation of SIR C. A. ELTON.

ROSES.

'TWAS Spring ; the morn return'd in saffron veil,
 And breathed a nipping coolness in the gale.
 A keener air had harbinger'd the Dawn,
 That drove her coursers o'er the eastern lawn.
 The breezy cool allured my feet to stray,
 And thus anticipate the fervid day.
 Through the broad walks I trod the garden bowers,
 And roam'd, refresh'd against the noon tide hours.
 I saw the hoary dew's congealing drops

Bend the tall grass and vegetable tops ;
On the broad leaves play'd bright the trembling gems,
And airy waters bow'd the laden stems.
There Paestan roses blush'd before my view,
Bedrop'd with early morning's freshening dew ;
The sprinkled pearls on every rose-bush lay,
Anon to melt before the beams of day.
'Twere doubtful, if the blossoms of the rose
Had robb'd the morning, or the morning those—
In hue, in tint, the same, the star and flower,
For both confess the queen of beauty's power.
Perchance their sweets the same : but this more nigh
Exhales its breath ; and that embalms the sky :
Of flower and star the goddess is the same,
And both she tinged with hues of roseate flame.
I saw a moment's interval divide
The rose that blossom'd from the rose that died.
This, with the cap of tufted moss, look'd green ;
That, tipp'd with reddening purple, peep'd between :
One rear'd its obelisk with opening swell,
The bud unsheathed its crimson pinnacle ;
Another, gathering every purfled fold,
Its foliage multiplied ; its blooms unroll'd ;
The teeming chives shot forth ; the petals spread,
The bow-pot's glory rear'd its smiling head :
While this, that ere the passing moment flew,
Flam'd forth one blaze of scarlet on the view,
Now shook from withering stalk the waste perfume,
Its verdure stript, and pale its faded bloom.
I marvel'd at the spoiling flight of time,
That roses thus grew old in earliest prime.
E'en while I speak, the crimson leaves drop round,
And a red brightness veils the blushing ground.
These forms, these births, these changes, bloom, decay,

Appear and vanish in the self-same day.
 The flower's brief grace, oh Nature ! moves my sighs,
 Thy gifts, just shown, are ravish'd from our eyes.
 One day, the rose's age ; and while it blows
 In dawn of youth, it withers to its close.
 The rose the glittering sun beheld, at morn,
 Spread to the light its blossoms newly born,
 When in his round he looks from evening skies,
 Already droops in age, and fades, and dies.
 Yet blest, that, soon to fade, the numerous flower
 Succeeds herself, and still prolongs her hour.
 Oh virgins ! roses cull, while yet ye may :
 So bloom your hours, and so shall haste away.

AUSSONIUS (*Latin*).

Translation of Sir C. A. ELTON.

ON A THUNDER STORM.

BRIGHT smil'd the morn, till o'er its head
 The clouds in thicken'd foldings spread
 A robe of sable hue ;
 Then gathering round day's golden king,
 They stretch'd their wide o'ershadowing wing,
 And hid him from our view.

The rain his absent beams deplored
 And, soften'd into weeping, pour'd
 Its tears in many a flood ;
 The lightning laugh'd with horrid glare ;
 The thunder growl'd in rage ;—the air
 In silent sorrow stood.

IBRAHIM BEN KHIRET ABOU ISAAC (*Arabian*).

Translation of J. D. CARLYLE.

A TURKISH ODE.

HEAR how the nightingales, on every spray,
Hail in wild notes the sweet return of May !
The gale that o'er yon waving almond blows,
The verdant bank with silver blossoms strows :
The smiling season decks each flowery glade.
Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

What gales of fragrance scent the vernal air !
Hills, dales, and woods, their loveliest mantles wear.
Who knows what cares await that fatal day,
When ruder gusts shall banish gentle May ?
Ev'n death, perhaps, our valleys will invade.
Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The tulip now its varied hue displays
And sheds, like Ahmed's eye, celestial rays.
Ah, nation ever faithful, ever true,
The joys of youth, while May invites, pursue !
Will not these notes your timorous minds persuade ?
Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The sparkling dewdrops o'er the lilies play,
Like orient pearls, or like the beam of day.
If love and mirth your wanton thoughts engage
Attend, ye nymphs, (a poet's words are sage.)
While thus you sit beneath the trembling shade,
Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The fresh blown rose like Zeineb's cheek appears,
When pearls, like dewdrops, glitter in her ears.
The charms of youth at once are seen and past ;
And Nature says, "They are too sweet to last."

So blooms the rose ; and so the blushing maid !
Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

See yon anemones their leaves unfold,
With rubies flaming, and with living gold !
While crystal showers from weeping clouds descend,
Enjoy the presence of thy tuneful friend.
Now, while the wines are brought, the sofa's lay'd,
Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The plants no more are dried, the meadows dead,
No more the rose-bud hangs her pensive head :
The shrubs revive in valleys, meads and bowers,
And every stalk is diadem'd with flowers :
In silken robes each hillock stands array'd.
Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Clear drops each morn impearl the rose's bloom,
And from its leaf the Zephyr drinks perfume ;
The dewy buds expand their lucid store :
Be this our wealth : ye damsels ask no more.
Though wise men envy, and though fools upbraid,
Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The dewdrop, sprinkled by the musky gale,
Are changed to essence ere they reach the dale.
The mild blue sky a rich pavilion spreads,
Without our labor, o'er our favored heads.
Let others toil in war, in arts, or trade,
Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Late gloomy winter chill'd the sullen air,
Till Soliman arose, and all was fair.
Soft in his reign the notes of love resound,
And pleasure's rosy cup goes freely round.

Here on the bank, which mantling vines o'ershade,
Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

May this rude lay, from age to age remain,
A true memorial of this lovely train.
Come, charming maid, and hear thy poet sing,
Thyself the rose, and he the bird of Spring.
Love bids him sing, and Love will be obey'd.
Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

MESHEI (Turkish).

Translation of SIR WILLIAM JONES

ODE TO WINTER.

STORMS ride the air, and veil the sky in clouds,
And chase the thundering streams athwart the land :
Bare stand the woods ; the social linden's leaves
Far o'er the valleys whirl.

The vine,—a withered stalk ! But why bewail
The godlike vine ? Friends, come and quaff its blood !
Let Autumn with his emptied horn retire ;
Bid fir-crowned Winter hail !

He decks the flood with adamantine shield,
Which laughs to scorn the shafts of day. Amazed,
The tenants of the wood new blossoms view :
Strange lilies strew the ground.

No more in tottering gondolas the brides
Tremble ; on gliding cars they boldly scud :
Hid in her fur-clad neck, the favorite's hand
Asks an unneeded warmth.

No more, like fishes, plunge the bathing boys ;
 On steel-winged shoes they skim the hardened wave :
 The spouse of Venus in the glittering blade
 The lightning's swiftness hid.

O Winter ! call thy coldest east-wind ; drive
 The lingering warriors from Bohemia back :
 With them my Kleist ; for him Lycoris stays,
 And his friend's tawny wine.

CARL WILHELM RAMLER (*German*).
 Translation of W. TAYLOR.

—

SONG.

TELL me, where's the violet fled,
 Late so gayly blowing ;
 Springing 'neath fair Flora's tread,
 Choicest sweets bestowing ?—
 Swain, the vernal scene is o'er,
 And the violet blooms no more !

Say, where hides the blushing rose,
 Pride of fragrant morning ;
 Garland meet for beauty's brows ;
 Hill and dale adorning ?—
 Gentle maid, the summer's fled,
 And the hapless rose is dead !

Bear me, then, to yonder rill,
 Late so freely flowing,
 Watering many a daffodil
 On its margin glowing.—
 Sun and wind exhaust its store ;
 Yonder rivulet glides no more !

Lead me to the bowery shade,
 Late with roses flaunting;
Loved resort of youth and maid,
 Amorous ditties chanting.—
Hail and storm with fury shower;
Leafless mourns the rifled bower!

Say, where bides the village maid,
 Late yon cot adorning?
Oft I've met her in the glade,
 Fair and fresh as morning.—
Swain, how short is beauty's bloom!
Seek her in her grassy tomb!

Whither roves the tuneful swain,
 Who, of rural pleasures,
Rose and violet, rill and plain,
 Sung in deftest measures?—
Maiden, swift life's vision flies,
Death has closed the poet's eyes!

JOHANN GEORG JACOBI (*German*).
Translation of BERESFORD.

NIGHT-SONG.

THE moon is up in splendor,
And golden stars attend her;
The heavens are calm and bright;
Trees cast a deepening shadow,
And slowly off the meadow
A mist is rising, silver-white.

Night's curtains now are closing
 Round half a world, reposing
 In calm and holy trust ;
 All seems one vast, still chamber,
 Where weary hearts remember
 No more the sorrows of the dust.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIOUS (*German*).

Translation of C. T. Baucke.

TO A DRAGON-FLY.

FLUTTER, flutter gently by,
 Little motley dragon-fly,
 On thy four transparent wings !
 Hover, hover o'er the rill,
 And when weary sit thee still
 Where the water-lily springs !

More than half thy little life,
 Free from passion, free from strife,
 Underneath the wave was sweet ;
 Cool and calm, content to dwell,
 Shrouded by thy pliant shell,
 In a dank and dim retreat.

Now the nymph transformed may roam,
 A sylph in her aerial home,
 Where'er the zephyrs shall invite ;
 Love is now thy curious care,
 Love that dwells in sunny air,
 But thy very love is flight.

Heedless of thy coming doom,
O'er thy birthplace and thy tomb
 Flutter, little mortal, still !
Though beside thy gladdest hour
Fate's destroying mandates lower,
 Length of life but lengthens ill.

Confide thy offspring to the stream,
That, when new summer suns shall gleam,
 They, too, may quit their watery cell ;
Then die !—I see each weary limb
Declines to fly, declines to swim :
 Thou lovely short-lived sylph, farewell !

JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER (German).
Translation of W. TAYLOR.

DEATH OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

SHE is no more, who bade the May-month hail ;
 Alas ! no more !
The songstress who enlivened all the vale,—
 Her songs are o'er ;
She, whose sweet tones, in golden evening hours,
 Rang through my breast,
When, by the brook that murmured 'mong the flowers,
 I lay at rest.

How richly gurgled from her deep, full throat
 The silvery lay,
Till in her caves sweet Echo caught the note,
 Far, far away !
Then was the hour when village pipe and song
 Sent up their sound,
And dancing maidens lightly tripped along
 The moonlit ground.

A youth lay listening on the green hill-side,
 Far down the grove,
 While on his rapt face hung a youthful bride
 In speechless love.
 Their hands were locked oft as thy silvery strain
 Rang through the vale;
 They heeded not the merry, dancing train,
 Sweet nightingale !

They listened thee till village bells from far
 Chimed on the ear,
 And, like a golden fleece, the evening star
 Beamed bright and clear ;
 Then, in the cool and fanning breeze of May,
 Homeward they stole,
 Full of sweet thoughts, breathed, by thy tender lay,
 Through the deep soul.

LUDWIG HEINRICH CHRISTOPH HÖLTY (*German*).

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

COUNTRY LIFE.

HAPPY the man who has the town escaped !
 To him the whistling trees, the murmuring brooks,
 The shining pebbles, preach
 Virtue's and wisdom's lore.

The whispering grove a holy temple is
 To him, where God draws nigher to his soul ;
 Each verdant sod a shrine,
 Whereby he kneels to Heaven.

The nightingale on him sings slumber down,—
 The nightingale rewakes him, fluting sweet,
 When shines the lovely red
 Of morning through the trees.

Then he admires thee in the plain, O God !—
In the ascending pomp of dawning day,—
 Thee in thy glorious sun,—
 The worm,—the budding branch :

Where coolness gushes, in the waving grass,
Or o'er the flowers streams the fountain, rests :
 Inhales the breath of prime,
 The gentle airs of eve.

His straw-decked thatch, where doves bask in the sun,
And play and hop, invites to sweeter rest
 Than golden halls of state
 Or beds of down afford.

To him the plumpy people sporting chirp,
Chatter, and whistle, on his basket perch,
 And from his quiet hand
 Pick crumbs, or peas, or grains.

Oft wanders he alone, and thinks on death ;
And in the village churchyard by the graves
 Sits, and beholds the cross,—
 Death's waving garland there,—

The stone beneath the elders, where a text
Of Scripture teaches joyfully to die,—
 And with his scythe stands Death,—
 An angel, too, with palms.

Happy the man who thus hath 'scaped the town !
Him did an angel bless when he was born,—
 The cradle of the boy
 With flowers celestial strewed.

LUDWIG HEINRICH CHRISTOPH HÖLTY (German).
Translation in FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

TO THE SEA.

THOU boundless, shining, glorious Sea,
With ecstasy I gaze on thee ;
Joy, joy to him whose early beam
Kisses thy lip, bright Ocean-stream !

Thanks for the thousand hours, old Sea,
Of sweet communion held with thee ;
Oft, as I gazed, thy billowy roll
Woke the deep feelings of my soul.

Drunk with the joy, thou deep-toned Sea,
My spirit swells to Heaven with thee ;
Or, sinking with thee, seeks the gloom
Of nature's deep, mysterious tomb.

At evening, when the sun grows red,
Descending to his watery bed,
The music of thy murmuring deep
Soothes e'en the weary earth to sleep.

Then listens thee the evening star,
So sweetly glancing from afar ;
And Luna hears thee, when she breaks
Her light in million-colored flakes.

Oft, when the noonday heat is o'er,
I seek with joy the breezy shore,
Sink on thy boundless, billowy breast,
And cheer me with refreshing rest.

The poet, child of heavenly birth,
Is suckled by the mother Earth ;
But thy blue bosom, holy Sea,
Cradles his infant fantasy.

The old blind minstrel on the shore
Stood listening thy eternal roar,
And golden ages, long gone by,
Swept bright before his spirit's eye.

On wing of swan the holy flame
Of melodies celestial came,
And Iliad and Odyssey
Rose to the music of the Sea.

FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD, COUNT STOLBERG (*German*).
Translation of C. T. Brooks

THE SPRING EVENING.

BRIGHT with the golden shine of heaven plays
 On tender blades the dew ;
And the spring-landscape's trembling likeness sways
 Clear in the streamlet's blue.

Fair is the rocky fount, the blossomed hedge,
 Groves stained with golden light ;
Fair is the star of eve, that on the edge
 Of purple clouds shines bright.

Fair is the meadow's green,—the valley's copse,—
 The hillock's dress of flowers,—
The alder-brook,—the reed-encircled pond,
 O'er-snowed with blossom-showers.

This manifold world of life is held in one
 By Love's eternal band :
The glowworm and the fire-sea of the sun
 Sprang from one Father's hand.

Thou beckonest, Almighty ! from the tree
 The blossom's leaf doth fall ;—
 Thou beckonest,—and in immensity
 Is quenched a solar ball !

FRIEDRICH VON MATTHEISSEN (*German*).
 Translator UNKNOWN

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

WHEN the moist and balmy gale
 Round the verdant-meadow sighs,
 Odors sweet in misty veil
 At the twilight hour arise.
 Murmuring soft of calm repose
 Rock the heart to child-like rest,
 And the day's bright portals close
 On the eyes with toil oppressed.

Night already reigns o'er all,
 Strangely star is link'd to star ;
 Planets mighty, sparklings small,
 Glitter near, and gleam afar ;
 Gleam above in clearer night,
 Glitter in the glassy sea ;
 Pledging pure and calm delight,
 Rules the moon in majesty.

Now each well known hour is over,
 Joy and grief have pass'd away ;
 Feel betimes ! thou'l then recover :
 Trust the new-born eye of day.
 Vales grow verdant, hillocks teem,
 Shady nooks and bushes yield,
 And with waving, silvery gleam,
 Rocks the harvest in the field.

Wouldst thou wish for wish obtain,
Look upon yon glittering ray !
Lightly on thee lies the chain,
Cast the shell of sleep away !
Tarry not, but be thou bold,
When the many loiter, still ;
All with ease may be controll'd
By the man of daring will.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (*German*), FROM FAUST, PART II.
Translation of E. A. BOWRING.

SPRING.

Look all around thee ! How the spring advances !
New life is playing through the gay, green trees ;
See how, in yonder bower, the light leaf dances
To the bird's tread, and to the quivering breeze !
How every blossom in the sunlight glances !
The winter-frost to his dark cavern flees,
And earth, warm-wakened, feels through every vein
The kindling influence of the vernal rain.

Now silvery streamlets, from the mountain stealing,
Dance joyously the verdant vales along ;
Cold fear no more the songster's tongue is sealing,
Down in the thick, dark grove is heard his song ;
And, all their bright and lovely hues revealing,
A thousand plants the field and forest throng ;
Light comes upon the earth in radiant showers,
And mingling rainbows play among the flowers.

LUDWIG TIECK (*German*).
Translation of C. T. BROOKS.

HARVEST SONG.

AUTUMN winds are sighing,
 Summer glories dying,
 Harvest time is nigh.
 Cooler breezes, quivering,
 Through the pine-groves shivering,
 Sweep the troubled sky.

See the fields, how yellow !
 Clusters, bright and mellow,
 Gleam on every hill ;
 Nectar fills the fountains,
 Crowns the sunny mountains,
 Runs in every rill.

Now the lads are springing,
 Maidens blithe are singing,
 Swells the harvest strain :
 Every field rejoices,
 Thousand thankful voices
 Mingle on the plain.

Then when day declineth,
 And the mild moon shineth,
 Tabors sweetly sound ;
 And, while they are sounding,
 Fairy feet are bounding
 O'er the moonlit ground.

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALES (*German*).

Translation of C. T. BROOKES.

THE FLOWERS' REVENGE.

On the soft cushions of a couch of down
 Slumbers the maid imprisoned in repose,
 Close droop the eyelashes, profuse and brown,
 Her cheek is tinted like a full-blown rose.

Hard by there shimmers in the smothered light
A vase of choicest ornament and mould,
And in the vase are fresh-cut flowers, and bright,
Fragrant to smell, and various to behold.

Damp are the heats that, broodingly and dull,
Flow and flow on throughout the chamber small ;
Summer has scared away the tender cool,
Yet fastened stand the casements one and all.

Stillness around and deepest silence lowers ;
Suddenly, hark ! a whisper as of change ;
Heard in the tender stems, heard in the flowers,
It lisps and nestles eagerly and strange.

Swing from the cups that tremble on those stems
The little spirits, the embodied scents,
Some bearing shields, some topped with diadems,
Delicate mists their robes and ornaments.

From the flushed bosom of the queenly Rose
Arises gracefully a slender lady ;
Pearls glisten in her hair, that freely flows
As dewdrops glisten where the copse is shady.

Forth from the visor of the "Helmet plant"
A keen-faced knight steps 'mid the dark green leaves,
His presence breathing high chivalric vaunt,
Complete in steel he shines, from crest to greaves.

Over his morion, nodding waywardly,
Hangs heron plumage, grey, and silver pale,
Leaving the "Lily" with sick, languid eye,
A wood nymph, thin as gossamer her veil.

Out of the "Turk cup" comes a swarthy Moor
Wearing his flaunting robes with scornful show,
On his green turban glitters, fixed before,
The golden radiance of the crescent bow.

Forth from the "Crown Imperial," bold and tall,
Sceptre in hand appears an ermined king,
From the blue "Iris" girt with falchions all
His hunters troop, green-vested like the spring.

Sullenly twirling down from the "Narciss,"
A youthful form with silent sorrow laden
Steps to the bed to print his fevered kiss
Upon the red lips of the sleeping maiden.

The other spirits crowding press and swing
All round the couch in many circles gay,
They swing and press themselves and softly sing
Over the sleeper their mysterious lay ;—

Maiden, O ! cruel maiden ! thou hast torn
Up from the earth our every slender tie,
And, in this gaudy-colored shard forlorn,
Left us to weaken, wither, fade, and die.

Alas ! how happy once was our repose
On the maternal bosom of the earth ;
Where through the tall tree-tops that o'er us rose,
The sun made vistas to behold our mirth.

The balmy spring with many a gentle breeze
Cooled our weak stems that to his bidding bent,
At eve, descending under the still trees,
How blissful was our fairy merriment.

Clear on us then fell Heaven's own dew and rain,
Foul water now surrounds us stagnantly ;
We fade, and we shall die, but not in vain
If, ere we pass, our vengeance light on thee.

The spirits' song is hushed, their errand told,
Bending, around the sleeper's couch they go ;
And, with the brooding silences of old,
Returns again the whispering soft and low.

Hark ! how the rustling rises round the wreath,
How glow her cheeks instinctive of their doom ;
See how upon her all the spirits breathe,
How the scents undulate throughout the room !

The slanted sparkles of the western day
Smiting the room, each spirit vanisheth ;
Upon the cushions of the couch she lay,
As beautiful, and ah ! as cold as death.

One faded blossom, lying all alone,
Lends to her cheek a tender tint of red,
With her wan sisters sleeps that hapless one,
Oh ! fatal breath of flowers ! the maid is dead.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH (*German*).

Translator UNKNOWN.

THE FIR-TREE, AND THE PALM.

A LONELY fir-tree standeth
On a height where north winds blow ;
It sleepeth with whiten'd garment,
Enshrouded by ice and snow.

It dreameth of a palm tree,
 That far in the Eastern land,
 Lonely and silent, mourneth
 On its burning shelf of sand.

HEINRICH HEINE (*German*).

Translation of W. W. Story.

THE VIOLET.

UPON the mead a violet stood,
 Retiring, and of modest mood,
 In truth, a violet fair.
 Then came a youthful shepherdess,
 And roam'd with sprightly joyousness,
 And blithely woo'd
 With carols sweet the air.

“Ah !” thought the violet, “had I been
 For but the smallest moment e'en
 Nature's most beauteous flower,
 Till gather'd by my love and press'd
 When weary, 'gainst her gentle breast,
 For e'en, for e'en
 One quarter of an hour !”

Alas ! alas ! the maid drew nigh,
 The violet fail'd to meet her eye,
 She crush'd the violet sweet.
 It sank and died, yet murmur'd not ;
 “And if I die, oh, happy lot,
 For her I die
 And at her very feet !”

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (*German*).

Translation of E. A. BOWRING.

THE SONG OF SUMMER.

SUMMER is a coming in,
Loud sing, cuckow ;
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood now.
Sing, cuckow, cuckow.

Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth calf after cow,
Bullock starteth, buck departeth ;
Merry sing, cuckow,
Cuckow, cuckow,
Well singeth the cuckow,
Nor cease to sing now ;
Sing, cuckow, now,
Sing, cuckow.

UNKNOWN (Anglo-Saxon).
Translation of THOMAS WARTON

THE ASPEN.

WHAT whispers so strange, at the hour of midnight,
From the aspen's leaves trembling so wildly ?
Why in the lone wood sings it sad, when the bright
Full-moon beams upon it so mildly ?

It soundeth as 'mid the harp-strings the wind-gust
Or like sighs of ghosts wandering in sorrow ;
In the meadow the small flowers hear it, and must
With tears close themselves till the morrow.

“O, tell me, poor wretch, why thou shiverest so,—
Why the moans of distraction thou pourest ;
Say, can thy heart harbor repentance and woe ?
Can sin reach the child of the forest ?”

“ Yes,” sighed forth the tremulous voice,—“ for thy race
Has not alone fallen from its station;
Not alone art thou seeking for comfort and grace,
Nor alone art thou called to salvation.

“ I’ve heard, too, the voice, which with Heaven reconciled
The earth to destruction devoted;
But the storm from my happiness hurried me wild,
Though round me joy’s melodies floated.

“ By Kedron I stood, and the bright beaming eye
I viewed of the pitying Power;
Each tree bowed its head, as the Saviour passed by,
But I deigned not my proud head to lower.

“ I towered to the cloud, whilst the lilies sang sweet,
And the rose bent its stem in devotion;
I strewed not my leaves ‘fore the Holy One’s feet,
Nor bough nor twig set I in motion.

“ Then sounded a sigh from the Saviour’s breast;
And I quaked, for that sigh through me darted;
‘Quake so till I come !’ said the voice of the Blest;
My repose then for ever departed.

“ And now must I tremble by night and by day,
For me there no moment of ease is;
I must sigh with regret in such dolorous way,
Whilst each floweret can smile when it pleases.

“ And tremble shall I till the Last Day arrive,
And I view the Redeemer returning;
My sorrow and punishment long will survive,
Till the world shall in blazes be burning.”

So whispers the doomed one at midnight ; its tone
Is that of ghosts wandering in sorrow ;
The small flowers hear it within the wood lone
And with tears close themselves till the morrow.

BERNHARD SEVERIN INGMANN (*Danish*).

Translation in FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

—

THE MORNING WALK.

To the beach-grove with so sweet an air
It beckoned me.
O earth ! that never the cruel ploughshare
Had furrowed thee !
In their dark shelter the flowerets grew,
Bright to the eye,
And smiled by my foot on the cloudlets blue
Which decked the sky.

• • • • •

O lovely field, and forest fair,
And meads grass-clad !
Her bride-bed Freya everywhere
Enamelled had.
The corn-flowers rose in azure band
From earthy cell ;
Naught else could I do, but stop and stand,
And greet them well.

“ Welcome on earth’s green breast again,
Ye flowerets dear !
In spring how charming ‘mid the grain
Your heads ye rear !

Like stars 'midst lightning's yellow ray
 Ye shine, red, blue :
 O, how your summer aspect gay
 Delights my view!"

"O poet ! poet ! silence keep,—
 God help thy case !
 Our owner holds us sadly cheap,
 And scorns our race.
 Each time he sees, he calls us scum,
 Or worthless tares,
 Hell-weeds, that but to vex him come
 'Midst his corn-ears."

• • • •

"O wretched mortals !—O wretched man !—
 O wretched crowd !—
 No pleasures ye pluck, no pleasures ye plan,
 In life's lone road,—
 Whose eyes are blind to the glories great
 Of the works of God,
 And dream that the mouth is the nearest gate
 To joy's abode.

"Come, flowers ! for we to each other belong ;
 Come, graceful elf !
 And around my lute in sympathy strong
 Now wind thyself ;
 And quake as if moved by Zephyr's wing,
 'Neath the clang of the chord,
 And a morning song with glee we'll sing
 To our Maker and Lord."

ADAM GOTTLÖB OEHLENSCHLÄGER (DANISH).
Translation in FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

CONTENT.

My life is like a flowery spring
 Of calmness, liberty, and peace ;
I mount not high on passion's wing,
 I sink not deep in recklessness ;
And noisy joys, where'er they be,
 Have no attractive charms for me.

The marble busts, the statues tall
 Of bronze, I envy not : be mine
A simple home, whose snowy wall
 The smiling graces may enshrine.
Tho' gold may deck the rich man's roof,
 It is not time nor sorrow-proof.

Pomona dwells my cottage near,
 And leads sweet Flora in her hand ;
My trees the richest offerings bear—
 Uncoveted their treasures stand,
And in their falling leaves I see
 True lessons for humanity.

The elms, as if obedient, bend
 Over my roof their shadows deep :
A canopy of verdure lend,
 To curtain me in tranquil sleep ;
And visions floating in the air
 Are better than the dreams of care.

And to the forest solitudes
 I fly to shield my quiet head,
And the wild masters of the woods
 Behold in me no tyrant dread ;

To me, the fierce and foolish chase
Is wearying discord and disgrace.

A cheerful guest of nature, I
Want nor satiety have known :
Mine is a blest sufficiency
And freedom :—what is mine to own,
And to enjoy—enough—no more,
Meat—drink—and life glides calmly o'er.

When hours flow dully on in life,
I bid some cheerful neighbor come,
And then mine own Bohemian wife
Gives him sweet welcome to our home ;
The smiles that on her visage shine
Are all reflected back from mine.

The morning of a summer day
Breaks forth in sweet serenity :
And fair as roses are, and gay,
The lovely world appears to me.
'Tis by man's eye that world is clad
In cheerful light or darkness sad.

I love mankind—I love them well—
Wise—foolish—weeds—flowers—gloom and mirth ;
Earth is to me—nor heaven nor hell—
It is—what is it?—simply earth ;
Poor thoughtless wretch, by folly driven,
Who calls his earth—or hell, or heaven.

A group of children round me lead
In dance and song the happy hours :
As fair as flowers upon the mead,
But sweeter far and lovelier flowers ;

One flower, to him who knows its worth,
Is a dropp'd star of heaven on earth.

And so unanxious, undismay'd,
I wait for death ; and waiting chant
My songs, and feel upon my head
The sunshine of sweet peace : I want
No joy, but hope, as nature's guest,
To die, and say, "Enough—I'm blest."

JOSEPH JUNGMANN (Bohemian).

Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BEHOLD ! the birds fly
From Gauthiod's strand,
And seek with a sigh
Some far foreign land.
The sounds of their woe
With hollow winds blend :
"Where now must we go ?
Our flight whither tend ?"
'Tis thus unto heaven that their wailings ascend.

"The Scandian shore
We leave in despair,
Our days glided o'er
So blissfully there :
We there built our nest
Among bright blooming trees,
There rocked us to rest
The balm-bearing breeze :—
But now to far lands we must traverse the seas.

“ With rose-crown all bright
On tresses of gold,
The midsummer night
It was sweet to behold :
The calm was so deep,
So lovely the ray,
We could not then sleep,
But were tranced on the spray,
Till wakened by beams from the bright car of Day.

“ The trees gently bent
O'er the plains in repose ;
With dew-drops besprnt
Was the tremulous rose ;
The oaks now are bare,
The rose is no more ;
The zephyr's light air
Is exchanged for the roar
Of storms, and the May-fields have mantles of hoar.

“ Then why do we stay
In the North, where the sun
More dimly each day
His brief course will run ?
And why need we sigh ?
We leave but a grave,—
To cleave through the sky
On the wings which God gave ;—
Then, Ocean, be welcome the roar of thy wave !”

Of rest thus bereaved,
They soar in the air,
But soon are received
Into regions more fair;

Where elms gently shake
In the zephyr's light play,
Where rivulets take
Among myrtles their way,
And the groves are resounding with Hope's happy lay.

When earth's joys are o'er,
And the days darkly roll,
When autumn winds roar,—
Weep not, O my Soul!
Fair lands o'er the sea
For the birds brightly bloom ;
A land smiles for thee,
Beyond the dark tomb,
Where beams never fading its beauties illume !

ERIC JOHAN STAGNELLUS (*Swedish*).
Translation in FOREIGN REVIEW.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

PRIZE thou the Nightingale,
Who soothes thee with his tale,
And wakes the woods around ;
A singing feather he,—a winged and wandering sound :

Whose tender carolling
Sets all ears listening
Unto that living lyre
Whence flows the airy notes his ecstasies inspire :

Whose shrill, capricious song
Breathes like a flute along,
With many a careless tone,—
Music of thousand tongues, formed by one tongue alone.

O charming creature rare,
 Can aught with thee compare ?
 Thou art all song; thy breast
 Thrills for one month o' th' year,—is tranquil all the rest.

Thee wondrous we may call,—
 Most wondrous this of all,
 That such a tiny throat
 Should wake so wide a sound, and pour so loud a note.

MARIA TESSELSCHADE VISSCHER (*Dutch*).
Translation of Sir JOHN BOWRING.

THE VIOLET.

How captivating is to me,
 Sweet flower ! thine own young modesty !
 Though did I pluck thee from thy stem,
 There's none would wear thy purple gem.
 I thought, perchance, that Ali Bey—
 But he is proud and lofty—nay !
 He would not prize thee—would not wear
 A flower so feeble though so fair:
 His turban for its decorations
 Had full blown roses and carnations.

UNKNOWN (*Serbian*).
Translation of Sir JOHN BOWRING.

RENOUVEAU.

GENTLE Spring, in sunshine clad,
 Well dost thou thy power display !
 For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
 And thou—thou makest the sad heart gay.

He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain ;
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields, and the trees so old,
Their beards of icicles and snow ;
And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,
We must cower over the embers low,
And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,
Mope like birds that are changing feather.
But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky
Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud ;
But, Heaven be praised ! thy step is nigh ;
Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,
And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly,
Who has toiled for naught both late and early,
Is banished afar by the new-born year,
When thy merry step draws near.

CHARLES D'ORLÉANS (French).

Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

APRIL.

APRIL, season blest and dear,
Hope of the reviving year,
Promise of bright fruits that lie
In their downy canopy,
Till the nipping winds are past,
And their veils aside are cast !

April, who delight'st to spread
O'er the emerald, laughing mead
Flowers of fresh and brilliant dyes,
Rich in wild embroideries !
April, who each zephyr's sigh
Dost with perfumed breath supply,
When they through the forest rove,
Spreading wily nets of love,
That, for lovely Flora made,
May detain her in the shade !

April, by thy hand caressed,
Nature from her genial breast
Loves her richest gifts to shower,
And awakes her magic power :
Till all earth and air are rife
With delight, and hope, and life.

April, nymph for ever fair,
On my mistress' sunny hair
Scattering wreaths of odors sweet,
For her snowy bosom meet ;
April, full of smiles and grace
Drawn from Venus' dwelling place ;
Thou, from earth's enamel'd plain,
Yield'st the gods their breath again.

'Tis thy courteous hand doest bring
Back the messenger of Spring ;
And, his tedious exile o'er,
Hail'st the swallow's wing once more.

The eglantine and hawthorn bright,
The thyme, and pink, and jasmine white,
Don their purest robes to be
Guests, fair April, worthy thee.

The nightingale—sweet hidden sound !
Midst the clustering boughs around,
Charms to silence notes that wake
Soft discourse from bush and brake :
And bids every list'ning thing
Pause awhile to hear her sing.

'Tis to thy return we owe
Love's fond sighs that learn to glow
After Winter's chilling reign
Long has bound them in her chain.
'Tis thy smile to being warms
All the busy, shining swarms,
Which, on perfumed pillage bent,
Fly from flower to flower, intent ;
Till they load their golden thighs
With the treasure each supplies.

May may boast her ripen'd hues,
Richer fruits, and flowers, and dews,
And those glowing charms that well
All the happy world can tell ;
But, sweet April ! thou shalt be
Still a chosen month for me,
For thy birth to her is due,
Who all grace and beauty gave,
When the gaze of Heaven she drew,
Fresh from ocean's foamy wave.

REMY BELLEAU (*French*).

Translation of LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

THE LEAF.

Poor withered leaflet, riven from thy bough,
 Whither dost journey ? Ah ! I know not where.
 The Oak, my parent and supporter, now
 By the storm shattered, lies, unconscious, there !
 With her inconstant breath the Zephyr mild,
 Or the rude blast from o'er the icy main,
 Has whirled me since the dawn, a patient child,
 From the deep forest to the smiling plain,
 From mountain far to gentle valley near :—
 Where the wind leads me, thither do I fly,
 Without complaint, or question, or a fear ;
 I go where all things go, or low, or high,
 Where go the rose-leaf and the thistle down,
 And e'en the laurel of a victor's crown !

VINCENT ANTOINE ARNAULT (*French*).

Translator UNKNOWN.

ODE.

'Tis sweet, in the green spring,
 To gaze upon the wakening fields around ;
 Birds in the thicket sing,
 Winds whisper, waters prattle from the ground ;
 A thousand odors rise,
 Breathed up from blossoms of a thousand dyes.

Shadowy, and close, and cool,
 The pine and poplar keep their quiet nook ;
 For ever fresh and full,
 Shines, at their feet, the thirst-inviting brook ;
 And the soft herbage seems
 Spread for a place of banquets and of dreams.

Thou, who alone art fair,
And whom alone I love, art far away:
 Unless thy smile be there,
It makes me sad to see the earth so gay;
 I care not if the train
Of leaves, and flowers, and zephyrs go again.

ESTEVAN MANUEL DE VILLEGRAS (*Spanish*).

Translation of W. C. BRYANT.

THE RIVULET.

STAY, rivulet, nor haste to leave
 The lovely vale that lies around thee!
Why wouldst thou be a sea at eve,
 When but a fount the morning found thee?

Born when the skies began to glow,
 Humblest of all the rock's cold daughters,
No blossom bowed its stalk to show
 Where stole thy still and scanty waters.

Now on thy stream the moonbeams look,
 Usurping, as thou downward driftest,
Its crystal from the clearest brook,
 Its rushing current from the swiftest.

Ah, what wild haste!—and all to be
 A river and expire in ocean!
Each fountain's tribute hurries thee
 To that vast grave with quicker motion.

Far better 't were to linger still
 In this green vale, these flowers to cherish,
And die in peace, an aged rill,
 Than thus, a youthful Danube, perish.

PEDRO DE CASTRO Y ANAYA (*Spanish*).

Translation of W. C. BRYANT.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

NIGHTINGALES built the nest
 Where, as a lonely guest,
 First thy young head did rest,
 Cuckoo so dear !
 Strange to the father bird,
 Strange to the mother bird
 Sounded the note they heard
 Tender and clear.

Fleeing thy natal bowers,
 Bright with the silvery flowers,
 Oft in the summer hours
 Hither thou fliest ;
 Light'st on some orange tall,
 Scattering the blossoms all,
 And, while around they fall,
 Ceaselessly criest.

Though, through the livelong day
 Soundeth thy roundelay,
 Never its accents may
 Pall on mine ear ;
 Come, take a bribe of me !
 Ne'er to far regions flee ;
 Dwell on mine orange tree,
 Cuckoo so dear !

UNKNOWN (Japanese).

Translation of BASIL HALL CHAMBERLAIN.

POEMS OF PLACES.

TO ROME.

DAUGHTER of Mars ! Hail, mighty Power !
Stern Queen, in golden crown array'd !
Who build'st on earth thy regal tower,
A high Olympus, ne'er assay'd !

To thee alone hath awful Fate
The pride of vast dominion lent,
The strength to bind a rising state
In bonds of ordered government.

Beneath thy yoke's compelling beam
Unmeasur'd earth and ocean hoar
Together bend ; whilst thou, supreme,
The nations rul'st from shore to shore.

E'en mightiest Time, whose laws prevail
To change the world at his decree,
Can never turn the prosperous gale
That swells thy potent sovereignty.

Of thee alone a race is born,
The first to blaze in glorious fight,
Like spicy ranks of waving corn,
That Ceres marshals, golden-bright.

UNKNOWN (Greek).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

ON HOMER'S BIRTH-PLACE.

From Colophon some deem thee sprung,
 From Smyrna some, and some from Chios ;
 These noble Salamis have sung,
 While those proclaim thee born in Ios :
 And others cry up Thessaly
 The mother of the Lapithæ.

Thus each to Homer has assign'd
 The birth-place just which suits his mind.

But, if I read the volume right,
 By Phœbus to his followers given,
 I'd say they're all mistaken quite,
 And that his real country's heaven ;
 While for his mother, she can be
 No other than Calliope.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON (Greek).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

TO THE PENINSULA OF SIRMIO.

SWEET Sirmio ! Thou, the very eye
 Of all peninsulas and isles,
 That in our lakes of silver lie,
 Or sleep, enwreath'd by Neptune's smiles,

How gladly back to thee I fly !
 Still doubting, asking.—Can it be
 That I have left Bithynia's sky,
 And gaze in safety upon thee ?

Oh ! what is happier than to find
Our hearts at ease, our perils past ;
When anxious long, the lighten'd mind
Lays down its load of care at last ;

When tired with toil, o'er land and deep,
Again we tread the welcome floor
Of our own home, and sink to sleep
On the long-wished-for bed once more.

This, this it is, that pays alone
The ills of all life's former track ;
Shine out, my beautiful, mine own
Sweet Sirmio, greet thy master back.

And thou fair lake, whose water quaffs
The light of Heaven, like Lydia's sea,
Rejoice, rejoice—let all that laughs
Abroad, at home, laugh out with me !

CATULLUS (*Latin*).

Translation of THOMAS MOORE.

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE.

Ye limpid brooks, by whose clear streams
My goddess laid her tender limbs !
Ye gentle boughs, whose friendly shade
Gave shelter to the lovely maid !
Ye herbs and flowers, so sweetly press'd
By her soft rising snowy breast !
Ye Zephyrs mild, that breathed around
The place where Love my heart did wound !
Now at my summons all appear,
And to my dying words give ear.

If then my destiny requires,
And Heaven with my fate conspires,
That Love these eyes should weeping close,
Here let me find a soft repose.
So Death will less my soul affright,
And, free from dread, my weary spright
Naked alone will dare t' essay
The still unknown, though beaten way;
Pleased that her mortal part will have
So safe a port, so sweet a grave.

The cruel fair, for whom I burn,
May one day to these shades return,
And smiling with superior grace,
Her lover seek around this place,
And when instead of me she finds
Some crumbling dust toss'd by the winds,
She may feel pity in her breast,
And, sighing, with me happy rest,
Drying her eyes with her soft veil.
Such tears must sure with Heaven prevail.

Well I remember how the flowers
Descended from these boughs in showera.
Encircled in the fragrant cloud
She sat, nor 'midst such glory proud.
These blossoms to her lap repair,
These fall upon her flowing hair,
(Like pearls enchased in gold they seem);
These on the ground, these on the stream;
In giddy sounds these dancing say,
Here Love and Laura only sway.

In rapturous wonder oft I said,
Sure she in Paradise was made.

Thence sprang that bright angelic state,
Those looks, those words, that heavenly gait,
That beauteous smile, that voice divine,
Those graces that around her shine.
Transported I beheld the fair,
And sighing cried, How came I here ?
In Heaven amongst the immortal blest,
Here let me fix and ever rest.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA (*Italian*).

Translation of MOLESWORTH.



VAUCLUSE.

NEVER till now so clearly have I seen
Her whom my eyes desire, my soul still views ;
Never enjoyed a freedom thus serene ;
Ne'er thus to Heaven breathed my enamor'd muse,
As in this vale sequester'd, darkly green,
Where my soothed heart its pensive thought pursues,
And nought intrusively may intervene,
And all my sweetly-tender sighs renewes.
To Love, and meditation, faithful shade,
Receive the breathings of my grateful breast !
Love not in Cyprus found so sweet a rest
As this, by pine and arching laurel made !
The birds, breeze, water, branches, whisper love ;
Herb, flower, and verdant path the lay symphonious move.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA (*Italian*).

Translation of CAPEL LOFFT.



ON HIS RETURN TO VAUCLUSE.

Ye vales, made vocal by my plaintive lay ;
 Ye streams, embittered with the tears of love ;
 Ye tenants of the sweet melodious grove ;
 Ye tepid gales, to which my sighs convey
 A softer warmth ; ye flowery plains, that move
 Reflection sad ; ye hills, where yet I rove,
 Since Laura there first taught my steps to stray ;—
 You, you are still the same ! How changed, alas,
 Am I ! who, from a state of life so blest,
 Am now the gloomy dwelling-place of woe !
 'Twas here I saw my love : here still I trace
 Her parting steps, when she her mortal vest
 Cast to the earth, and left these scenes below.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA (*Italian*).

Translator UNKNOWN.

HE REVISITS VAUCLUSE.

ONCE more, ye balmy gales, I feel you blow ;
 Again, sweet hills, I mark the morning beams
 Gild your green summits ; while your silver streams
 Through vales of fragrance undulating flow.
 But you, ye dreams of bliss, no longer here
 Give life and beauty to the glowing scene :
 For stern remembrance stands where you have been,
 And blasts the verdure of the blooming year.
 O Laura ! Laura ! in the dust with thee,
 Would I could find a refuge from despair !
 Is this thy boasted triumph, Love, to tear
 A heart thy coward malice dares not free ;
 And bid it live, while every hope is fled,
 To weep, among the ashes of the dead ?

FRANCESCO PETRARCA (*Italian*).

Translation of ANNE BANNERMAN.

TO ITALY.

FAIR land, once loved of Heaven o'er all beside,
Which blue waves gird and lofty mountains screen !
Thou clime of fertile fields and sky serene,
Whose gay expanse the Apennines divide !
What boots it now, that Rome's old warlike pride
Left thee of humbled earth and sea the queen ?
Nations, that served thee then, now fierce convene
To tear thy locks and strew them o'er the tide.
And lives there son of thine so base at core,
Who, luring foreign friends to thine embrace,
Stabs to the heart thy beauteous, bleeding frame ?
Are these the noble deeds of ancient fame ?
Thus do ye God's almighty name adore ?
O hardened age ! O false and recreant race !

PIETRO BEMBO (*Italian*). *Translation in U. S. LITERARY GAZETTE.*

PETRARCA'S RETREAT.

VAUCLUSE, ye hills and glades and shady vale,
So long the noble Tuscan bard's retreat,
When warm his heart for cruel Laura beat,
As lone he wandered in thy beauteous dale !
Ye flowers, which heard him oft his pains bewail
In tones of love and sorrow, sad, but sweet !
Ye dells and rocks, whose hollow sides repeat,
Even yet, his ancient passion's moving tale !
Fountain, which pourest out thy waters green
In ever-flowing streams the Sorgue to fill,
Whose charms the lovely Arno's emulate !
How deeply I revere your holy scene,
Which breathes throughout the immortal poet still,
Whom I, perchance all vainly, imitate !

LUIGI ALAMANNI (*Italian*). *Translation in U. S. REVIEW.*

TO ROME.

THOU noble nurse of many a warlike chief,
Who in more brilliant times the world subdued ;
Of old, the shrines of gods in beauty stood
Within thy walls, where now are shame and grief :
I hear thy broken voice demand relief,
And sadly o'er thy faded fame I brood,—
Thy pomps no more,—thy temples fallen and rude,—
Thine empire shrunk within a petty fief.
Slave as thou art, if such thy majesty
Of bearing seems, thy name so holy now,
That even thy scattered fragments I adore,—
How did they feel, who saw thee throned on high
In pristine splendor, while thy glorious brow
The golden diadem of nations bore ?

GIOVANNI GUIDOCCIONI (*Italian*). *Translation in U. S. LITERARY GAZETTE.*

VENICE.

THESE marble domes, by wealth and genius graced
With sculptured forms, bright hues, and Parian stone,
Were once rude cabins 'midst a lonely waste,
Wild shores of solitude, and isles unknown.
Pure from each vice, 'twas here a virtuous train,
Fearless, in fragile barks explored the sea ;
Not theirs a wish to conquer or to reign :
They sought these island precincts—to be free.
Ne'er in their souls ambition's flame arose ;
No dream of avarice broke their calm repose ;
Fraud, more than death, abhorred each artless breast :
O, now, since Fortune gilds their brightening day,
Let not those virtues languish and decay,
O'erwhelmed by luxury, and by wealth oppressed !

GIOVANNI DELLA CASA (*Italian*). *Translation of FELICIA D. HEMANS.*

ODE TO THE LIGHTHOUSE AT MALTA.

THE world in dreary darkness sleeps profound ;
The storm-clouds hurry on, by hoarse winds driven ;
And night's dull shades and spectral mists confound
Earth, sea, and heaven !

King of surrounding Chaos ! thy dim form
Rises with fiery crown upon thy brow,
To scatter light and peace amid the storm,
And life bestow.

In vain the sea with thundering waves may peal
And burst beneath thy feet in giant sport,
Till the white foam in snowy clouds conceal
The sheltering port :

Thy flaming tongue proclaims "Behold the shore!"
And voiceless hails the weary pilot back,
Whose watchful eyes, like worshippers, explore
Thy shining track.

Now silent night a gorgeous mantle wears,—
By sportive winds the clouds are scattered far,
And, lo ! with starry train the moon appears
In circling car :

While the pale mist, that thy tall brow enshrouds,
In vain would veil thy diadem from sight,
Whose form colossal seems to touch the clouds
With starlike light.

Ocean's perfidious waves may calmly sleep,
Yet hide sharp rocks,—the cliff, false signs display,—
And luring lights, far flashing o'er the deep,
The ship betray :

But thou, whose splendor dims each lesser beam,—
Whose firm, unmoved position might declare
Thy throne a monarch's,—like the North Star's gleam,
Reveal'st each snare.

So Reason's steady torch, with light as pure,
Dispels the gloom, when stormy passions rise,
Or Fortune's cheating phantoms would obscure
The soul's dim eyes.

Since I am cast by adverse fortunes here,
Where thou presidest o'er this scanty soil,
And bounteous Heaven a shelter grants to cheer
My spirit's toil;

Frequent I turn to thee, with homage mute,
Ere yet each troubled thought is calmed in sleep,
And still thy gem-like brow my eyes salute
Above the deep.

How many now may gaze on this seashore,
Alas! like me, as exiles doomed to roam!
Some who, perchance, would greet a wife once more,
Or children's home!

Wanderers, by poverty or despots driven
To seek a refuge, as I do, afar,
Here find, at last, the sign of welcome given,—
A hospitable star!

And still, to guide the bark, it calmly shines,—
The bark that from my native land oft bears
Tidings of bitter griefs, and mournful lines
Written with tears.

When first thy vision flashed upon my eyes,
And all its dazzling glory I beheld,
O, how my heart, long used to miseries,
With rapture swelled !

Inhospitable Latium's shores were lost,
And, as amid the threatening waves we steered,
When near to dangerous shoals, by tempests tossed,
Thy light appeared.

No saints the fickle mariners then praised,
But vows and prayers forgot they with the night,
While from the silent gloom the cry was raised
“Malta in sight !”

And thou wert like a sainted image crowned,
Whose forehead bears a shower of golden rays,
Which pilgrims, seeking health and peace, surround
With holy praise.

Never may I forget thee ! One alone
Of cherished objects shall with thee aspire,
King of the Night ! to match thy lofty throne
And friendly fire :

That vision still with sparkling light appears
In the sun's dazzling beams at matin hour
And is the golden angel memory rears
On Córdova's proud tower.

ANGEL DE SAAVEDRA, DUQUE DE RIVAS (Spanish).
Translator UNKNOWN.

ROME.

Amidst these scenes, O pilgrim, seek'st thou Rome ?
Vain is thy search ;—the pomp of Rome is fled ;
Her silent Aventine is glory's tomb ;
Her walls, her shrines, but relics of the dead.
That hill, where Cæsars dwelt in other days,
Forsaken, mourns, where once it towered sublime ;
Each mouldering medal now far less displays
The triumphs won by Latium, than by Time.
Tiber alone survives ;—the passing wave,
That bathed her towers, now murmurs by her grave,
Wailing, with plaintive sounds, her fallen fanes.
Rome ! of thine ancient grandeur all is past,
That seemed for years eternal framed to last ;—
Naught but the wave, a fugitive, remains.

FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO Y VILLENA (Spanish).

Translation of FELICIA D. HEMANS.

POEMS OF LOVE.

ODE TO VENUS.

VENUS ! immortal ! child of Jove !
Who sitt'st on painted throne above ;
Weaver of wiles ! oh, let not Love
Inflict this torturing flame !

But haste ; if, once, my passion's cry
Drew thee to listen, hasten nigh ;
From golden palaces on high
Thy harness'd chariot came.

O'er shadowy earth, before my sight,
Thy dainty sparrows wheel'd their flight ;
Their balanced wings, in ether's light,
Were quivering to and fro.

The birds flew back : thou, blessed queen !
Didst smile with heavenly brow serene ;
And ask, what grief the cause had been,
That summon'd thee below !

What most I wished, with doating mind ;
Whom most seductive I would bind
In amorous nets ; and, " Who, unkind,
My Sappho, wrongs thee now ? "

“The fugitive shall turn pursuer;
 The vainly woo'd shall prove the wooer;
 The cold shall kneel to his undoer,
 Though she disdain his vow.”

Come then, now ! come once again !
 Ease my bosom of its pain !
 Let me all my wish obtain !
 Fight my battles thou !

SAPPHO (Greek).

Translation of SIR C. A. ELTON.

TO A GIRL BELOVED.

THAT man is like a god to me
 Who, sitting face to face with thee,
 Shall hear thee sweetly speak, and see
 Thy laughter's gentle blandishing.

'Tis this astounds my trembling heart :
 I see thee, lovely as thou art :
 My fluttering words in murmurs start,
 My broken tongue is faltering.

My flushing skin the fire betrays
 That through my blood electric strays :
 My eyes seem darkening as I gaze,
 My ringing ears re-echoing.

SAPPHO (Greek).

Translation of SIR C. A. ELTON.

CUPID AND THE BEE.

CUPID once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head ;
Luckless urchin, not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee !
The bee awaked—with anger wild
The bee awaked, and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries.
To Venus quick, he runs, he flies ;
“ Oh mother ! I am wounded through—
I die with pain—what shall I do ?
Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing—
A bee it was, for once I know
I heard a peasant call it so.”
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile ;
Then said : “ My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild-bee’s touch,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid, be,
The hapless heart, that’s stung by thee ? ”

ANACREON (Greek).

Translation of THOMAS MOORE.

CUPID BENIGHTED.

’TWAS noon of night, and round the pole
The sullen Bear was seen to roll :
And mortals, wearied with the day,
Were slumbering all their cares away ;
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,

And waked me with a piteous prayer,
To shield him from the midnight air.
“ And who art thou,” I waking cry,
“ That bid’st my blissful visions fly ! ”
“ Ah, gentle sire,”—the infant said,—
“ In pity take me to thy shed ;
Nor fear deceit ; a lonely child,
I wander o’er the gloomy wild.
Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
Illumes my drear and misty way.”

I heard the baby’s tale of woe ;
I heard the bitter night-winds blow ;
And, sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimm’d my lamp, and op’d the gate.
‘Twas Love ! the little wandering sprite,
His pinion sparkled through the night.
I knew him by his bow and dart ;
I knew him by my fluttering heart.
Fondly I take him in, and raise
The dying embers’ cheering blaze ;
Press from his dark and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,
And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers, thrilling cold.

And now the ember’s genial ray
Had warm’d his anxious fears away :
“ I pray thee,” said the wanton child,
(My bosom trembled as he smil’d),
“ I pray thee, let me try my bow,
For through the rain I’ve wandered so,
That much I fear the midnight shower
Has injured its elastic power.”—
His fatal bow the urchin drew ;
Swift from the string the arrow flew ;

As swiftly flew a glancing flame,
And to mine inmost spirit came!
And "Fare thee well,"—I heard him say,
As, laughing wild, he wing'd his way;
"Fare thee well, for now, I know,
The rain has not relaxed my bow;
It still can send a thrilling dart,
As thou shalt own with all thy heart!"

ANACREON (*Greek*).

Translation of THOMAS MOORE.

TO A PAINTER.

BEST of painters now dispense
All thy tinted eloquence:
Master of the roseate art,
Paint the mistress of my heart.
Paint her, absent though she be,
Paint her as described by me.

Paint her hair in tresses flowing:
Black as jet its ringlets glowing:
If the pallet soar as high,
Paint their humid fragrancy.
Let the color smoothly show
The gentle prominence of brow;
Smooth as ivory let it shine
Under locks of glossy twine.

Now her eyebrows length'ning bend;
Neither sever them nor blend:
Imperceptible the space
Of their meeting arches trace:
Be the picture like the maid:
Her dark eyelids fringed with shade.

Now the real glance inspire ;
 Let it dart a liquid fire ;
 Let her eyes reflect the day
 Like Minerva's, hazel-gray,
 Like those of Venus, swimming bright,
 Brimful of moisture and of light.

Now her faultless nose design,
 In its flowing aquiline ;
 Let her cheeks transparent gleam,
 Like to roses strew'd in cream ;
 Let her lips seduce to bliss
 Pouting to provoke the kiss.
 Now her chin minute express,
 Rounded into prettiness :
 There let all the graces play ;
 In that dimpled circle stray ;
 Round her bended neck delay ;
 Marble pillar, on the sight
 Shedding smooth its slippery white.
 For the rest, let drapery swim
 In purplish folds o'er every limb :
 But, with flimsy texture, show
 The shape, the skin, that partial glow :
 Enough—herself appears ;—'tis done ;
 The picture breathes ; the paint will speak anon.

ANACREON (Greek).

Translation of Sir C. A. ELTON.

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

As late I slumbering lay, before my sight
 Bright Venus rose in visions of the night :
 She led young Cupid, as in thought profound
 His modest eyes were fix'd upon the ground ;

And thus she spoke : " To thee, dear swain, I bring
My little son ; instruct the boy to sing."

No more she said ; but vanish'd into air,
And left the wily pupil to my care :
I,—sure I was an idiot for my pains,—
Began to teach him old bucolic strains ;
How Pan the pipe, how Pallas form'd the flute,
Phœbus the lyre, and Mercury the lute :
Love, to my lessons quite regardless grown,
Sang lighter lays, and sonnets of his own ;
Th' amours of men below, and gods above,
And all the triumphs of the Queen of Love.
I,—sure the simplest of all shepherd-swains—
Full soon forgot my old bucolic strains ;
The lighter lays of love my fancy caught,
And I remember'd all that Cupid taught.

BION (*Greek*).

Translation of F. FAWKES.

ON A SLEEPING CUPID.

I PIERCED the grove, and in its deepest gloom
Beheld sweet Love, of heavenly form and bloom ;
Nor bow nor quiver at his back was strung,
But harmless on the neighboring branches hung.
On rosebuds pillow'd, lay the little child,
In glowing slumbers pleased, and sleeping smil'd,
While all around the bees delighted sip
The breathing fragrance of his balmy lip.

PLATO (*Greek*).

Translation of ROBERT BLAND.

SONG.

STILL, like dew in silence falling,
 Drops for thee the nightly tear ;
 Still that voice, the past recalling,
 Dwells, like echo, on mine ear,
 Still, still !

Day and night the spell hangs o'er me ;
 Here, forever fixed thou art ;
 As thy form first shone before me,
 So 'tis graven on this heart,
 Deep, deep !

Love, oh love, whose bitter sweetness
 Dooms me to this lasting pain :
 Thou, who cam'st with so much fleetness,
 Why so slow to go again ?
 Why ! why !

MELAAGER (*Greek*).

Translation of THOMAS MOORE.

*THE COMPARISON.*

THE snowdrop peeps from every glade,
 The gay narcissus proudly glows,
 The lily decks the mountain shade,
 Where blooms my fair—a blushing rose.

Ye meads ! why vainly thus display
 The buds that grace your vernal hour ?
 For see ye not my Zoë stray,
 Amidst your sweets, a sweeter flower ?

MELAAGER (*Greek*).

Translation of SHEPHERD.

MUSIC AND BEAUTY.

By the God of Arcadia, so sweet are the notes
Which tremulous fall from my Rhodope's lyre ;
Such melody swells in her voice, as it floats
On the soft midnight air, that my soul is on fire.

Oh where can I fly ? The young Cupids around me
Gaily spread their light wings, all my footsteps pursuing :
Her eyes dart a thousand fierce lustres to wound me,
And music and beauty conspire my undoing.

MELEAGER (*Greek*).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

FRAGMENT.

THERE is a streamlet issuing from a rock.
The village-girls, singing wild madrigals,
Dip their white vestments in its waters clear,
And hang them to the sun. There first I saw her.
Her dark and eloquent eyes, mild, full of fire,
'Twas heaven to look upon ; and her sweet voice,
As tuneable as harp of many strings,
At once spoke joy and sadness to my soul !

EURIPIDES (*Greek*).

Translation of SAMUEL ROGERS.

WHY, foolish painter, give those wings to Love ?
Love is not light, as my sad heart can prove :
Love hath no wings, or none that I can see :
If he can fly, oh ! bid him fly from me !

EUBULUS (*Greek*).

Translator UNKNOWN.

TO THE BELOVED.

BLESSED as the immortal gods is he,
The youth, who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast ;
For, while I gazed, in transport lost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed ; a subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame ;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung ;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd ;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

SAPPHO (Greek).

Translation of AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

LOVE NOT EXTINGUISHED BY AGE.

OH how I loved, when, like the glorious sun,
Firing the orient with a blaze of light,
Thy beauty every lesser star outshone !—
Now o'er that beauty steals the approach of night—
Yet, yet I love ! Though in the western sea
Half sunk, the day-star still is fair to me !

STRATO (Greek).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst, that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine :
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me,
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

PHILOSTRATUS (*Greek*).

Translation of BEN JONSON.



LOVE, THE TENNIS-PLAYER.

Love acts the tennis-player's part,
And throws to thee my panting heart ;
Heliodora ! ere it fall,
Let Desire catch swift the ball ;
Let her in the ball-court move,
Fellow in the game with Love :
If thou throw me back again,
I shall of foul play complain.

MELEAGER (*Greek*).

Translation of SIR C. A. ELTON.

LOVE.

LOVE, the disturber of the peace of Heaven
And grand fomenter of Olympian feuds,
Was banished from the synod of the gods ;
They drove him down to earth at the expense
Of us poor mortals, and curtail'd his wings
To spoil his soaring, and secure themselves
From his annoyance. Selfish, hard decree !
For ever since he roams th' unquiet world,
The tyrant and despoiler of mankind.

Aristophon (Greek).

Translation of Richard Cumberland.

ELEGY ON ADONIS.

I MOURN Adonis, fair Adonis dead :
The Loves their tears for fair Adonis shed :
No more, oh Venus ! sleep in purple vest ;
Rise robed in blue : ah, sad one ! smite thy breast,
And cry, "the fair Adonis is no more."
I mourn Adonis ; him the Loves deplore :
See fair Adonis on the mountains lie ;
The boar's white tusk has rent his whiter thigh :
While in faint gasps his life-breath ebbs away,
Griefs harrowing agonies on Venus prey :
Black through the snowy flesh the blood-drops creep ;
The eyes beneath his brows in torpor sleep :
The rose has fled his lips, and with him dies
The kiss that Venus, though in death, shall prize :
Dear is the kiss, though life the lips have fled ;
But not Adonis feels it warm the dead.
I mourn Adonis : mourn the Loves around :
Ah ! cruel, cruel is that bleeding wound :

Yet Venus feels more agonizing smart ;
A deeper wound has pierced within her heart.
Around the youth his hounds in howlings yell ;
And shriek the nymphs from every mountain dell :
Venus, herself, among the forest dales,
Unsandel'd, strews her tresses to the gales :
The wounding brambles, bent beneath her tread,
With sacred blood-drops of her feet are red :
She through the lengthening valleys shrieks and cries,
“ Say where my young Assyrian bridegroom lies ? ”
But round his navel black the life-blood flowed,
His snowy breast and side with purple glow'd.

Ah, Venus ! ah, the Loves for thee bewail ;
With that lost youth thy fading graces fail ;
Her beauty bloom'd, while life was in his eyes ;
Ah, woe ! with him it bloom'd, with him it dies.
The oaks and mountains “ ah, Adonis ! ” sigh :
The rivers moan to Venus' agony :
The mountain springs all trickle into tears :
The blush of grief on every flower appears :
And Venus o'er each solitary hill,
And through wide cities chaunts her dirges shrill.

Woe, Venus ! woe ! Adonis is no more :
Echoes repeat the lonely mountains o'er,
“ Adonis is no more : ” woe, woe is me !
Who at her grievous love dry-eyed can be ?
Mute at th' intolerable wound she stood :
And saw, and knew the thigh dash'd red with blood :
Groaning she stretch'd her arms : and “ stay ! ” she said,
“ Stay, poor Adonis ! —lift thy languid head :
Ah ! let me find thy last expiring breath,
Mix lips with lips, and suck thy soul to death.
Wake but a little, for a last, last kiss :
Be it the last, but warm with life, as this. .

That through my lips I may thy spirit drain,
Suck thy sweet breath, drink love through every vein :
This kiss shall serve me ever in thy stead ;
Since thou thyself, unhappy one ! art fled :
Thou art fled far to Acheron's drear scene,
A king abhorr'd, and an inhuman queen :
I feel the woe, yet live : and fain would be
No goddess, thus in death to follow thee.
Take, Proserpine, my spouse : all loveliest things
Time to thy realm, oh mightier goddess ! brings :
Disconsolate I mourn Adonis dead,
With tears unsated, and thy name I dread.
Oh thrice-belov'd ! thou now art dead and gone !
And all my sweet love, like a dream, is flown.
Venus sinks lonely on a widow'd bed :
The Loves with listless feet my chamber tread :
My cestus perish'd with thyself : ah why,
Fair as thou wert, the coverts venturous try,
And tempt thy woodland monster's cruelty ?"

So Venus mourns : her loss the Loves deplore :
Woe, Venus, woe ! Adonis is no more.
As many drops as from Adonis bled,
So many tears the sorrowing Venus shed :
For every drop on earth a flower there grows :
Anemones for tears ; for blood the rose.

I mourn Adonis: fair Adonis dead :
Not o'er the youth in words thy sorrows shed :
For thy Adonis' limbs a couch is strewn,
That couch he presses, Venus ! 'tis thy own.
There dead he lies, yet fair in blooming grace :
Still fair, as if with slumber on his face.
Haste, lay him on the golden stand, and spread
The garments that inrobed him in thy bed,
When on thy heavenly breast the livelong night
He slept, and court him, though he scare thy sight :

Lay him with garlands and with flowers; but all
With him are dead, and wither'd at his fall.
With balms anoint him from the myrtle tree:
Or perish ointments; for thy balm was he.

Now on his purple vest Adonis lies:
The groans of weeping Loves around him rise:
Shorn of their locks beneath their feet they throw
The quiver plumed, the darts, and broken bow:
One slips the sandal, one the water brings
In golden ewer, one fans him with his wings.

The Loves o'er Venus' self bewail with tears,
And Hymen in the vestibule appears
Shrouding his torch; and spreads in silent grief
The vacant wreath that twined its nuptial leaf.
"Hymen!" no more: but "woe, alas!" they sing:
"Ah, for Adonis!" "Ah! for Hymen!" ring:
The Graces for the son of Myrrha pine;
And, Venus! shriek with shriller voice than thine.
Muses, Adonis, fair Adonis, call,
And sing him back; but he is deaf to all.
Bootless the sorrow, that would touch his sprite,
Nor Proserpine shall loose him to the light:
Cease Venus! now thy wail: reserve thy tear:
Again to fall with each Adonian year.

BION (Greek).

Translation of SIR C. A. ELTON.

TO WEAVE A GARLAND FOR THE ROSE.

To weave a garland for the Rose,
And think, thus crown'd 'twould lovelier be,
Were far less vain than to suppose
That silks and gems add grace to thee.

ALEXANDER.

Where is the pearl, whose orient lustre
Would not, beside thee, look less bright ?
What gold could match the glossy cluster
Of those young ringlets full of light ?

Bring from the land, where fresh it gleams,
The bright blue gem of India's mine,
And see how soon, though bright it beams,
'Twill pale before one glance of thine ;
Those lips, too, when their sounds have blest us,
With some divine, mellifluous air,
Who would not say that beauty's cestus
Had let loose all its witcheries there ?

Here, to this conquering host of charms
I now give up my spell-bound heart,
Nor blush to yield e'en Reason's arms
When thou her bright-eyed conqueror art.
Thus to the wind all fears are given ;
Henceforth those eyes alone I see,
Where Hope, as in her own blue heaven,
Sits beck'ning us to bliss and thee.

PAUL THE SILENTIARY (Greek). Translation of THOMAS MOORE.

LOVE AND WINE.

ONCE on a time, as for my fair a wreath I chanced to
twine,
I caught young Love amongst the flowers, and plunged him
in my wine ;—
I plunged him in, and drank him up, with such delicious
glee,
And now the urchin, with his wings, is always tickling
me.

JULIAN, PREFECT OF EGYPT (Greek).
Translation of W. PETER.

THE CHAIN OF LOVE.

IN wanton sport, my Doris from her fair
And glossy tresses tore a straggling hair,
And bound my hands, as if of conquest vain,
And I some royal captive in her chain.
At first I laugh'd—"This fetter, lovely maid,
Is lightly worn, and soon dissolved," I said.
I said—but ah, I had not learned to prove
How strong the fetters that are forged by Love.
That little thread of gold I strove to sever,
Was bound, like steel, about my heart for ever,
And, from that luckless hour, my tyrant fair
Has led and turn'd me by a single hair.

PAUL THE SILENTIARY (*Greek*).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

THE RECONCILIATION.

Horace. WHILST I was fond, and you were kind,
Nor any dearer youth reclined
On your soft bosom sought to rest,
Phraates was not half so bless'd.

Lydia. Whilst you adored no other face,
Nor loved me in the second place,
My happy, celebrated fame
Outshone e'en Ilia's envied name.

Horace. Me Chloe now possesses whole,
Her voice and lyre command my soul :
Nor would I death itself decline,
Could her life ransom'd be with mine.

Lydia. For me the lovely Calais burns,
 And, warmth for warmth, my heart returns,
 Twice would I live with joy resign,
 Could his be ransom'd once with mine.

Horace. What if sweet love, whose bands we broke,
 Again should tame us to the yoke ;
 Should banish'd Chloe cease to reign
 And Lydia her lost power regain ?

Lydia. Though Hesper be less fair than he,
 Thou wilder than the raging sea,
 Lighter than down ; yet gladly I
 With thee would live, with thee would die.

HORACE (Latin), ODE IX., Book III.
 Translation of BISHOP ATTENBURY.

A PERSIAN SONG.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldest charm my sight,
 And bid these arms thy neck infold ;
 That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
 Would give thy poet more delight
 Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
 Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
 And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
 Whate'er the frowning zealots say :
 Tell them, their Eden cannot show
 A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
 A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh ! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display ;
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow ;
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart ?
Can cheeks where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes
Require the borrowed gloss of art ?

Speak not of fate ;—ah ! change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom :
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream ;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy ;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy !

But ah, sweet maid ! my counsel hear,
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage) :
While music charms the ravished ear ;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay : and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard !
 And yet, by heaven, I love thee still :
 Can aught be cruel from thy lip ?
 Yet say, how fell that bitter word
 From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
 Which nought but drops of honey sip ?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,
 Like orient pearls at random strung :
 Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say ;
 But O ! far sweeter, if they please
 The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

HAFIZ (*Persian*).

Translation of SIR WILLIAM JONES.

ON LOVE.

I NEVER knew a sprightly fair
 That was not dear to me,
 And freely I my heart could share
 With every one I see.

It is not *this*, or *that* alone
 On whom my choice would fall,
 I do not more incline to one
 Than I incline to all.

The circle's bounding line are they,
 Its centre is my heart,
 My ready love,—the equal ray
 That flows to every part.

ABOU ALY THE MATHEMATICIAN (*Arabian*).

Translation of J. D. CARLYLE.

HE PRAISES THE BEAUTIES OF LAURA.

HER golden tresses to the gale were streaming,
That in a thousand knots did them entwine,
And the sweet rays which now so rarely shine
From her enchanting eyes, were brightly beaming,
And—was it fancy?—o'er that dear face gleaming
Methought I saw Compassion's tint divine;
What marvel that this ardent heart of mine
Blazed swiftly forth, impatient of Love's dreaming?
There was naught mortal in her stately tread
But grace angelic, and her speech awoke
Than human voices a far loftier sound.
A spirit of Heaven,—a living sun she broke
Upon my sight,—what if these charms be fled?
The slackening of the bow heals not the wound.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA (*Italian*). *Translation of WROTTESLEY.*

LEAVE-TAKING.

THERE was a touching paleness on her face,
Which chased her smiles, but such sweet union made
Of pensive majesty and heavenly grace,
As if a passing cloud had veil'd her with its shade;
Then knew I how the blessed ones above
Gaze on each other in their perfect bliss,
For never yet was look of mortal love
So pure, so tender, so serene as this.
The softest glance fond woman ever sent
To him she loved, would cold and rayless be
Compared to this which she divinely bent
Earthward, with angel sympathy, on me,
That seem'd with speechless tenderness to say,
“Who takes from me my faithful friend away?”

FRANCESCO PETRARCA (*Italian*). *Translation in NEW MONTHLY.*

IF I AM FAIR, 'TIS FOR MYSELF ALONE.

If I am fair, 'tis for myself alone ;
 I do not wish to have a sweetheart near me,
 Nor would I call another's heart my own,
 Nor have a gallant lover to revere me.
 For, surely, I will plight my faith to none,
 Though many an amorous cit would jump to hear me ;
 For I have heard that lovers prove deceivers,
 When once they find that maidens are believers.

Yet should I find one that in truth could please me,
 One whom I thought my charms had power to move,
 Why, then, I do confess, the whim might seize me
 To taste for once the porringer of love.
 Alas ! there is one pair of eyes that tease me ;
 And then that mouth !—he seems a star above,
 He is so good, so gentle, and so kind,
 And so unlike the sullen, clownish hind.

What love may be indeed I cannot tell,
 Nor if I e'er have known his cunning arts ;
 But true it is, there's one I like so well,
 That, when he looks at me, my bosom starts,
 And if we meet, my heart begins to swell ;
 And the green fields around, when he departs,
 Seem like a nest from which the bird has flown :
 Can this be love ?—say, ye who love have known !

MICHAEL ANGELO (*Italian*).

Translation in NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

***WHEN THE SWEET DAYS OF SUMMER
COME AT LAST.***

WHEN the sweet days of summer come at last,
And leaves and flowers are in the forest springing ;
When the cold time of winter 's overpast,
And every bird his own sweet song is singing ;
Then will I sing,
 And joyous be,
 Of careless heart,
 Elate and free ;
For she, my lady sweet and sage,
Bids me, as ever wont, engage
 In joyful mood to be.

Nor is it yet the spirit of the season,—
The summer time,—that makes my song so gay ;
But softer thoughts, and yet a sweeter reason,—
Love,—that o'er all my happy heart hath sway ;
That with delight my soul will ceaseless turn
 Toward her I ween of all the world the best :
And if my songs be sweet, well may they learn
 Sweetness from her, whose love my heart has blest.

And since that love is rightfully my boon,
Well may I hold her chief within my soul,
Who helps my numbers, gives me song and tune,
 And her own grace diffuses o'er the whole.
For when I think of those dear eyes of hers,
 Whence the bright light of love is ever breaking,
Delight and hope that happy thought confers,
 And I am blest beyond the power of speaking.

JACQUES DE CHISON (French).
Translation of EDGAR TAYLOR.

WHO HAS NOT LOOKED UPON HER BROW.

Who has not looked upon her brow
 Has never dreamed of perfect bliss :
 But once to see her is to know
 What beauty, what perfection, is.

Her charms are of the growth of Heaven,
 She decks the night with hues of day :
 Blest are the eyes to which 'tis given
 On her to gaze the soul away !

PIERRE ROGIER (French).

Translation of LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

SONG.

HEAVEN ! 'tis delight to see how fair
 Is she, my gentle love !
 To serve her is my only care,
 For all her bondage prove.
 Who could be weary of her sight ?
 Each day new beauties spring :
 Just Heaven, who made her fair and bright,
 Inspires me while I sing.

In any land where'er the sea
 Bathes some delicious shore,
 Where'er the sweetest clime may be
 The south wind wanders o'er,
 'Tis but an idle dream to say
 With her may aught compare :
 The world no treasure can display
 So precious and so fair.

CHARLES D'ORLEANS (French).

Translation of LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

EXPECTATION.

SQUIRREL, mount yon oak so high,
To its twig that next the sky
 Bends and trembles as a flower !
Strain, O stork, thy pinion well,—
From thy nest 'neath old church-bell,
Mount to yon tall citadel,
 And its tallest donjon tower !

To yon mountain, eagle old,
Mount, whose brow so white and cold
 Kisses the last ray of even !
And, O thou that lov'st to mark
Morn's first sunbeam pierce the dark,
Mount, O, mount, thou joyous lark,
 Joyous lark, O, mount to Heaven !

And now say, from topmost bough,
Towering shaft, and peak of snow,
 And Heaven's arch,—O, can ye see
One white plume that like a star
Streams along the plain afar,
And a steed that from the war
 Bears my lover back to me ?

VICTOR HUGO (French).

Translation in DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

SONNET.

SAY, canst thou number all the stars that gleam
 Along the silent air in dazzling light,
And form an everlasting diadem
 For the dark tresses and clear brow of night ?

Know'st thou how many flowers attend the Spring,
 How many fruits fair Autumn's bounties bring ?
 Know'st thou each jewell'd cave that hidden lies
 Where the bold mariner directs his sail ?
 Or canst thou count the vivid sparks that rise
 Where Etna's and Vesuvius' fires prevail ?
 How many billows rush with angry roar
 Against the barrier of the foamy shore ?
 If these thou know'st, perchance thy tongue may tell
 Her charms, her virtues, whom I love so well !

JOACHIM DU BELLAY (French).

Translation of Louisa STUART COSTELLO.

THE PORTRAIT.

THIS dear resemblance of thy lovely face,
 'Tis true, is painted with a master's care ;
 But one far better still my heart can trace,
 For Love himself engraved the image there.
 Thy gift can make my soul blest visions share ;
 But brighter still, dear love, my joys would shine,
 Were I within thy heart impressed as fair,
 As true, as vividly, as thou in mine !

CLEMENT MAROT (French).

Translation of Louisa STUART COSTELLO.

LOVE.

LOVE ! our being's waking bliss !
 Spirit garb of Happiness !
 Heaven's halo, sent to shine
 O'er a world no more divine !

Nature's heart, whose choicest measure
Beats in time to promised pleasure ;
Drop to drop, within the ocean ;

Star to star, in Heaven above,
Moving, with harmonious motion,

Round the sun they love ;
Brotherhood and Sympathy
Are the laws that flow from thee.
Love ! that art, within the mind
Of our erring, hapless kind,
Even this,—a recollection
Of a holier affection,

Born in Heaven ; fairest then,
With the silver chaplets round it
Of the singing stars that bound it,
Then nestled on its father's breast,
With angel-wings to shade its rest,—

Reflected last on men.
Ere then, as rich as Thought, as fair
As minstrel-dreams, its speech was Prayer,
Its kindred sweet, those forms that bless
This world with their own loveliness ;
And fill the sense with music, flung
From harps unearthly, Spirit-strung.
What if it fell to mix with men,
And none must feel it pure again ?
At some sweet times, it seems to wear
The seraph-robes that erst it bare ;
At some sweet times, its whispers come
Like echoes from its heavenly home,

When heart meets heart, and life is love,
The breath that fans the spring's blue sky,
The minstrel's magic melody,

In such soft numbers move ;

But liker still, for that they be
 Themselves the brood of Memory,
 Those recollected distant chants
 Of homes for which the Switzer pants,
 That raise beneath the tropic's glow
 His old, familiar Alpine snow.

ERIAS TEGNÉR (Swedish).

Translation of R. S. LATHAM.



THE LOVED ONE EVER NEAR.

I THINK of thee, when the bright sunlight shimmers
 Across the sea ;
 When the clear fountain in the moonbeam glimmers,
 I think of thee.

I see thee, if far up the pathway yonder
 The dust be stirred ;
 If faint steps o'er the little bridge to wander
 At night be heard.

I hear thee, when the tossing waves' low rumbling
 Creeps up the hill ;
 I go to the lone wood and listen, trembling,
 When all is still.

I am with thee, wherever thou art roaming,—
 And thou art near !
 The sun goes down, and soon the stars are coming :
 Would thou wert here !

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (German).

Translation of J. S. DWIGHT.

THE COURSE OF THINGS.

ON every evening forth I roam,
And o'er the meadows hie,
She sees me from her cottage home,
It stands the road hard by.
We no appointment ever make,
It is the course things always take.

I know not how it happens thus,
We always kiss,—we two ;
I ask her not, she says not :—“ Yes,”
Nor says she ever :—“ No.”
When lip with lip would fain unite,
There's no demur,—it seems all right.

The zephyr round the rose may breathe,
It asks not : “ Lov'st me, dear ? ”
The rose may in the pure dew bathe,
And no refusal fear.

I'm fond of her, she's fond of me,
Yet neither says : “ I'm fond of thee ! ”

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND (*German*).

Translation of W. H. FURNESS.

TO THE CHOSEN ONE.

HAND in hand ! and lip to lip !
Oh, be faithful, maiden dear !
Fare-thee-well ! thy lover's ship
Past full many a rock must steer ;
But should he the haven see,
When the storm has ceased to break,
And be happy, reft of thee,—
May the gods fierce vengeance take !

Boldly dared, is well nigh won !
 Half my task is solved aright ;
 Ev'ry star's to me a sun,
 Only cowards deem it night.
 Stood I idly by thy side,
 Sorrow still would sadden me ;
 But when seas our paths divide,
 Gladly toil I,—toil for thee !

Now the valley I perceive,
 Where together we will go,
 And the streamlet watch each eve,
 Gliding peacefully below.
 Oh, the poplars on yon spot !
 Oh, the beach trees in yon grove !
 And behind we'll build a cot,
 Where to taste the joys of love !

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (*German*).

Translation of E. A. BOWRING.

MARGARET AT HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

My heart is sad,
 My peace is o'er,
 I find it never
 And nevermore.

When gone is he,
 The grave I see ;
 The world's wide all
 Is turn'd to gall.

Alas, my head
 Is well-nigh crazed ;
 My feeble mind
 Is sore amazed.

My heart is sad,
My peace is o'er;
I find it never
And nevermore.

For him from the window
Alone I spy;
For him alone
From home go I

His lofty step,
His noble form,
His mouth's sweet smile,
His glances warm,

His voice so fraught
With magic bliss,
His hand's soft pressure,
And, ah, his kiss!

My heart is sad,
My peace is o'er;
I find it never
And nevermore.

My bosom yearns
For his form so fair;
Ah could I clasp him
And hold him there!

My kisses sweet
Should stop his breath
And 'neath his kisses
I'd sink in death!

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (German).

Translation of E. A. BOWRING.

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

A SMITH was standing in his booth,
'Mid pearls and jewels fine ;
"The brightest jewel here, in truth,
Art thou to me, Helena,
O dearest daughter mine !"

A gallant knight there entered, with—
" Welcome, thou maiden fair,
And welcome thou, my trusty smith ;
Make me a wreath, I pray thee,
For my sweet bride to wear."

And when the costly crown was wrought,
And in rich brilliance shone,
Then Helen, filled with sadness, thought,
As on her arm she hung it,
While seated all alone :

" Ah, happy she, upon whose brow
This brilliant wreath will shine !
Ah ! would that knight on me bestow
A wreath of roses only,
What joy would then be mine !"

Ere long returned that gallant knight,
And well the wreath he scanned ;
" A ring with sparkling diamonds bright,
My trusty goldsmith, make me,
For my fair maiden's hand."

And when the costly ring was wrought,
With many a brilliant stone,

Fair Helen, filled with saddest thought,
Half drew it on her finger,
While seated all alone :

“ Ah, happy she, whose finger fair
With this bright ring shall shine !
If but one curl of his dear hair
That gallant knight would give me,
What joy would then be mine.”

Again the knight returned, and now
The ring likewise he scanned :
“ Ah well, my trusty smith, hast thou
These bright adornments fashioned,
For that dear head and hand.

“ Yet how they suit, that I may see,
Prithee, fair maiden now
Come hither, let me try on thee
These jewels for my darling,—
She is as fair as thou.”

It was a Sunday morning fair,
And therefore this sweet maid
Was for the day, with reverent care,
As she to church was going,
All festally arrayed.

She came with lovely shame aglow,
Before the knight to stand ;
He placed the wreath upon her brow,
The ring upon her finger,
And then he took her hand :

" Helena sweet, Helena fair,
 The jest aside be laid ;
 Thou art the bride, of all most dear,
 For whom this golden chaplet,
 For whom this ring was made.

" 'Mid gold and pearls, and jewels fine,
 Thy years have passed till now ;
 And this to thee shall be the sign
 That thou, all high in honor,
 Through life with me shalt go."

JOHANN LUDWIG URLAND (*German*).

Translator UNKNOWN.

EXPECTATION.

I.

" HEAR I the creaking gate unclose ?
 The gleaming latch uplifted ?
 No ! 'twas the wind that, whirring, rose,
 Amidst the poplars drifted !

" Adorn thyself, thou green leaf-bowering roof,
 Take from her gracious looks the only light ;
 With shadowy boughs, whose secrets are star-proof,
 Build the still hall and weave the friendly night,
 And ye, sweet flatteries of the delicate air,
 Awake, and sport her rosy cheek around,
 When their light weight the tender feet shall bear,
 When Beauty comes to Passion's trysting-ground.

II.

" Hush ! what amidst the copsees crept
 So swiftly by me now ?
 No ! 'twas the startled bird that swept
 The light leaves of the bough !

“Day, quench thy torch ! Forth, forth, O Night ! All
hail

Thee and thine own loved Silence. Favoring hour
Spiritual, round us spread thy purple veil,
And shroud yet more the secret-guarding bower.
Love’s paradise vouchsafes no listener’s ear,
It flies the light—admits no eye to see ;
Hesper alone, the Silent One, may hear !
Hesper, down-glancing, the sole witness be.

III.

“What murmur in the distance spoke
And like a whisper died ?
No ! ‘twas the swan that gently broke
In rings the silver tide !

“Soft to my ear there comes a music flow ;
With grateful murmur purls the waterfall ;
To Zephyr’s kiss, the flowers are bending low ;
All, where I look, exchange delight with all.
The rich grapes beckon ; from the glossy lair
Of covert leaves the ripe peach swelling breaks,
Steep’d in the fragrance of the evening air,
Cool breezes drink the fever from my cheeks ;

IV.

“Hark ! through the laurels hear I now
A footfall ? Comes the maiden ?
No ! ‘twas the fruit slid from the bough
With its own richness laden !

“Day’s lustrous eyes grow heavy in sweet death,
And his rich colors wane in slow degrees ;

The flowers that shrunk before his glowing breath,
 Bold in the twilight, ope their chalices.
 The bright face of the moon is still and lone,
 Melts in vast masses the world silently ;
 Slides from each charm, the slowly loosening zone ;
 And round all beauty, vailless, roves the eye.

v.

“What yonder seems to glimmer ?
 Her white robe’s glancing hues ?
 No ! ’twas the column’s shimmer
 Athwart the darksome yews !

“O, longing heart no more, delight upbuoy’d,
 Let the sweet airy image thee befool !
 The arms that would embrace her clasp the void.
 This feverish breast no phantom bliss can cool.
 O, waft her here, the *true*, the *living* one !
 Let but my hand *her* hand, the tender, feel—
 The very shadow of her robe alone !—”

See, where the vision into life doth steal !

And light, as comes, when least we ween,
 From Heaven the hour of bliss,
 All gently came the maid, unseen ;—
 He waked beneath her kiss.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (*Germany*).
 Translation of E. BULWER LYTTON.

THEKLA'S SONG.

THE black clouds lower, the oak woods roar—
 A maiden wanders by the green shore,
 The waves are breaking with might, with might,
 And she wailingly sings in the darkness of night,
 Her eyes all wet with weeping.

The heart is withered—the world is vain,
And never can grant my wishes again,
Earth's bliss I have drunk and with it have done,
I have lived and have loved, thou holiest one
 Take me back to thy keeping.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (*German*).

Translation of WILLIAM HUNT.

FOR EVER THINE.

For ever thine ! though sea and land divide thee,
 For ever thine !
Through burning wastes and winds,—whate'er betide me,—
 For ever thine !
'Mid dazzling tapers in the marble palace,
 For ever thine !
Beneath the evening moon in pastoral valleys,
 For ever thine !
And when the feeble lamp of life, expiring,
 Becomes divine,—
My breaking heart will echo, still untiring,
 For ever thine !

FRIEDRICH VON MATTHESSEN (*German*).

Translation of J. MACRAY.

LOVE IN A BOAT.

'Tis a calm and silent even,
 Luna rests upon the sea ;
See ! the impelling breeze has driven,
 Driven a little bark to me.

What a lovely child is seated
 At the helm—a trembling child !
“Thou wilt perish, boy ill-fated !
 Whelm'd among the surges wild.”

"Help me ! help me ! gentle stranger !
All my strength, alas ! is gone :
Take the helm—conduct the ranger
To some harbor of thy own."

Pity's warmth, that never freezes,
Bid me seize the helm :—we sped,
Wafted by awakening breezes,
As by feather'd arrows led.

Swiftly, swiftly then we glided
By the flowery shores along ;
Reach'd a spot where joy presided,
Smiling nymphs, and dance and song.

Music welcomed us and laughter,
Garlands at our feet were thrown :
Then I looked my wanderer after—
I was left—the bark was gone.

On the stormy shore I laid me,
Careless of the surges' spray ;
Sought the child who had betrayed me,
Saw him laugh—and row away.

Lo ! he beckons—lo ! he urges—
Through the noisy waves I fly ;
Off he speeds across the surges,
Laughing out with louder joy.

Wet and weary I retreated
To the scene of revelry ;
Twas a fairy dream that cheated—
All was blank obscurity.

Wanderer, if that boat should ever
Meet thy vision, O be coy !
"Tis delusive—trust him never,—
Cupid is a wicked boy.

BATIUSHKOV (*Russian*).

Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THE INVITATION.

ZEPHYR, that gently o'er Ukraine art flying,
Go and salute my Marina for me ;
Whisper her tenderly, soothingly sighing
"Lo, he has sent these soft accents to thee!"

Why dost thou dwell, my sweet maiden, so lonely ?
Why dost thou dwell in so gloomy a spot ?
Think of the palace of Leopol ;—only
Think, my fair maid ! though thou visit it not.

There in thy bower is a window, where seated
Often thou sheddest a smile on thy swain ;—
There have my sighs oft an audience entreated ;—
Maiden, that window invites thee again.

Lady, the thought of thy absence has shaded
Even the flow'rets with sorrow and gloom ;
All the bright roses and lilies are faded,
And my gay orchard is stripped of its bloom.

Come, my fair maid, with thy beautiful blushes,
Shine o'er our turrets,—O come for a while !
Smile on us, Lady—O smile—though Red Russia's
Twice-castled towers may deserve not thy smile.

Lo, it expects thee,—its *Lions* await thee,
 Watching like sentinels fixed on the height ;
 Sleepless and eager to welcome and greet thee
 When thy fair vision shall dawn on their sight.

Haste, maiden, haste ! scatter blessings around thee ;
 Laughter and wit are awaiting thee here ;
 Courtesies, feastings, and smiles shall be found thee,
 Wanderings and wassails to honor thee, dear !

Here have we centred the graces and pleasures—
 Come, thou bright lady, inherit them now ;—
 Russia pours out all her charms and her treasures,
 Nothing is wanting,—O nothing but thou.

SIMONE ZIMOROWICZ (Polish).
Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THE WENDISH POSTILLION.

ACROSS Lusatia's sandy plains
 A youth, both fair and gay,
 Drove on, and rung his cheerful horn
 For pastime on his way.

And oft he tuned his horn ; but still
 The selfsame notes he played ;
 And yet no griefs have dimmed his smile,
 Though cares his heart invade.

“ But why repeat the selfsame song
 With an unvarying tone ;
 Has music in this land but one,
 But one sweet voice alone ? ”

“ O many a song we sing : for songs
 Bring rapture to the breast :—
But one is dearer far than all,—
 Far dearer than the rest.”

“ Why round thy hat these roses red,
 Flowers of unvaried hue ;
O tell me in what garden fair
 These lovely roses grew ?”

“ O all our fields are full of flowers :
 With flowers we deck the maid ;
With roses wreath the lover’s brow,
 And gird the infant’s head.”

“ And well the rose becomes thy youth.”
 “ ’Twas gathered by my fair.”
“ And sweetly dost thou sing thy song.”
 “ My maiden taught the air !”

So spoke the youth, while blushes deep
 Across his warm cheek roved :
He turned away his bright blue eyes,
 And sighed to her he loved.

Again he waked the notes ;—they rolled
 Through glade and grove along :
How blest our maiden’s rose to wear,
 And sing our maiden’s song.

LACH SEYRMA (Polish).

Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

You say that beauty is a rose,
 And you are right, I cannot doubt it ;
 Show me the garden where it grows,
 And I will never be without it.

I'll pluck it every day, and be
 Fresh as the buds the dews drop over,
 A never-fading flower to thee—
 Be thou to me a faithful lover.

UNKNOWN (Bohemian).

Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

But for my father's angry talking,
 I'd frankly own that I was walking
 With one whom he could not discover,
 Frown he or not ; it was my lover.

And if my father would not scold me,
 I'd tell him what my lover told me ;
 And what he gave—a secret this is—
 Scold he or not ; 'twas love's sweet kisses.

And if my father would not wonder,
 I'd tear the secret's veil asunder ;
 Wonder or not, my lover made me
 A sweet and solemn vow to wed me.

He vow'd, sincere and eager-hearted,
 E'en while he kiss'd me as we parted,
 With thee he would not leave me longer,
 But claim me when the wheat is stronger.

UNKNOWN (Bohemian).

Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

WISHES.

O THAT I were a little stream
That I might flow to him,—to him !
How should I dance with joy when knowing
To whom my sparkling wave was flowing !
Beneath his window would I glide,
And linger there till morning tide ;
When first he rouses him to dress
In comely garb his manliness,
Then, should he weak or thirsty be,
O, he might stoop to drink of me !
Or baring there his bosom, lave
That bosom in my rippling wave.
O what a bliss, if I could bear
The cooling power of quiet there !

UNKNOWN (*Serbian*).

Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

FAREWELL.

AGAINST white Buda's walls a vine
Doth its white branches fondly twine :
O, no ! it was no vine tree there ;
It was a fond, a faithful pair,
Bound each to each in earliest vow—
And, O, they must be severed now !
And these their farewell words : “ We part—
Break from my bosom, break, my heart !
Go to a garden—go and see
Some rose-branch blushing on the tree ;
And from that branch a rose-flower tear,
Then place it on thy bosom bare ;

And as its leaflets fade and pine,
 So fades my sinking heart in thine.”
 And thus the other spoke :—“ My love,
 A few short paces backward move,
 And to the verdant forest go ;
 There’s a fresh water-fount below ;
 And in the fount a marble stone,
 Which a gold cup reposes on ;
 And in the cup a ball of snow :
 Love, take that ball of snow to rest
 Upon thine heart—within thy breast ;
 And as it melts unnoticed there,
 So melts my heart in thine, my dear !”

UNKNOWN (Servian).

Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

TELL me, ye reapers, tell me have ye found,
 While binding up your sheaves of golden corn,
 A little, laughing, lovely boy, around
 Whose curly locks a harvest-wreath is bound ?
 Ye shepherds, who with dew-damp feet at morn
 Track your white lambs, say have ye seen forlorn
 A gentle joyous child, that o’er the ground
 Trips sportively ? Ye forests, that adorn
 The mountains, ye sweet birds, ye flowing rills,
 Ye list’ning rocks, heard ye that voice’s sound,
 Whose strain of music thro’ creation thrills ?
 If ye have seen not, heard not, pity me—
 Help me to find the maid I love, and be
 Milder than unrelenting destiny.

JOHN KOLLAR (Bohemian).

Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

KRASKA TO KWETOSLAW.

YES ! let me wander by that flower-bank'd stream
Which pours its fountains out by Praga's wall ;
Go ! toil for honor in the fields of fame :
Fame—all Bohemia wakens at its call.
Where my young days pass'd by in blissful thought
Is now a dreary solitude to me ;
The scenes which peace and love and beauty brought
Are darkness all, because estrang'd from thee.

Thou wert an ever-sparkling light, but now
Art a pale meteor trembling in the sky :
I see thy name carv'd on the maple's bough,
Or by the moon's gold sickle writ on high ;
There do my loud sighs wed them to the wind,
And harps *Aolian* in the grotto play ;
Be present to my eyes, as to my mind,
Hither again, O hither bend thy way.

'Midst the dark foliage in the full-moon's light
Thou didst first fan the fire of holiest love ;
There did my pure lips pledge their early plight,
While listening nightingales were group'd above.
Hear (saidst thou), hear my words, thou blue-bright Heaven ;
Hear them, thou moon ! whom yon fair stars attend ;
And if I leave thee, curs'd and unforgiven,
Let poison with each breeze, each breathing blend.

O thou wilt see, bewitching, blinding maids,
Maids who o'er youth's fond dreams supremely reign ;
And thou wilt then forget Bohemia's shades,
And thou wilt wear affection's foreign chain.

Those ringlet-tresses, those black, beaming eyes,
 I know they will intoxicate ; I know
 How they will dazzle, while thy Kraska flies
 Fading and fading more, and dwells with woe.

I hear the rattling troop—I feel the earth
 Is shaking 'neath the chargers—so begone.
 I hear the drums loud rolling—and the mirth
 Of battle-loving heroes—Kwétslaw—on !
 On to the banner ! yet one kiss, thou bold
 Heart-chosen man—fame calls thee—no delay ;
 Take the sharp steel—'tis glittering in its hold ;
 Thy Kraska's hand shall bind it—now away !

Now battle like a Českian, and success,
 Success walk still unwearied at thy side,
 Courageous but discreet—Yet forward press
 As cataracts adown the mountain side.
 The kiss I give thee now, O let it burn
 Like sacred fire upon thy lips, until
 To thine enraptur'd maid thou shalt return,
 And godlike thoughts her widening bosom fill.

MILOTA ŽDÍRAD POLÁK (Bohemian).
Translation of Sir JOHN BOWRING.

KWETOSLAW TO KRASKA.

MY country calls me, Kraska ! dry thine eyes,
 Disturb not with thy tears youth's quiet flow ;
 Rend not my heart, nor chill thine own with sighs ;
 Thy rosy cheeks are mantled o'er with snow.
 Weep not because thy Českian leaves thee—No !
 The mighty lion on the flag unfurl'd
 Roars with loud voice, and bids the warriors go—
 Wealth, heart, and blood, our country, and the world.

How sweet and silent were our early days,
Gliding like meadow streamlets soft and still ;
Enjoyment threw o'er every hour its rays,
Anxious, life's cup with flowing bliss to fill.
But soon, too soon, that bliss has been o'ercast,
Which made me the world's envy ; now the frost,
The silver frost of sorrow makes a waste
Of my once glowing spirit ; all is lost.

Yet will I prize thy love—the love I've sworn,
That love shall lead through immortality.
Think not that white-arm'd maidens' smile or scorn
Can for an instant lure my thoughts from thee
No dimples, howsoever lovely—grace,
Howe'er majestic—pearly teeth in rows—
Mouth breathing sweets—Can these—can these efface
Thy memory ? Never !—or thy sway oppose ?—

In the night's silence, at the twilight's dawn,
Whene'er I gird my sabre to my side ;
When eve around the hills her clouds has drawn,
Then always shall I think of thee, and glide
In fancy to thy presence, midst the roar
Of cannons, and the flash of swords, and hiss
Of bulletts, while like seeds of thistles o'er
Torn limbe fly by, thy love shall be my bliss.

Should I return to our Bohemian land,
When the blest trump of peace is heard again,
What bliss—what bliss supreme to take thy hand—
How will my spirit thrill with rapture then !
Thy rosy lips my eager kiss shall press,
My arms around thy smiling form shall be ;
Thine eyes, thy cheeks, the kiss of love shall bless ;
O ! the unutterable ecstasy !

Hark ! hark ! the trumpet's call—the banner flies
High flapping in the wind—our lions shake
Their grisly manes—thou maid of Paradise,
Come hither—come—thy hero's sabre take,
And gird it on—and bless him—and one kiss—
One kiss—and then—and then—what words can tell
My thoughts—thou joy, hope, peace, song, love, and bliss—
My more than Heaven—farewell—farewell—farewell !

MILOTA ZDIRAD POLAK (*Bohemian*).
Translation of Sir JOHN BOWRING.

PERSONAL POEMS.

OLYMPIC ODE II.

TO THERON OF AGRIGENTUM.

Victor in the Chariot-race.

STROPHE I.

HYMNS, that rule the living lyre,
What god, what hero shall we sing?
What mortal's praise the strain inspire?—
Jove is Pisa's guardian king:
Hercules th' Olympiad plann'd,
Trophy of his conquering hand:
But Theron, whose bright axle won,
With four swift steeds, the chariot crown,
Noblest of hosts, our song shall grace,
The prop of Agrigentum's fame,
Flower of an old illustrious race,
Whose upright rule his prospering states proclaim.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Press'd with ills, yon sacred pile,
Yon stream his fathers held, and shone
The eyes of all Sicilia's isle:
Inborn virtue was their own;
Public favor, wealth and power
Reached them in their destined hour.

But thou, that rulest th' Olympian dome,
 Saturnian son of Rhea's womb,
 God of the noblest games divine,
 And Alpheus' stream that wanders near,
 Soothed with our song, to all his line
 Vouchsafe their Sire's dominion long to bear.

EPODE I.

Virtue's achievement, Folly's crime,
 Whate'er of guilt or good the past has known,
 Not e'en the Sire of all things, mighty Time,
 Hath power to change, or make the deed undone.
 But, when the prosperous hour returns,
 O'er woes long wept Oblivion softly lays
 Her shadowy veil ; and from the heart that mourns,
 By goodlier joys subdued, th' inveterate bane decays.

STROPHE II.

Thus rewarding Heaven and Fate
 Exalted bliss at length bestow ;
 As Cadmus' daughters, throned in state,
 Teach the moral strain to show.
 Great their ills ; but heaviest woe
 Mightier good can soon o'erthrow :
 For Semelè, once to vengeance given,
 Now waves her flowing locks in Heaven ;
 She, by the rattling thunder slain,
 To Pallas dear, caressed by Jove,
 Among the Olympians lives again,
 And meets her Ivied Boy's requited love.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Bosom'd in the briny deep,
 'Mong Nereids green, as story tells,
 While Time his circling course shall keep,
 Aye immortal Ino dwells.

'Tis not given for man to know
When pale Death shall strike the blow,
Nor e'en if one serener Day,
The Sun's brief child, shall pass away
Unclouded as it rose. The waves
Of life with ceaseless changes flow,
And, as the tempest sleeps or raves,
Bring triumph or disaster, weal or woe.

EPODE II.

The Genius, thus, whose power upholds
The prosperous destiny of Theron's race,
And sends them wealth from Heaven, a scene unfolds,
In times long past, of vengeance and disgrace—
Vengeance from that ill-omen'd hour
When son and sire in foul encounter met ;
And all, that Pythian threat denounced of yore,
In Laius' murder mix'd, consistent and complete.

STROPHE III.

Quick the sharp-eyed Fury flew,
And, as the strife she stirr'd, apace
Kindred their warlike kindred slew ;
Social bloodshed thinn'd the race.
Polynices bit the ground ;
Sole Thersander lived, renowned
In youthful game or martial fray,
Of brave Adrastus' house the stay.
Sprung from that old heroic sire,
Enesidamus bids us raise
Th' applauding lay, and sweep the lyre
Through all its thrilling chords in Theron's praise.

ANTISTROPHE III.

'Midst Olympia's shouting bands
 With the proud prize himself was crowned ;
 While rival wreaths from Isthmian hands
 Waved his brother's temples round ;
 Fortune's favorite ! o'er his brow
 Blended hung the Pythian bough.
 With fourfold team in rapid race
 Twelve times he scour'd the circling space ;
 Before Success the Sorrows fly ;
 And Wealth more bright with virtue join'd,
 Brings golden Opportunity,
 The sparkling star, the sun-beam of mankind ;

EPODE III.

Brings to the rich man's restless heart
 Ambition's splendid cares. No less he knows
 The day fast comes when all men must depart,
 And pay for present pride in future woes.
 The deeds that frantic mortals do
 In this disorder'd nook of Jove's domain,
 All meet their meed ; and there's a Judge below
 Whose hateful doom inflicts th' inevitable pain.

STROPHE IV.

O'er the Good soft suns the while
 Through the mild day, the night serene,
 Alike with cloudless lustre smile,
 Tempering all the tranquil scene.
 Theirs is leisure ; vex not they
 Stubborn soil or watery way,
 To wring from toil want's worthless bread ;
 No ills they know, no tears they shed,

But with the glorious gods below
Ages of peace contented share.
Meanwhile the Bad with bitterest woe
Eye-startling tasks and endless tortures wear.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

All, whose stedfast virtue thrice
Each side the grave unchanged hath stood
Still unseduced, unstain'd with vice,
They by Jove's mysterious road
Pass by Saturn's realm of rest,
Happy isle that holds the blest ;
Where sea-born breezes gently blow
O'er blooms of gold that round them glow,
Which Nature boon from stream or strand
Or goodly tree profusely pours ;
Whence pluck they many a fragrant band,
And braid their locks with never-fading flowers.

EPODE IV,

Such Rhadamanthus' mandate wise :
He on the judgment-bench, associate meet,
By ancient Saturn sits, prompt to advise
The spouse of Rhea, whose high throne is set
Above all powers in Earth or Heaven.
Peleus and Cadmus there high honors crown ;
The like to great Achilles largely given
With prayers from yielding Jove persuasive Thetis given.

STROPHE V.

Hector he, the pillar of Troy
By mightiest arms unmoved, o'erthrew,
And bright Aurora's Æthiop boy :
He the godlike Cycnus slew—

On my quiver'd arm I bear
 Many an arrow swift and rare ;
 Dealt to the wise delight they bring,
 To vulgar ears unmeaning ring.
 Genius his stores from nature draws ;
 In words not wit the learnèd shine ;
 Clamorous in vain, like croaking daws,
 They rail against the bird of Jove divine.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Heed not thou their envious tongue,
 Straight to the mark advance thy bow ;
 Whither, brave spirit, shall thy song
 Throw the shaft of glory now ?
 Lo it flies, by Justice sent,
 Full at famous Agrigent ;
 While truth inspires me thus to swear,
 That Time shall waste his hundredth year
 Ere race or realm a king shall raise,
 Whose liberal heart, whose loaded hand,
 Shall paragon with Theron's praise,
 Or strew, like his, its blessings through the land.

EPODE V.

Yet e'en his virtues to assail
 Hath headstrong Envy spurr'd Injustice forth,
 Plotting with hostile arm, and slanderous tale,
 To hide in mischief's shade the lamp of worth.
 But, if the numberer toils in vain
 To count the sands that heap the wave-worn beach ;
 The joys, the graces of his bounteous reign
 What memory can record ? What soaring song can reach ?

PINDAR (*Greek*).

Translation of ABRAHAM MOORE.

ON SOPHOCLES.

WIND, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid ;
Sweet ivy, lend thine aid, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine :
Thus shall your lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.

SIMIAS (*Greek*).
Translation of JOSEPH ADDISON.

ODE TO HARMODIUS.

In myrtle my sword will I wreath,
Like our patriots the noble and brave,
Who devoted the tyrant to death,
And to Athens equality gave.

Loved Harmodius, thou never shalt die !
The poets exultingly tell,
That thine is the fulness of joy,
Where Achilles and Diomed dwell.

In myrtle my sword will I wreath,
Like our patriots the noble and brave,
Who devoted Hipparchus to death,
And buried his pride in the grave.

At the altar the tyrant they seized,
While Minerva he vainly implor'd ;
And the Goddess of Wisdom was pleased
With the victim of Liberty's sword.

CALLISTRATUS (*Greek*).
Translation of DENMAN.

CHARACTER OF PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS.

FROM THE FOURTEENTH IDYL.

WHAT is his character ? A royal spirit
To point out genius and encourage merit ;
The poet's friend, humane, and good, and kind ;
Of manners gentle, and of generous mind.
He marks his friend, but more he marks his foe ;
His hand is ever ready to bestow ;
Request with reason, and he'll grant the thing,
And what he gives, he gives it like a king.

THEOCRITUS (*Greek*).

Translation of F. FAWER.

LAMENT FOR BION.

OH forest dells and streams ! oh Dorian tide !
Groan with my grief, since lovely Bion died :
Ye plants and copses, now his loss bewail :
Flowers, from your tufts a sad perfume exhale ;
Anemones and roses, mournful show
Your crimson leaves, and wear a blush of woe :
And hyacinth, now more than ever spread
The woeful ah ! that marks thy petal'd head
With letter'd grief ; the beauteous minstrel's dead.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe :
Ye nightingales, whose plaintive warblings flow
From the thick leaves of some embowering wood,
Tell the sad loss to Arethusa's flood :
The shepherd Bion dies : with him is dead
The life of song : the Doric Muse is fled.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe :
Where Strymon's gliding waters smoothly flow,

Ye swans, chant soft with saddest murmuring
Such notes as Bion's self was wont to sing :
Let Thracia's maids, the nymphs of Hæmus, learn,
The Doric Orpheus slumbers in his urn.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe :
The herds no more that chant melodious know :
No more beneath the lonely oaks he sings,
But breathes his strains to Lethe's sullen springs :
The mountains now are mute ; the heifers pass
Slow-wandering by, nor browse the tender grass.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe :
For thee, oh Bion ! in the grave laid low,
Apollo weeps : dark palls the Sylvan's shroud :
Fauns ask thy wonted song, and wail aloud :
Each fountain-nymph disconsolate appears,
And all her waters turn to trickling tears ;
Mute Echo pines the silent rocks around,
And mourns those lips, that waked their sweetest sound ;
Trees dropp'd their fruitage at thy fainting breath,
And flowers were wither'd at the blast of death :
The flocks no more their luscious milk bestow'd,
Nor from the hive the golden honey flow'd :
Grief in its cells the flowery nectar dried,
And honey lost its sweets when Bion died.

The dirge of woe, Sicilian Muses ! pour :
Ne'er mourn'd the dolphin on the ocean shore,
Ne'er on the rocks so sang the nightingale,
Nor the sad swallow in the mountain dale ;
Ne'er did the halcyon's notes so plaintive flow ;
Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe :

Nor e'er the sea-mew shrill'd its mournful strain
Midst the blue waters of the glassy main ;
Nor the Memnonian bird was wont to sing
In Eastern vales, light-hovering on the wing,

Where slept Aurora's son within the tomb,
As when they wail'd the lifeless Bion's doom.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe :
The swallows, nightingales, that wont to know
His pipe with joy ; whose throats he taught to sing,
Perch'd on the branches made their dirges ring :
All other birds replied from all the grove ;
And ye too mourn, oh every woodland dove !

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe ;
Who, dear-beloved ! thy silent flute shall blow !
What hardy lip shall thus adventurous be ?
Thy lip has touch'd the pipe ; it breathes of thee.
Mute Echo, too, has caught the warbled sound
In whispering reeds, that vocal tremble round :
I bear the pipe to Pan : yet, haply he
May fear the trial lest eclips'd by thee.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe :
The tears of pensive Galatea flow
Missing thy songs, which on her ear would glide,
When on the sea-shore sitting by thy side :
Unlike the Cyclops' music was thy lay,
For she, from him, disdainful fled away :
She from the ocean look'd on thee serene.
And now, forgetful of the watery scene,
Still on the desert sands, beside the brine,
She feeds the wandering herds, that late were thine.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe :
Whatever gift the Muses could bestow
Are dead with thee ; whate'er the damsels gave
Of sweet-lipp'd kisses, buried in thy grave.
Around thy sepulchre the Loves deplore
Their loss ; and Venus, shepherd ! loves thee more
Than the soft kiss, which late she bent to sip
From dying fragrance of Adonis' lip.

Oh, Meles ! most melodious stream ! behold
Another grief, like Homer's loss of old,
Calliope's sweet mouth : thy streams did run
In wailing tides to mourn that mighty son :
Thou with thy voice didst fill the greater sea :
Behold another son is lost to thee :
Shrunk are thy streams ; both bathed in holiest dews ;
Both dear alike to fountains of the Muse :
This drank where Pegasus had delved the hill ;
That dipp'd the cup in Arethusa's rill :
This sang Tyndarian Helen's matchless charms,
Thetis' great son, and Menelaus' arms :
But that no wars, no tears, in numbers roll'd ;
Pan, swains, he sang, and singing fed his fold ;
The sweet-breath'd heifer milk'd ; the pipes combined,
And taught how damsels kiss most melting kind :
The infant Love he fondled on his breast,
And Venus' self her soothest swain caress'd.
Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe :
Tears for thy loss through famous cities flow :
Ascra less pensive bends o'er Hesiod's urn,
And less Boeotia's woods for Pindar mourn :
Not so tower'd Lesbos weeps Alcaeus' strains,
Or Cos for lost Simonides complains :
Paros regrets Archilochus no more,
And Mitylene scorns for thine her Sappho's lore.
What though the Syracusan vales among
Theocritus may tune a defter song ;
I sing Italian ditties sad ; nor they
Too far are strange from that Bucolic lay
Which from thy lips thy list'ning scholars caught ;
Heirs of the Doric Muse, which Bion taught.
Thy wealth to others left unmoved I see,
For thou hast left thy minstrelsy to me.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe :
Ah, me ! ah, me ! the fading mallows strow
The garden beds : the parsley's verdant wreath,
And crisped anise shed their bloomy breath :
Yet the new year shall fresh existence give,
Warm their green veins, and bid them blow and live.
But we, the great, the valiant, and the wise,
When once in death we close our pallid eyes :
In earth's dark caverns, senseless, slumber o'er
The long and endless sleep, the sleep that wakes no more.
Thou, too, in silence of the ground art laid :
The nymphs are pleased that croaking frogs invade
Their list'ning ears ; and let them sing for me :
The song that's discord cannot envied be.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe :
Poison has touch'd thy lips ; its venom slow
Has curdled in thy veins ; and could'st thou sip,
Nor poison turn to honey on thy lip ?
What man so hard could mix the draught for thee,
Or bid be mix'd, nor feel thy melody ?

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe ;
But retribution sure will deal the blow :
I, in this trance of grief, still drop the tear,
And mourn forever o'er thy livid bier ;
Oh that as Orpheus, in the days of yore,
Ulysses, or Alcides, pass'd before,
I could descend to Pluto's house of night,
And mark if thou would'st Pluto's ear delight,
And listen to the song : oh then rehearse
Some sweet Sicilian strain, Bucolic verse,
To soothe the maid of Enna's vale, who sang
These Doric songs, while Ætna's upland rang.
Not unrewarded shall thy ditties prove :
As the sweet harper Orpheus, erst could move

Her breast to yield his dear departed wife,
Treading the backward road from death to life ;
So shall he melt to Bion's Dorian strain,
And send him joyous to his hills again.
Oh could my touch command the stops like thee,
I too would seek the dead, and sing thee free.

MOSCHUS (*Greek*).

Translation of SIR C. A. ELTON.

ON ORPHEUS.

No more, sweet Orpheus ! shalt thou lead along
Oaks, rocks, and savage monsters with thy song,
Fetter the winds, the struggling hail-storm chain,
The snowy desert soothe, and sounding main ;
For thou art dead ;—the Muses o'er thy bier,
Sad as thy parent, pour the tuneful tear.
Weep we a child !—Not e'en the gods can save
Their glorious offspring from the hated grave.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON (*Greek*).

Translation of ROBERT BLAND.

ON THE PICTURE OF THYMARETE.

On yonder tablet graved I see
The form of my Thymareté,—
Her gracious smile, her lofty air,
Warm as in life, all blended there.
Her little fondled dog, that keeps
Still watch around her while she sleeps,
Would in that shape his mistress trace,
And, fawning, lick her honored face.

Nossis (*Greek*).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

ON HOMER.

DIM grow the planets when the god of Day
 Rolls his swift chariot through the heavenly way ;
 The moon's immortal round, no longer bright,
 Shrinks in pale terror from the glorious light :—
 Thus, all eclipsed by Homer's wondrous blaze,
 The crowd of poets hide their lessened rays.

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM (*Greek*).

Translation of FRANCIS HODOSON.

ON ANACREON.

STRANGERS, who near this statue chance to roam,
 Let it awhile your studious eyes engage ;
 And you may say, returning to your home,
 “ I've seen the image of the Teian sage—
 Best of the bards who grace the Muses' page.”
 Then, if you add, “ Youth loved him passing well,”
 You tell them all he was, and aptly tell.

THEOCRITUS (*Greek*).

Translation from BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

ON THEMISTOCLES.

THERE lay Themistocles—to spread his fame
 A lasting column Salamis shall be ;
 Raise not, weak man, to that immortal name
 The little records of mortality.
 Greece be the monument : around her throw
 The broken trophies of the Persian fleet ;
 Inscribe the gods that led the insulting foe,
 And mighty Xerxes at the tablet's feet.

TULLIUS GEMINUS (*Greek*).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

ON ERINNA.

Few were thy notes, Erinna,—short thy lay,—
But thy short lay the Muse herself hath given ;
Thus never shall thy memory decay,
Nor night obscure thy fame, which lives in Heaven ;
While we, the unnumbered bards of after-times,
Sink in the melancholy grave unseen,
Unhonored reach Avernus' fabled climes,
And leave no record that we once have been.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON (*Greek*).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

ON PINDAR.

As the loud trumpet to the goatherd's pipe,
So sounds thy lyre, all other sounds surpassing ;
Since round thy lips, in infant fulness ripe,
Swarm honied bees, their golden stores amassing.
Thine Pindar ! be the palm,—by him decreed
Who holds on Mænalus his royal sitting ;
Who, for thy love, forsook his simple reed,
And hymns thy lays in strains a god befitting.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON (*Greek*).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

THE TOMB OF THEMISTOCLES.

By the sea's margin, on the watery strand,
Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stand.
By this directed to thy native shore,
The merchant shall convey his freighted store ;
And when our fleets are summon'd to the fight,
Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight.

PLATO, THE COMIC POET (*Greek*).

Translation of RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

ON SAPPHO.

Does Sappho then beneath thy bosom rest,
 Aeolian earth!—that mortal Muse confest
 Inferior only to the choir above,
 That foster-child of Venus and of Love,
 Warm from whose lips divine Persuasion came
 To ravish Greece and raise the Lesbian name?
 O ye! who ever twine the three-fold thread,
 Ye Fates, why number with the silent dead
 That mighty songstress, whose unrivall'd powers
 Weave for the Muse a crown of deathless flowers.

ANTIPATER OF SIDON (*Greek*).

Translation of FRANCIS HODGSON.

GREEK POETESSES.

THESE the maids of heavenly tongue,
 Rear'd Pierian cliffs among:
 Anyte, as Homer strong,
 Sappho, star of Lesbian song;
 Erinna, famous Telesilla,
 Myro fair, and fair Praxilla;
 Corinna, she that sung of yore,
 The dreadful shield Minerva bore;
 Myrtis sweet, and Nossis, known
 For tender thought and melting tone;
 Framers all of deathless pages,
 Joys that live for endless ages;
 Nine the Muses, fam'd in Heaven,
 And nine to mortals earth has given.

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA (*Greek*).

Translation of JOHN WILSON.

ON THE PICTURE OF SAPPHO.

NATURE herself this magic portrait drew,
And painter ! gave thy Lesbian muse to view.
Light sparkles in her eyes ; and Fancy seems
The radiant fountain of those living beams :
Through the smooth fulness of the unclouded skin
Looks out the clear ingenuous soul within ;
Joy melts to fondness in her glistening face,
And Love and Music breathe a mingled grace.

DEMOCHARIS (*Greek*).

Translation of FRANCES HODGSON.

INVITATION TO THE ANNIVERSARY OF EPICURUS.

TO-MORROW, Piso, at the evening hour,
Your friend will lead you to his simple bower,
To keep with feast our annual twentieth night :
If there you miss the flask of Chian wine,
Yet hearty friends you'll meet, and, while you dine,
Hear strains like those in which the gods delight.
And, if you kindly look on us the while,
We'll reap a richer banquet from your smile.

PHILODEMUS (*Greek*).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

TO MÆCENAS.

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
That long the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
Make haste to meet the generous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd :
The rosy wreath is ready made ;
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant Syrian oil, that shall perfume thy hair.

When the wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries, Come away !
Make haste, and leave thy business, and thy care :
No mortal interest can be worth thy stay.
Leave for a while thy costly country seat ;
And to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the great.

Make haste and come !
Come and forsake thy cloying store ;
Thy turret that surveys, from high,
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of Rome ;
And all the busy pageantry,
That wise men scorn, and fools adore :
Come give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures of the poor.

Sometimes 'tis grateful for the rich to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of poverty :
A savory dish, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the stately spacious room,
The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

The sun is in the Lion mounted high,
The Syrian star barks from afar,
And, with his sultry breath, infects the sky ;
The ground below is parch'd, the heavens above us fry ;
The shepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And seeks refreshing rivulets nigh :
The Sylvans to their shades retire,
Those very shades and streams new shades and streams
require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
And what the city factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know ;
But God has wisely hid, from human sight,
The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depths of night.
He laughs at all the giddy turns of state,
When mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

Enjoy the present smiling hour
And put it out of Fortune's power ;
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme.

Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed :
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force ;
And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown ;
Both house and homestead into seas are borne,
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their scattered honors
mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own :
He who secure within can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day !

Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Fortune, that, with malicious joy,
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
 Is seldom pleased to bless ;
Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
 I can enjoy her while she's kind ;
 But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away :
 The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned :
Content with poverty my soul I arm,
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is 't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black ;
If the mast split, and threaten wreck ?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
 For his ill-gotten gain ;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
 His wealth into the main.
For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
 Contemning all the blustering roar :

And, running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek,
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.

HORACE (*Latin*), ODE XXIX., BOOK III.
Translation of JOHN DRYDEN.

ON ANTONIUS—A GOOD MAN.

IN strength elate, in fame and conscience clear,
Antonius numbers now his eightieth year ;
Joys o'er the past, and sees without a sigh
The inevitable step of fate draw nigh.
No memory of dark days—but pleasant all,—
Not one but willingly he would recall.
Thus is life's stage prolonged ; thus he, blest man !
Lives twice, who can enjoy life's former span.

MARTIAL (*Latin*).
Translation of W. PETER.

THE RITES AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE.

O'ER many a distant land, o'er many a wave,
Brother ! I come a pilgrim to thy grave,
To pay the rites which pious love ordains
And, though in vain, invoke thy mute remains.
For thou art gone ! Yes, thee I must resign,
My more than brother—ah ! no longer mine.
Meanwhile these rites of ancestry be paid,
A sacred debt, to thy lamented shade :
Take them—these tears their heartfelt homage tell—
And now—forever bless thee,—and farewell !

CATULLUS (*Latin*).
Translation of FRANCIS HODOSON.

TO HIMSELF.**ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.**

Now Spring renews her gentle charms,
And, lull'd in Zephyr's balmy arms,
Soft grows the angry sky ;
Haste then, and, leaving Phrygia's plains,
Leaving Nicaea's rich domains,
To Asia's cities fly.
My soul, all-trembling, pants to stray,
My bounding feet the call obey,
Friends of my youth, farewell !
Lov'd friends, with whom I left my home,
Now doom'd through various ways to roam,
In different lands to dwell.

CATULLUS (*Latin*).

Translation of W. PETER.

TO MELPOMENE.

He on whose natal hour the Queen
Of verse hath smiled, shall never grace
The Isthmian gauntlet, or be seen
First in the famed Olympian race.

He shall not, after toils of war, .
And taming haughty monarchs' pride,
With laurell'd brows, conspicuous far,
To Jove's Tarpeian Temple ride.

But him the streams which warbling flow
Rich Tibur's fertile vales along,
And shady groves, his haunts, shall know
The master of the Aolian song.

The sons of Rome, majestic Rome !
Have placed me in the poets' choir,
And envy now, or dead or dumb,
Forbears to blame what they admire.

Goddess of the sweet-sounding lute !
Which thy harmonious touch obeys ;
Who mak'st the finny race, though mute,
The cygnet's dying accent raise ;

Thy gift it is, that all, with ease,
Me prince of Roman lyrists own ;
That while I live, my numbers please,
If pleasing, is thy gift alone.

HORACE (*Latin*), ODE III., BOOK IV.
Translation of BISHOP ATTERBURY.

TO MELPOMENE.

I've reared a monument, my own,
More durable than brass,
Yea, kingly pyramids of stone
In height it doth surpass.

Rain shall not sap, nor driving blast
Disturb its settled base,
Nor countless ages rolling past
Its symmetry deface.

I shall not wholly die. Some part,
Nor that a little, shall
Escape the dark destroyer's dart,
And his grim festival.

For long as with his Vestals mute
 Rome's Pontifex shall climb
 The Capitol, my fame shall shoot
 Fresh buds from future time.

Where brawls loud Aufidus, and came
 Parch'd Daunus erst, a horde
 Of rustic boors to sway my name
 Shall be a household word;

As one who rose from mean estate,
 The first with poet fire
 Aeolic song to modulate
 To the Italian lyra.

Then grant, Melpomene, thy son
 Thy guerdon proud to wear,
 And Delphic laurels duly won
 Bind thou upon my hair!

HORACE (*Latin*), ODE XXX., BOOK III.
Translation of THEODORE MARTIN.

TO VIRGIL.

WHY should we stem the tears that needs must flow,
 Why blush that they should freely flow and long,
 To think of that dear head in death laid low?
 Do thou inspire my melancholy song,
 Melpomene, in whom the Muses' sire
 Joined with a liquid voice the mastery of the lyre!
 And hath the sleep, that knows no waking morn,
 Closed o'er Quintilius, our Quintilius dear?
 Where shall be found the man of woman born,
 That in desert might be esteemed his peer,—
 So simply meek, and yet so sternly just,
 Of faith so pure, and all so absolute of trust?

He sank into his rest, bewept of many,
And but the good and noble wept for him,
But dearer cause thou, Virgil, hadst than any,
With friendship's tears thy friendless eyes to dim !
Alas ! alas ! Not to such woful end
Didst thou unto the gods thy prayers unceasing send !

What though thou modulate the tuneful shell
With defter skill than Orpheus of old Thrace,
When deftliest he played, and with its spell
Moved all the listening forest from its place,
Yet never, never can thy art avail
To bring life's glowing tide back to the phantom pale,

Whom with his black inexorable wand
Hermes, austere and pitiless as fate,
Hath forced to join the dark and spectral band
In their sad journey to the Stygian gate.
'Tis hard, great heavens, how hard ! But to endure
Alleviates the pang we may nor crush nor cure !

HORACE (*Latin*), Ode XXIV., Book I.
Translation of THEODORE MARTIN.

TO LOLLIUS.

NEVER deem, they must perish, the verses, which I,
Who was born where the waters of Aufidus roar,
To the chords of the lyre with a cunning ally
Unknown to the bards of my country before !

Though Mæonian Homer, unrivall'd may reign,
Yet are not the Muses Pindaric unknown,
The threats of Alceus, the Ceian's sad strain,
Nor stately Stesichorus' lordlier tone.

Unforgot is the sportive Anacreon's lay,
Still, still sighs the passion, unquench'd is the fire,
Which the Lesbian maiden in days far away
From her love-laden bosom breathed into the lyre.

Not alone has Lacænian Helena's gaze
Been fix'd by the gloss of a paramour's hair,
By vestments with gold and with jewels ablaze,
By regal array, and a retinue rare;

Nor did Teucer first wield the Cydonian bow,
Nor was Troy by a foe but once harass'd and wrung :
Nor Idomeneus only, or Sthenelus show
Such prowess in war as deserved to be sung ;

Nor yet was redoubtable Hector, nor brave
Deiphobus first in the hard-stricken field
By the dint of the strokes, which they took and they gave,
Their babes and the wives of their bosoms to shield.

Many, many have lived, who were valiant in fight,
Before Agamenon ; but all have gone down,
Unwept and unknown, in the darkness of night,
For lack of a poet to hymn their renown.

Hidden worth differs little from sepulchred ease,
But, Lollius, thy fame in my pages shall shine ;
I will not let pale-eyed Forgetfulness seize
These manifold noble achievements of thine.

Thou, my friend, hast a soul by whose keen-sighted range
Events afar off in their issues are seen,
A soul, which maintains itself still through each change
Of good or ill fortune erect and serene.

Of rapine and fraud the avenger austere,
To wealth and its all-snaring blandishments proof,
The Consul art thou not of one single year,
But as oft as a Judge, from all baseness aloof,

Thou hast made the expedient give place to the right,
And flung back the bribes of the guilty with scorn,
And on through crowds warring against thee with might
Thy far-flashing arms hast triumphantly borne.

Not him who of much that men prize is possess'd
May'st thou fitly call "blest;" he may claim to enjoy
More fitly, more truly, the title of "blest,"
Who wisely the gifts of the gods can employ ;—

Who want, and its hardships, and slights can withstand,
And shrinks from disgrace as more bitter than death;
Not he for the friends whom he loves, or the land
Of his fathers will dread to surrender his breath.

HORACE (*Latin*), ODE IX., BOOK IV.
Translation of THEODORE MARTIN.

ON THE TOMB OF MANO.

FRIENDS of my heart, who share my sighs !
Go seek the turf where Mano lies,
And woo the dewy clouds of spring
To sweep it with prolific wing.

Within that cell, beneath that heap,
Friendship and Truth and Honor sleep,
Beneficence, that us'd to clasp
The world within her ample grasp,

There rests entomb'd—of thought bereft—
 For, were one conscious atom left
 'Twould yearn new blessings to display,
 Burst from the grave, and seek the day.

But tho' in dust thy relics lie,
 Thy virtues, Mano, ne'er shall die ;
 Tho' Nile's full stream be seen no more,
 That spreads his waves from shore to shore,
 Still in the verdure of the plain
 His vivifying smiles remain.

HASSAN ALASADY (*Arabian*).
Translation of J. D. CARLYLE.

TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

WHEN of some form and face, Art, pure, divine,
 Has caught th' expressive mien, the features' play,
 A model next it forms of humble clay,
 Then th' idea and the first birth combine ;
 But next in marble fair those features shine,
 If truthful genius prompt the artist's care ;
 And thus renascent, beautiful, and fair,
 Its glories neither Place nor Time confine.
 Lady, both great and good, in me you view
 That first imperfect model ; thanks to thee,
 Remodelled, born anew, 'tis mine to be.
 If my defects thy pious aid supply
 And the redundant smooth, what shall excuse
 My vain dark mind should it such aid refuse ?

MICHAEL ANGELO (*Italian*).
Translation of JOHN S. HARFORD.

ON DANTE.

DOWN to the dark abyss he went, and trod
The one and the other hell ; this purpose wrought,
Instinct with thoughts sublime he soared to God ;
And the great truths thence gained to mortals taught ;
Star of high valor ! from his depth of rays,
On our dark minds eternal secrets blaze ;
His sole reward that persecuting rod
With which her heroes a base world requites ;
Dante's great mind left far behind the lights
Of that ungrateful people whose applause
Is ne'er denied but to the wise and great ;
Would I were such as he, mine the same fate,
Happiest of all that can on mortals wait,
Exile severe, endured in Virtue's cause.

MICHAEL ANGELO (*Italian*). Translation of JOHN S. HARFORD.

SONNET XXI.

LADY, how can it be ? and yet each day
Experience teaches, that a form or face
Chisell'd in stone, or marble's purer grace,
Lives when the framer's hand is lifeless clay :
The cause infirm to th' effect gives way,
And art on nature smiles with conquering pride :
I know it well, to Sculpture fair allied,
And Time thus plays a faithless part with me :
Haply my practised art to us may prove
Th' enduring record of each face and mind,
In stone, or colors wrought, with power refined,
So that to distant times it may appear,
How bright thy beauty was, how deep my love,
And that true love ne'er moved in nobler sphere.

MICHAEL ANGELO (*Italian*). Translation of JOHN S. HARFORD.

SONNET.

ON THE TOMB OF PETRARCA.

"YE consecrated marbles, proud and dear,
 Blest, that the noblest Tuscan ye infold,
 And in your walls his holy ashes hold,
 Who, dying, left none greater,—none his peer :
 Since I, with pious hand, with soul sincere,
 Can send on high no costly perfumed fold
 Of frankincense, and o'er the sacred mould
 Where Petrarch lies no gorgeous altars rear ;
 O, scorn it not, if humbly I impart
 My grateful offering to these lovely shades,
 Here bending low in singleness of mind !"
 Lilies and violets sprinkling to the wind,
 Thus Damon prays, while the bright hills and glades
 Murmur, "The gift is small, but rich the heart."

BENEDETTO VARCHI (*Italian*).
Translation in U. S. LITERARY GAZETTE.

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF PORZIA CAPECE.

MY breast, my mind, my bursting heart shall be
 Thy sepulchre,—and not this marble tomb,
 Which I prepare for thee in grief and gloom :
 No meaner grave, my wife, is fitting thee.
 O, ever cherished be thy memory,—
 And may thine image dear my path illume,
 And leave my heart for other hopes no room,
 While sad I sail o'er sorrow's troubled sea !
 Sweet, gentle soul, where thou wert used to reign,
 My spirit's queen, when wrapt in mortal clay,

There, when immortal, shalt thou rule again.
Let death, then, tear my love from earth away ;
Urned in my bosom, she will still remain,
Alive or dead, untarnished by decay.

BERNARDINO ROTA (*Italian*).

Translation in U. S. LITERARY GAZETTE.

DANTE.

DANTE am I,—Minerva's son, who knew
With skill and genius (though in style obscure)
And elegance maternal to mature
My toil, a miracle to mortal view.
Through realms tartarean and celestial flew
My lofty fancy, swift-winged and secure ;
And ever shall my noble work endure,
Fit to be read of men, and angels too.
Florence my earthly mother's glorious name ;
Stepdame to me,—whom from her side she thrust,
Her duteous son : bear slanderous tongues the blame ;
Ravenna housed my exile, holds my dust ;
My spirit is with Him from whom it came,—
A Parent envy cannot make unjust.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO (*Italian*).

Translation of C. GRAY.

NO CAPTIVE KNIGHT WHOM CHAINS CONFINES.

No captive knight, whom chains confine
Can tell his fate, and not repine ;
Yet with a song he cheers the gloom
That hangs around his living tomb.
Shame to his friends !—the king remains
Two years unransomed and in chains.

Now let them know, my brave barons,
 English, Normans, and Gascons,
 Not a liege-man so poor have I,
 That I would not his freedom buy.
 I will not reproach their noble line,
 But chains and a dungeon still are mine.

The dead,—nor friends nor kin have they !
 Nor friends nor kin my ransom pay !
 My wrongs afflict me,—yet far more
 For faithless friends my heart is sore.
 O, what a blot upon their name,
 If I should perish thus in shame !

Nor is it strange I suffer pain,
 When sacred oaths are thus made vain,
 And when the king with bloody hands
 Spreads war and pillage through my lands.
 One only solace now remains,—
 I soon shall burst these servile chains.

Ye Troubadours, and friends of mine,
 Brave Chail, and noble Pensauvine,
 Go, tell my rivals, in your song,
 This heart hath never done them wrong.
 He infamy—not glory—gains,
 Who strikes a monarch in his chains.

RICHARD COEUR DE LION (*French*).
Translator UNKNOWN.

ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

A MOURNING dove, whose mate is dead,—
 A lamb, whose shepherd is no more,—
 Even such am I, since he is fled
 Whose loss I cease not to deplore :

Alas ! since to the grave they bore
My sire, for whom these tears are shed,
What is there left for me to love,—
A mourning dove !

O, that his grave for me had room,
Where I at length might calmly rest !
For all to me is saddest gloom,
All scenes to me appear unblest ;
And all my hope is in his tomb,
To lay my hand on his cold breast
Who left his child naught else to love !

A mourning dove !

CHRISTINE DE PIBAN (*French*).
Translation of Louisa STUART COSTELLO.

***ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER,
FRANCIS THE FIRST.***

'Tis done ! a father, mother, gone,
A sister, brother, torn away,
My hope is now in God alone,
Whom Heaven and earth alike obey.
Above, beneath, to him is known,—
The world's wide compass is his own.

I love,—but in the world no more,
Nor in gay hall, or festal bower ;
Not the fair forms I prized before,—
But Him, all beauty, wisdom, power,
My Saviour, who has cast a chain
On sin and ill, and woe and pain !

I from my memory have effaced
 All former joys, all kindred, friends ;
 All honors that my station graced
 I hold but snares that fortune sends :
 Hence ! joys by Christ at distance cast,
 That we may be his own at last !

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS (French).

Translation of LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

—

EPITAPH ON AGNES SOREL.

HERE lies entombed the fairest of the fair ;
 To her rare beauty greater praise be given
 Than holy maids in cloistered cells may share,
 Or hermits that in deserts live for Heaven !
 For by her charms recovered France arose,
 Shook off her chains, and triumphed o'er her foes.

FRANCIS I. (French). Translation of LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

—

TO HIS LYRE.

O GOLDEN lyre, whom all the Muses claim,
 And Phœbus crowns with uncontested fame,
 My solace in all woes that Fate has sent !
 At thy soft voice all nature smiles content,
 The dance springs gayly at thy jocund call,
 And with thy music echo bower and hall.

When thou art heard, the lightnings cease to play,
 And Jove's dread thunder faintly dies away ;
 Low on the triple-pointed bolt reclined,
 His eagle droops his wing, and sleeps resigned,
 As, at thy power, his all-pervading eye
 Yields gently to the spell of minstrelsy.

To him may ne'er Elysian joys belong,
Who prizes not, melodious lyre, thy song !
Pride of my youth, I first in France made known
All the wild wonders of thy godlike tone ;
I tuned thee first,—for harsh thy chords I found,
And all thy sweetness in oblivion bound :
But scarce my eager fingers touch thy strings,
When each rich strain to deathless being springs.

Time's withering grasp was cold upon thee then,
And my heart bled to see thee scorned of men ;
Who once at monarchs' feasts, so gayly dight,
Filled all their courts with glory and delight.

To give thee back thy former magic tone,
The force, the grace, the beauty all thine own,
Through Thebes I sought, Apulia's realm explored,
And hung their spoils upon each drooping chord.

Then forth, through lovely France, we took our way,
And Loire resounded many an early lay ;
I sang the mighty deeds of princes high,
And poured the exulting song of victory.
He, who would rouse thy eloquence divine,
In camps or tourneys may not hope to shine,
Nor on the seas behold his prosperous sail,
Nor in the fields of warlike strife prevail.

But thou, my forest, and each pleasant wood
Which shades my own Vendôme's majestic flood,
Where Pan and all the laughing nymphs repose ;
Ye sacred choir, whom Braye's fair walls inclose,
Ye shall bestow upon your bard a name
That through the universe shall spread his fame,

His notes shall grace, and love, and joy inspire,
 And all be subject to his sounding lyre !
 Even now, my lute, the world has heard thy praise,
 Even now the sons of France applaud my lays :
 Me, as their bard, above the rest they choose.
 To you be thanks, O each propitious Muse,
 That, taught by you, my voice can fitly sing,
 To celebrate my country and my king !

O, if I please, O, if my songs awake
 Some gentle memories for Ronsard's sake,
 If I the harper of fair France may be,
 If men shall point and say, " Lo ! that is he !"
 If mine may prove a destiny so proud
 That France herself proclaims my praise aloud,
 If on my head I place a starry crown,
 To thee, to thee, my lute, be the renown !

PIERRE DE RONSARD (French).

Translation of LOUISA STUART COSTELLO

EPITAPH ON FRANCOISE DE FOIX.

BENEATH this tomb De Foix's fair Frances lies,
 On whose rare worth each tongue delights to dwell ;
 And none, while fame her virtue deifies,
 Can with harsh voice the meed of praise repel.
 In beauty peerless, in attractive grace,
 Of mind enlightened, and of wit refined ;
 With honor, more than this weak tongue can trace,
 The Eternal Father stored her spotless mind.
 Alas ! the sum of human gifts how small !
 Here *nothing* lies, that once commanded all !

FRANCIS I. (French).

Translation of LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

TO MARY STUART.

ALL beauty, granted as a boon to earth,
That is, has been, or ever can have birth,
Compared to hers, is void, and Nature's care
Ne'er formed a creature so divinely fair.

In spring amidst the lilies she was born,
And purer tints her peerless face adorn ;
And though Adonis' blood the rose may paint,
Beside her bloom the rose's hues are faint :
With all his richest store Love decked her eyes ;
The Graces each, those daughters of the skies,
Strove which should make her to the world most dear,
And, to attend her, left their native sphere.

The day that was to bear her far away,—
Why was I mortal to behold that day ?
O, had I senseless grown, nor heard, nor seen !
Or that my eyes a ceaseless fount had been,
That I might weep, as weep amidst their bowers
The nymphs, when winter winds have cropped their flowers,
Or when rude torrents the clear streams deform,
Or when the trees are riven by the storm !
Or rather, would that I some bird had been,
Still to be near her in each changing scene,
Still on the highest mast to watch all day,
And like a star to mark her vessel's way :
The dangerous billows past, on shore, on sea,
Near that dear face it still were mine to be !

O France ! where are thy ancient champions gone,—
Roland, Rinaldo ?—is there living none

Her steps to follow and her safety guard,
And deem her lovely looks their best reward,—
Which might subdue the pride of mighty Jove
To leave his heaven, and languish for her love !
No fault is hers, but in her royal state,—
For simple Love dreads to approach the great ;
He flies from regal pomp, that treacherous snare,
Where truth unmarked may wither in despair.

Wherever destiny her path may lead,
Fresh-springing flowers will bloom beneath her tread,
All nature will rejoice, the waves be bright,
The tempest check its fury at her sight,
The sea be calm : her beauty to behold,
The sun shall crown her with his rays of gold,—
Unless he fears, should he approach her throne,
Her majesty should quite eclipse his own.

PIERRE DE RONSARD (*French*).

Translation of LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

EPITAPH ON RABELAIS.

PLUTO, bid Rabelais welcome to thy shore,
That thou, who art the king of woe and pain,
Whose subjects never learned to laugh before,
May boast a laughter in thy grim domain.

JEAN ANTOINE DE BAIF (*French*).

Translation of LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

OUR aged king, whose name we breathe in dread,
Louis, the tenant of yon dreary pile,
Designs, in this fair prime of flowers, 'tis said,
To view our sports, and try if he can smile.

Welcome ! sport that sweetens labor !
Village maidens, village boys,
Neighbor hand in hand with neighbor,
Dance we, singing to the tabour,
And the sackbut's merry noise !

While laughter, love, and song are here abroad,
His jealous fears imprison Louis there ;
He dreads his peers, his people,—ay, his God ;
But more than all, the mention of his heir.
Welcome ! sport that sweetens labor ! etc.

Look there ! a thousand lances gleam afar,
In the warm sunlight of this gentle spring !
And, 'midst the clang of bolts, that grate and jar,
Heard ye the warder's challenge sharply ring ?
Welcome ! sport that sweetens labor ! etc.

He comes ! he comes ! Alas ! this mighty king
With envy well the hovel's peace may view ;
See where he stands, a pale and spectral thing,
And glares askance the serried halberds through !
Welcome ! sport that sweetens labor ! etc.

Beside our cottage hearths, how bright and grand
Were all our visions of a monarch's air !
What ! is his sceptre but that trembling hand ?
Is that his crown,—a forehead seamed by care ?
Welcome ! sport that sweetens labor ! etc.

In vain we sing ; at yonder distant chime,
Shivering, he starts !—'twas but the village bell !
But evermore the sound that notes the time
Strikes to his ear an omen of his knell !
Welcome ! sport that sweetens labor ! etc.

Alas ! our joys some dark distrust inspire !
 He flies, attended by his chosen slave ;
 Beware his hate ; and say, " Our gracious sire
 A loving smile to greet his children gave."
 Welcome ! sport that sweetens labor ! etc.

PIERRE JEAN DE BERANGER (*French*).

Translation of Francis Mahony.

THE FALL OF THE LEAVES.

AUTUMN had stripped the grove, and strewed
 The vale with leafy carpet o'er,
 Shorn of its mystery the wood
 And Philomel bade sing no more ;
 Yet one still hither comes to feed
 His gaze on childhood's merry path ;
 For him, sick youth ! poor invalid !
 Lonely attraction still it hath.
 "I come to bid you farewell brief,
 Here, O my infancy's wild haunt !
 For death gives, in each falling leaf,
 Sad summons to your visitant.
 'Twas a stern oracle that told
 My dark decree,—' *The woodland bloom*
Once more 'tis given thee to behold,
Then comes the inexorable tomb !'

"The eternal cypress, balancing
 Its tall form, like some funeral thing,
 In silence o'er my head,
 Tells me my youth shall wither fast,
 Ere the grass fades,—yea, ere the last
 Stalk from the vine is shed.

"I die ! Yes, with his icy breath,
Fixed Fate has frozen up my blood ;
And by the chilly blast of Death
Nipped is my life's spring in the bud.
Fall, fall, O transitory leaf,
And cover well this path of sorrow ;
Hide from my mother's searching grief
The spot where I'll be laid to-morrow !

"But should my loved one's fairy tread
Seek the sad dwelling of the dead,
Silent, alone, at eve,—
O, then with rustling murmur meet
The echo of her coming feet,
And sign of welcome give !"

Such was the sick youth's last sad thought ;
Then slowly from the grove he moved :
Next moon that way a corpse was brought,
And buried in the bower he loved.
But at his grave no form appeared,
No fairy mourner : through the wood
The shepherd's tread alone was heard,
In the sepulchral solitude.

CHARLES HUBERT MILLEVY (French).
Translation of FRANCIS MAHONY.

THE BALLAD OF DEAD LADIES.

TELL me now in what hidden way is
Lady Flora the lovely Roman ?
Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thais,
Neither of them the fairer woman ?

Where is Echo, beheld of no man,
 Only heard on river and mere,—
 She whose beauty was more than human! . . .
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

Where's Héloïse, the learned nun,
 For whose sake Abeillard, I ween,
 Lost manhood and put priesthood on?
 (From Love he won such dule and teen!)
 And where, I pray you, is the Queen
 Who willed that Buridan should steer
 Sewed in a sack's mouth down the Seine? . . .
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

White Queen Blanche, like a queen of lilies,
 With a voice like any mermaiden,
 Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
 And Ermengarde the lady of Maine,
 And that good Joan whom Englishmen
 At Rouen doomed and burned her there,—
 Mother of God, where are they then? . . .
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
 Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
 Except with this for an overword,—
 But where are the snows of yester-year?

FRANÇOIS VILLON (*French*).

Translation of D. G. ROSETTI.

COLUMBUS.

STEER on, bold sailor—Wit may mock thy soul that sees
the land,
And hopeless at the helm may droop the weak and weary
hand ;
Yet ever, ever to the West, for there the coast must lie,
And dim it dawns and glimmering dawns before thy rea-
son's eye ;
Yea, trust the guiding God, and go along the floating
grave,
Though hid till now, yet now behold the New World o'er
the wave !
With Genius Nature ever stands in solemn union still,
And ever what the one foretells the other shall fulfill.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER. (*German*).

Translation of E. BULWER LYTON

HENRY FRAUENLOB.

IN Mentz 'tis hushed and lonely, the streets are waste and
drear,
And none but forms of sorrow, clad in mourning garbs,
appear ;
And only from the steeple sounds the death-bell's sullen
boom ;
One street alone is crowded, and it leads but to the tomb.

And as the echo from the tower grows faint and dies away,
Unto the minster comes a still and sorrowful array,—
The old man and the young, the child, and many a maiden
fair ;
And every eye is dim with tears, in every heart is care.

Six virgins in the centre bear a coffin and a bier,
And to the rich high-altar steps with deadened chant draw
near,
Where all around for saintly forms are dark escutcheons
found,
With a cross of simple white displayed upon a raven
ground.

And, placed that raven pall above, a laurel-garland green,
The minstrel's verdant coronet, his meed of song, is seen ;
His golden harp, beside it laid, a feeble murmur flings,
As the evening wind sweeps sadly through its now for-
saken strings.

Who rests within his coffin there ? For whom this general
wail ?
Is some beloved monarch gone, that old and young look
pale ?
A king, in truth,—a king of song ! and FRAUENLOB his
name ;
And thus in death his fatherland must celebrate his fame.

Unto the fairest flowers of Heaven that bloom this earth
along,
To women's worth, did he on earth devote his deathless
song ;
And though the minstrel has grown old, and faded be his
frame,
They yet requite what he in life hath done for love and
them.

ANTON ALEXANDER VON AUERSPERG (*German*).
Translator in EDINBURGH REVIEW.

*TO GEERAERT VOSSIUS.**ON THE LOSS OF HIS SON.*

WHY mourn'st thou, Vossius? why has pain
Its furrows to thy pale brow given?
Seek not to hold thy son from Heaven!
'Tis Heaven that draws,—resign him, then.

Yes,—banish every futile tear,
And offer to its Source above,
In gratitude and humble love,
The choicest of thy treasures here.

We murmur, if the bark should strand:
But not, when, richly laden, she
Comes from the wild and raging sea,
Within a haven safe to land.

We murmur, if the balm be shed;
Yes,—murmur for the odor's sake:
But not, whene'er the glass may break,
If that which filled it be not fled.

He strives in vain who seeks to stay
The bounding waters in their course,
When hurled from rocks with giant force,
Towards some calm and spacious bay.

Thus turns the earthly globe;—though o'er
His infant's corse a father mourn,
Or child bedew its parents' urn,—
Death passes neither house nor door.

Death, nor for gay and blooming youth
 Nor peevish age, his stroke defers ;
 He chains the lips of orators,
 Nor cares for wisdom, worth, or truth.

Blest is the mind, that, fixed and free,
 To wanton pleasures scorns to yield,
 And wards, as with a pliant shield,
 The arrows of adversity.

JOOST VAN DEN VONDEL (Dutch).

Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

GLINSKI.

IN a dark dreary dungeon, where the beam
 The gladdening beam of sunlight never shone ;
 Where from the dismal roof, its little stream
 Of twilight poured a pendant lamp ;—alone
 And conscience-tortured sat, to misery bound,
 Glinski, in victory and in crime renowned.

His forehead, years and grief had furrowed o'er,
 His gray hair hung disordered on his brow ;
 His bloody sockets saw the light no more ;
 Ploughed were his wasted cheeks with scars and woe.
 He sat and leaned upon his hands ; his groans
 Were echoed by the dungeon's gloomy stones.

With him his only child, his daughter fair,
 A very gem of virtue, grace and youth ;
 She left the smiling world and the free air
 Her miserable father's woes to soothe :
 Pleased in that fearful solitude to stay,
 While life's young bloom fled silently away.

“Father! I pray thee by these tender tears,”
So speake the maid, “be comforted and chase
Despair; though chains hang heavy on thy years,
Yet hope deserts not e’en this desert place;—
Time yet may smile upon thee: thou may’st rest
Thy gray old age upon thy country’s breast.”

“My country! breathe not that dread name to me,
For crimes rush down upon my tortured thought,
And wakened conscience gnaws the memory,
And gentle sleep these eyes will visit not.
Did I not heed her foes? And can the name
Of ‘traitor’ but be linked to death and shame?

“All that can raise a man above mankind;—
All that is good and great in war or peace,—
Power—riches—beauty—courage—strength of mind,—
Yes! Nature gave me these, and more than these:
I wanted nought but laurels, which I found,
And glory’s trophies wreathed my temples round.

“The locust-swarming hosts of Tartars broke
Upon Lithuania and Volhynia’s land,—
Plundering, destroying: their terrific yoke
Spared neither sex nor age: the fiery brand
Of desolation swept the country o'er,—
Children and mothers drowned in fathers’ gore.

“I sought the invaders’ ravage to withstand.
Proud of their strength, in widespread camps they lay;
But they were scattered by my victor hand:
The misty eve looked on the battle fray,
While corpses on the Niemen’s waters rode,
And Infidel blood the thirsty fields o'erflowed.

“ When Alexander on his dying bed
Lay, mourned by all his children-subjects, came
The news that the defeated Tartars fled :
Upon his clouded brow joy’s holy flame
Kindled sweet peace. ‘ Now let me, let me die,
For I bequeath to Poland victory !’

“ My deeds, my monarch’s praises warmed my breast,
And love of daring violence grew. The fame
Of Zabrzezynski oft disturbed my rest.
I—a most foul and midnight murderer—came
And butchered all in sleep. My Poles rebelled :—
I joined with Poland’s foes, by rage impelled.

“ Flagitious sin, and memory’s fiercest smart :
The eagle blended with the hurrying steed
From cruelty and crime won not my heart,
Nor sheathed the sword that did the cruel deed.
The foeman Russ I bent to my control,
And fought ’gainst Poles,—e’en I—e’en I—a Pole !

“ I looked upon the battle-field : I saw
Many a well-known corpse among the dead.
Then did fierce agony my bosom gnaw,
Then burning tears of conscious guilt were shed :
And I implored forgiveness—from my king,—
Forgiveness for a vile and outcast thing.

“ I told my penitent tale. My foes had wrought
Upon the Czar, and roused him to distrust.
He met indignantly my honest thought,
Dashed my awakening virtue to the dust :
Bid them tear out my eyes, and bind me here
In galling fetters to this dungeon drear.

“ Ten years have passed ; and yet I live. The sun
And the gay stars shine on, but not for me :
Darkness and torments with my being run ;
My strength decays : my blood flows freezingly
Through my chilled veins ; and death—not gentle death—
Lays its rude hand upon my weakening breath.

“ Yet a few days this corpse, my grief’s remains,
Will ask a handful of unfriendly earth.
Leave then, my child, these foul and foreign plains,
Blest who can claim the country of his birth :
The Poles forgive,—and thou shalt be forgiven ;
My child be blest, and I be left to Heaven !

“ Yes ! thou shalt see thy country, and its smile
Shall chase the memory of these gloomy days ;
Thy father’s princely hall shall greet thee ; while
Thy thought o’er long-departed glory strays :
Thy friends, thy countrymen, shall welcome thee,
Give thee their love,—but pour their curse on me.

“ Yet e’en my death may hallowed thoughts inspire :
From this scathed trunk may wisdom’s blossoms grow :
My history shall check revengeful ire,—
None other Pole shall join his country’s foe.
Why should a traitor live when he hath bound
His veiled and sorrowing country to the ground ?”

Thus spake the miserable man. A groan,
A dark and hollow groan, the dungeon filled :
On her pale breast his snow-white head was thrown,
Death’s shade o’ershadowed it—and all was stilled.
So died the mighty Glinski ;—better lot
Might have been his ;—but he deserved it not.

JULIAN URZIN NIEMCOWICZ (*Polish*).
Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

LAMORAAAL, EARL OF EGMONT.

HERE Egmont lies ! who fell through Alva's hate—
 The shield of Netherland—the brave—the great !
 Who made proud France twice bow the trembling knee,
 While at his fall fell right and liberty.

GERARD BRANDT (Dutch).
Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

ODE ON J. ŽIŽKA VON TROTZNOW.

WHO rears his country's fair renown
 Shall earn a patriot's lofty praise—
 Yes ! he shall wear a laurel crown,
 And him shall sing the poet's lays ;
 What prouder fame, what greener bays
 Can history offer ?—be his meed
 Eternal laud within the shrine,
 Lighted by glory's lamp divine,
 That every triumph, every deed
 Thro' everlasting years may shine.

Žižka ! Bohemia's chief, arise !
 Of murdered Hus th' avenger thou !
 Thou hast o'erwhelm'd thine enemies
 In the fierce battle-field, and now
 They perish in the dust below.
 And the whole world has seen how great
 A patriot's victory may be ;
 When arm'd, Bohemia !—arm'd for thee.
 (O laurels on thy bidding wait,
 To crown thee for eternity !)

And see ! what crowded German bands—
Steeds clamp and weapons clang—from Rhine
. And Oder's thickly-peopled lands ;
And mountain-warriors there combine
From distant Alp and Apennine :
Hungarians too, and neighboring Poles,
And practised Saxons, tell us why
Ye lift your swords, your lances high ?
O ! popish briefs and popish bulls
Have preach'd of our apostasy.

Like blackest locust-clouds they come,
Our own Bohemia to enslave ;
And who, from such a storm, our home,
Our country can protect or save ?
For what avail the wise or brave ?
Who can resist the torrent's sway ?
When they are nigh we disappear :
It is not doubt, it is not fear ;
They drink the rivers on their way,
And everywhere their banners rear.

Thy voice, re-echoed o'er the land,
Wakes all Bohemia at thy name ;
And every heart and every hand
Are quicken'd by the living flame
Of courage. But what lust of fame,
What mad ambition lured our foes ?
We came—we look'd—our hero then
Summon'd his bands of chosen men,
And as the storm the surge-scurf blows
We scatter'd all their might again.

Still Žatetz's plains are bleak and bare,
Still towers old Brodsky's mountain dell,

Where, as the greyhound drives the hare,
Thou with thy Tabrites didst compel
All, all to fly, but those who fell :
Proud Praga looks on Žižkow's hill,
Still pleas'd that hallow'd spot to see,
Where Žižka leagued with victory,
And dreams play'd round Bohemia still,
The dreams of peace and liberty.

Then Germany, who felt the shame
Of Swabia's daring enterprise,
And that our Hus, Bohemia's fame,
Had been the bloody sacrifice ;
There, where the Rhine so swiftly flies,
Rais'd up her flag—thou Saxon mound,
Ye Austrian hills, now witness bear,
How, towering o'er each mountain there,
Bohemia's lion roar'd around,
Bohemia's banner flapp'd the air.

Then Glory, with her golden ray,
And silver trumpets pour'd thy praise :
And wing'd her bright and rustling way
O'er the wide world, thy fame to raise
And bid the nations on thee gaze.
But with thy victories did she tell
What deeds of darkness and of dread
Were round those glorious victories spread,
And that thy name had been the spell,
From which all life and blessing fled !

Žižka ! thy fame had blinded thee,
And Fortune, with accustom'd sneer,

Had dregg'd her cup with treachery,
And pour'd her poisons in thine ear.
Whose valor came thy valor near ?
Thou, like the illustrious Hannibal,
When he, on Cannæ's glorious day,
Swept all the Roman hosts away,
On thine own Cannæ didst appal
And overwhelm Germania.

Thou hadst a glorious triumph then,
When midst a whole world's envying,
In victory's loud and joyous train,
Thou didst thy golden booty bring,
And on Bohemia's altars fling :
How loudly was the welcome pour'd
From every patriot Českian tongue,
Man, child, youth, maiden, woman flung,
To thee, thy country's son ador'd,
The wreaths their busy hands had strung.

Why didst thou dip that sacred wreath,
O Žizka ! in thy brothers' blood ?
Why bow thee from thy height, beneath,
And turn to evil all thy good ?
Why didst thou loose thy savage brood
On monks and nobles, in thy rage
Give reins to riot, overthrow
Castles and towers, and, deaf to woe,
Whelm all and rear o'er all a stage,
Where error and where crime might grow ?

Those ruins, which seem curs'd, and frown
As if some evil ghosts were there ;

Where bravery scarce dares stay alone,
 O what a woeful page they are
 Of man in passion's fierce career :
 The very winds that whistle thro'
 Seem shuddering midst the gloomy pile :
 There spectres meet, and sigh awhile ;
 And as the screech-owls cry to-whoo !
 The fiends of evil shriek and smile.

ANTONIN PUCHMAYER (Bohemian).

Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.



ELEGY ON THE POET'S WIFE.

THE gulls that twitter on the rush-grown shore
 When fall the shades of night,
 That o'er the waves in loving pairs do soar
 When shines the morning light—
 'Tis said e'en these poor birds delight
 To nestle, each, between his darling's wing,
 That gentle fluttering,
 Through the dark hours, wards off the hoar-frost's might.

Like to the stream that finds
 The downward path, it never may retrace :
 Like to the shapeless winds,
 Poor mortals pass away, without a trace :
 So, she I love has left her place.
 And in a corner of my widowed couch,
 Wrapped in the robe she wove me, I must crouch,
 Far from her fond embrace.

NIBI (Japanese).

Translation of BASIL HALL CHAMBERLAIN.

ELEGY ON THE POET'S YOUNG SON.

SEVEN are the treasures mortals most do prize,
But I regard them not :
One only jewel could delight mine eyes—
The child that I begot ;

My darling boy who with the morning sun
Began his joyous day :
Nor ever left me, but with childlike fun
Would make me help him play :

Who'd take my hand when eve its shadows spread,
Saying, "I'm sleepy grown,
'Twixt thee and mother I would lay my head ;
Oh ! leave me not alone !"

Then with his pretty prattle in mine ears,
I'd lie awake and scan
The good and evil of the coming years,
And see the child a man.

And as the seaman trusts his bark, I'd trust
That naught could harm the boy :
Alas ! I wist not that the whistling gust
Would shipwreck all my joy !

Then with despairing, helpless hands I grasp'd
The sacred mirror's sphere ;
And round my shoulder I my garments clasp'd
And pray'd with many a tear :

“ ‘Tis yours, great gods, that dwell in Heaven on high,
Great gods of earth, ‘tis yours
To heed, or heed not, a poor father’s cry,
Who worships, and implores !”

Alas ! vain prayers that more, no more avail !
He languish’d day by day,
Till e’en his infant speech began to fail,
And life soon ebb’d away.

Stagg’ring with grief I strike my sobbing breast,
And wildly dance and groan !
Ah ! such is life ! the child that I caress’d
Far from mine arms hath flown !

NINI (*Japanese*).

Translation of BASIL HALL CHAMBERLAIN.

PATRIOTIC
AND
HISTORICAL POEMS.

WAR ELEGY.

Not on the lips, nor yet in memory's trace
Should that man live, though rapid in the race,
And firm in wrestling : though Cyclopean might
Be his, and fleetness like a whirlwind's flight :
Though than Tithonus lovelier to behold ;
Like Cynaras, or Midas, graced with gold :
Than Pelope's realm more kingly his domain ;
More sweet his language than Adrastus' strain ;
Not though he boast all else of mortal praise,
Yet want the glory of the warrior's bays.
He is not brave, who not endures the sight
Of blood ; nor, man to man, in closest fight,
Still pants to press the foe : here bravery lies ;
And here of human fame the chiefest prize.
This noblest badge the youth of honor bears,
And this the brightest ornament he wears.
This, as a common good, the state possess,
And a whole people here, their safety bless.
Firm and unyielding, when the armed man
Still presses on, and combats in the van ;
And casts the thought of shameful flight away ;
And patient-daring, to the perilous fray

Presents his life and soul ; and, with his eye,
 And voice, exhorts his fellow-men to die,
 Here is the warrior found ; this, this is bravery.
 He breaks the bristling phalanx from afar :
 His foresight rules the floating wave of war ;
 Fallen in the foremost ranks, he leaves a name,
 His father's glory, and his country's fame.
 All on the front he bears full many a wound
 That rived his breast-plate and his buckler's round ;
 Old men and youths let fall the sorrowing tear,
 And a whole people mourns around his bier.
 Fame decks his tomb, and shall his children grace,
 And children's children, to their latest race.
 For ne'er his name, his generous glory, dies ;
 Though tomb'd in earth, he shall immortal rise ;
 Who dared, persisting, in the field remain,
 And act his deeds, till number'd with the slain ;
 While charging thousands rush'd, resisting stood,
 And for his sons and country pour'd his blood.
 But if, escaping the long sleep of death,
 He win the splendid battle's glorious wreath ;
 Him, with fond gaze, gray sires and youths behold,
 And life is pleasant, till his days are old.
 Conspicuous 'midst the citizens he wears
 The silver glory of his snowy hairs.
 None 'gainst his peace conspire with shameless hate,
 None seek to wrong the saviour of the State :
 The younger, and his equals, reverent rise ;
 His elders quit their seats, with honoring eyes ;
 Then to this height of generous deeds aspire ;
 And let the soul of war thy patriot bosom fire.

Tyrtaeus (Greek).

Translation of SIR C. A. ELTON.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE.

WHAT constitutes a state?
Not high raised battlement, or labored mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate :
Not cities fair, with spires and turrets crown'd :
 No :—Men, high-minded men—
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excal cold rocks and brambles rude—
 Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain ;
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain.

ALCEUS (Greek).

Translation of SIR WILLIAM JONES.

ON THOSE WHO FELL AT THERMOPYLÆ.

In dark Thermopylae they lie ;
Oh death of glory thus to die !
Their tomb an altar is, their name
A mighty heritage of fame :
Their dirge is triumph ; cankering rust,
And time that turneth all to dust,
That tomb shall never waste nor hide—
The tomb of warriors true and tried.
The full-voiced praise of Greece around
Lies buried in that sacred mound ;
Where Sparta's king, Leonidas,
In death eternal glory has.

SIMONIDES (Greek).

Translation of ROBERT BLAND.

RETURN TO MY NATIVE LAND.

WIDE have I wandered, far beyond the sea,
 Even to the distant shores of Sicily ;
 To broad Eubœa's plentiful domain,
 With the rich vineyards in its planted plain ;
 And to the sunny wave and winding edge
 Of fair Eurotas with its reedy sedge—
 Where Sparta stands in simple majesty :
 Among her manly rulers there was I,—
 Greeted and welcomed there and everywhere
 With courteous entertainment, kind and fair ;
 Yet still my weary spirit would repine,
 Longing again to view this land of mine ;
 Henceforward, no design, no interest
 Shall ever move me, but the first and best ;
 With Learning's happy gift to celebrate,
 Adorn, and dignify my native State.
 The song, and dance, music and verse agreeing,
 Will occupy my life and fill my being ;
 Pursuits of elegance and learned skill
 (With good repute, and kindness, and good will
 Among the wisest sort), will pass my time
 Without an enemy, without a crime ;
 Harmless and just with every rank of men,
 Both the free native and the denizen.

THEOCRITUS (Greek).

Translation of J. H. FRERE.

EPITAPH.

Go tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,
 That here, obedient to her laws, we lie.

SIMONIDES (Greek).

Translator UNKNOWN.

ON CIMON'S LAND AND SEA VICTORY.

NE'ER since the olden time, when Asia stood
First torn from Europe by the ocean flood,
Since horrid Mars thus poured on either shore
The storm of battle and the wild uproar,
Hath man by land and sea such glory won,
Ne'er seen such deeds, as thou, this day, hast done.
By land, the Medes in thousands press the ground ;
By sea, an hundred Tyrian ships are drown'd
With all their martial host ; while Asia stands,
Deep groaning by, and wrings her helpless hands.

SIMONIDES (*Greek*).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

CHORUS.

TELL me, ye gales, ye rising gales,
That lightly sweep along the azure plain,
Whose soft breath fills the swelling sails,
And waft the vessel dancing o'er the main,
Whither, ah ! whither will ye bear
This sick'ning daughter of despair ?
What proud lord's rigor shall the slave deplore
On Doric, or on Phthian shore ;
Where the rich father of translucent floods,
Apidanus, pours his headlong waves,
Through sunny plains, through darksome woods,
And with his copious stream the fertile valleys laves ?
Or shall the wave-impelling oar
Bear to the hallow'd isle my frantic woes,
Beneath whose base the billows roar,
And my hard house of bondage round enclose ?

Where the new palm, and laurel where
 Shot their first branches to the air,
 Spread their green honors o'er Latona's head,
 And interwove their sacred shade.
 There, 'midst the Delian nymphs, awake the lyre,
 To Dian sound the solemn strain,
 Her tresses bound in golden wire,
 Queen of the silver bow, and goddess of the plain.
 Or where the Athenian towers arise,
 Shall these hands weave the woof, whose radiant glow
 Rivals the flow'r-impurpled dyes
 That on the bosom of the young Spring blow ;
 Alas, my children, battle-slain !
 Alas, my parents ! Let me drop the tear,
 And raise the mournful, plaintive strain,
 Your loss lamenting and misfortune drear.
 Thee, chief, imperial Troy, thy State
 I mourn deserted, desolate ;
 Thy walls, thy bulwarks smoking on the ground,
 The sword of Greece triumphant round ;
 I, far from Asia, o'er the wide sea born,
 In some strange land am called a slave,
 Outcast to insolence and scorn,
 And for my nuptial bed find a detested grave.

EURIPIDES (Greek).

Translation of ROBERT POTTER.

FRAAGMENT.

THIS is true liberty, when free-born men,
 Having to advise the public, may speak free ;
 Which he who can and will, deserves high praise :
 Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace :
 What can be juster in a State than this ?

EURIPIDES (Greek). Translation of S. BOEKER.

THE PERSIAN SLAVE TO HIS MASTER.

O MASTER ! shroud my body, when I die,
In decent cerements from the vulgar eye.
But burn me not upon yon funeral pyre,
Nor dare the gods and desecrate their fire ;
I am a Persian ; 'twere a Persian's shame
To dip his body in the sacred flame.
Nor o'er my worthless limbs your waters pour ;
For streams and fountains Persia's sons adore :
But leave me to the clods that gave us birth,—
For dust should turn to dust, and earth to earth.

DIOSCORIDES (*Greek*).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

ALTERED CONDITION OF ATHENS.

It grieves me to behold the commonwealth—
Things were not thus administered of old ;
Then men of sense and virtue,—men, whose merits
Gave them consideration in the State,—
Held the first offices : to such we bowed
As to the gods—and gods, indeed, they were—
For under their wise counsels we enjoyed
Security and peace.—But now, alas !
We have no other guide in our elections
Save chance, blind chance, and on whatever head
It falls, though worst and meanest of mankind,
Up starts he a great man, and is at once
Install'd prime Rogue and Minister of State.

EUPOLIS (*Greek*).

Translation of RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

Spartan Virtue.

WHEN Thrasybulus from the embattled field
 Was breathless borne to Sparta on his shield,
 His honored corse, disfigured still with gore,
 From seven wide wounds (but all received before),
 Upon the pyre his hoary father laid,
 And to the admiring crowd triumphant said :
 Let slaves lament,—while I, without a tear,
 Lay mine and Sparta's son upon his bier.

Drosocrides (Greek).
Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

A FRAGMENT.

How long will ye slumber ? when will ye take heart,
 And fear the reproach of your neighbors at hand ?
 Fy, comrades ! to think ye have peace for your part,
 Whilst the sword and the arrow are wasting our land !

Shame ! grasp the shield close ! cover well the bold breast !
 Aloft raise the spear as ye march on the foe !
 With no thought of retreat—with no terror confess'd,
 Hurl your last dart in dying, or strike your last blow !

Oh ! 'tis noble and glorious to fight for our all—
 For our country—our children—the wife of our love !
 Death comes not the sooner !—no soldier shall fall
 Ere his thread is spun out by the sisters above !

Once to die is man's doom ! rush, rush to the fight !
 He cannot escape though his blood were Jove's own ;—
 For awhile let him cheat the shrill arrow by flight :
 Fate will catch him at last in his chamber alone !

Unlamented he dies—unregretted—not so,
When, the tower of his country, in death falls the brave ;
Thrice hallowed his name amongst all, high or low,
As with blessings alive, so with tears in the grave.

CALLINUS (*Greek*).

Translation of H. N. COLERIDGE.

**VERSES ADDRESSED TO A KINDRED
TRIBE AT VARIANCE WITH THE ONE
TO WHICH THE POET BELONGED.**

Why thus to passion give the rein ?
Why seek your kindred tribe to wrong ?
Why strive to drag to light again
The fatal feud entomb'd so long ?

Think not if fury ye display,
But equal fury we can deal ;
Hope not, if wronged, but we repay
Revenge for every wrong we feel.

Why thus to passion give the rein ?
Why seek the robe of peace to tear ?
Rash youths, desist, your course restrain,
Or dread the vengeance which ye dare.

Yet friendship we nor ask from foes,
Nor favor e'er shall hope to prove,
We lov'd you not, great Allah knows,
Nor blam'd you that ye could not love.

To each are different feelings given,
This slights, and that regards his brother :
'Tis ours to live—thanks to kind Heaven—
Hating and hated by each other.

ALFADHEL IBN ALABAS (*Arabian*). *Translation of J. D. CARLYLE.*

LOVE AND COUNTRY.*(A spirit with a naked sword.)*

“A shadowy form I come from Babigōr ;
 Sent by thy country to her doubting son—
 O ! on love’s triflings waste thy soul no more :
 Mina, or country—choose, and choose but one.”

(A spirit with a bent bow.)

“I visit thee from love’s flower-scatter’d shore ;
 Three days my arrow Lada has possess’d
 To sharpen ; tell me, tell me, I implore,
 Dost love thy country or thy Mina best ?”
 The midnight struck ; I left the awful spot,
 My eye still fix’d upon the misty shade—
 The sword—the arrow—Mina—country—what
 But doubt and silence—on my breast I laid
 My hand, tore out and broke in twain my heart :
 My country !—Mina !—each shall have a part.

JOHN KOLLAR (*Bohemian*).

Translation of Sir JOHN BOWRING.

***THE PRISONER.***

THERE, where the swift Rhone’s waters flow
 Its verdant banks between,
 Where fragrant myrtles bending grow,
 And Rhone reflects their green :
 There, where the vineyards deck the hills,
 And o’er the valleys spread
 With golden citrons’ fragrance fills,
 And plantains rear their head—

There stood, as sunk the lord of day,
Upon the smiling shore,
One who long watched the waters play,
And thought his sorrows o'er ;
A Russian hero, stolen by war,
The honor of the Don ;
Divided from his friends afar,
He wandered there alone.

“ O roll !” he sang, “ ye waters roll—
Flow in your glory on ;
Your waves shall waken on my soul
The memory of the Don.
My days pass by without an aim,
Amidst life's busy roar ;
For what is life without its fame,
Or the bright world ?—'tis poor.

“ Now nature wears its spring-tide dress,
The sun shines splendidly ;
All liberty and loveliness,—
O ! why am I not free ?
O roll, ye waters ! rage, thou Rhone !
And waken, as ye roll,
The thoughts of my domestic zone,
Within my troubled soul.

“ The maidens here are fair and bright,
Their glance is full of fire ;
And their all-graceful smiles of light
Might satisfy desire.
But what is love in foreign lands—
Or joy ? I only know
The joy and love that bless our sands,
Midst forests and 'midst snow.

“ Give me my freedom—let me tread,
 Once more my country’s strand ;
 With frost and storm all overspread—
 My home—my fatherland !
 Deep is the snow around my door ;
 But give me my own steed,
 And day and night, the mountains o’er,
 Me to my home he’ll lead.

“ At home there’s one who sits and keeps
 The memory of her love ;
 And often to the window creeps,
 And pours her prayers above.
 She guards the thoughts of him whose mind
 Guards every thought of her ;
 She pats the horse I left behind—
 How privileged to be there !

“ O roll, thou Rhone ! ye waters roll—
 Rush in your glory on ;
 Your waves still waken in my soul
 The memory of the Don.
 Come, winds ! come hither from the north,
 Come in your freshness, come ;
 And thou, bright pole-star, blazen forth,
 Memento of my home.”

So spake the prisoner, as he turned
 To Lyons his tired eye,
 When long in exile’s chains he mourned
 His hapless destiny.
 He sang—the Rhone roll’d proudly on,
 The moon oft kiss’d its tide ;
 And oft on Lyons’ turrets shone
 The sun, in all his pride.

BATIUSHKOV (*Russian*). Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THE DECORATION.

MY love looks well under his helmet's crest ;
He went to war, and did not let them see
His back, and so his wound is in the breast :
For one he got, he struck and gave them three.
When he came back, I loved him, hurt so, best ;
He married me, and loves me tenderly.

When he goes by, and people give him way,
I thank God for my fortune every day ;
When he goes by, he seems more grand and fair
Than any crossed and ribboned cavalier ;
The cavalier grew up with his cross on,
And I know how my darling's cross was won !

FRANCESCO DALL' ONGARO (*Italian*).

Translation of HOWELLS.

THE GLEANER OF SAPRI.

THEY were three hundred, they were young and strong,
And they are dead !
One morning as I went to glean the grain,
I saw a bark in middle of the main ;
It was a bark came steaming to the shore,
And hoisted for its flag the tricolor.
At Ponza's isle it stopped beneath the lea,
It stayed awhile, and then put out to sea,
Put out to sea, and came unto our strand ;
Landed with arms, but not as foemen land.
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,
And they are dead !

Landed with arms, but not as foemen land,
For they stooped down and kissed the very sand.
And one by one I looked them in the face ;
A tear and smile in each one I could trace !
“Thieves from their dens are these,” some people said,
And yet they took not even a loaf of bread !
I heard them utter but a single cry :
“We for our native land have come to die !”
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,
And they are dead !

With eyes of azure, and with hair of gold,
A young man marched in front of them ; and bold
I made myself, and having seized his hand,
Asked him, “Where goest, fair captain of the band ?”
He looked at me and answered, “Sister mine,
I go to die for this fair land of thine !”
I felt my heart was trembling through and through,
Nor could I say to him, “God comfort you !”
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,
And they are dead !

That morning I forgot to glean the grain,
And set myself to follow in their train.
Twice over they encountered the gens-d’armes,
Twice over they despoiled them of their arms ;
But when we came before Certosa’s wall
We heard the drums beat and the trumpets call,
And ’mid the smoke, the firing, and the glare,
More than a thousand fell upon them there.
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,
And they are dead !

They were three hundred, and they would not fly ;
They seemed three thousand, and they wished to die,

But wished to die with weapons in their hands ;
Before them ran with blood the meadow lands.
I prayed for them, but ere the fight was o'er,
Swooned suddenly away, and looked no more ;
For in their midst I could no more behold
Those eyes of azure and that hair of gold !
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,
And they are dead !

LUIGI MERCANTINI (*Italian*).

Translator UNKNOWN.

SONG.

I STOOD upon the wild seashore,
And marked the wide expanse ;
My straining eyes were turned once more
To long loved, distant France ;
I saw the sea-bird hurry by
Along the waters blue ;
I saw her wheel amid the sky,
And mock my tearful, eager eye,
That would her flight pursue.

Onward she darts, secure and free,
And wings her rapid course to thee !
O, that her wing were mine, to soar,
And reach thy lovely land once more !
O Heaven ! it were enough, to die
In my own, my native home,—
One hour of blessed liberty
Were worth whole years to come !

CHARLES D'ORLEANS (*French*).

Translation of LOUISA STUART COSTELLO

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

YE sons of France, awake to glory !
 Hark ! hark ! what myriads bid you rise ?
 Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,—
 Behold their tears and hear their cries !
 Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
 With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
 Affright and desolate the land,
 While liberty and peace lie bleeding ?

 To arms ! to arms ! ye brave !
 The avenging sword unsheathe !
 March on ! march on ! all hearts resolved
 On victory or death !

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
 Which treacherous kings confederate raise ;
 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
 And, lo ! our fields and cities blaze.
 And shall we basely view the ruin,
 While lawless Force, with guilty stride,
 Spreads desolation far and wide,
 With crimes and blood his hands imbruining ?

 To arms ! to arms ! ye brave ! etc.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The bold, insatiate despots dare,—
 Their thirst of gold and power unbounded—
 To mete and vend the light and air.
 Like beasts of burden would they load us,
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore ;
 But man is man, and who is more ?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us ?

 To arms ! to arms ! ye brave ! etc.

O Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame ?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame ?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing,
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield ;
But Freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

To arms ! to arms ! ye brave ! etc.

JOSEPH ROUGET DE LISLE (*French*).

Translator UNKNOWN.

BATTLE-SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

Be not dismay'd, thou little flock,
Although the foe's fierce battle shock,
Loud on all sides, assail thee.
Though o'er thy fall they laugh secure,
Their triumph cannot long endure ;
Let not thy courage fail thee.

Thy cause is God's—go at his call,
And to His hand commit thy all ;
Fear thou no ill impending :
His Gideon shall arise for thee,
God's Word and people manfully,
In God's own time, defending.

Our hope is sure in Jesus' might ;
Against themselves the godless fight,
Themselves, not us, distressing ;
Shame and contempt their lot shall be ;
God is with us, with Him are we :
To us belongs His blessing.

UNKNOWN (*Swedish*). *Translator UNKNOWN.*

THE WANDERER.

My native land, on thy sweet shore
 Lighter heaves the breast ;
 Could I visit thee once more,
 How I should be blest !

Heart so anxious and so pained,
 Fitting is thy woe ;
 My native land, what have I gained
 By wandering from thee so ?

Fresher green bedecks thy fields,
 Fairer blue thy skies ;
 Sweeter shade thy forest yields,
 Thy dews have brighter dyes.

Thy Sabbath-bells a sweeter note
 Echo far and near ;
 Thy nightingale's melodious throat
 Sweeter thrills the ear.

Softer flow thy lavish streams
 Through the meadow's bloom ;
 Ah ! how bright the wanderer's dreams
 'Neath thy linden's gloom !

Fair thy sun that flings around
 Genial light and heat.—
 To my father's household gate
 Let me bend my feet ;
 There, forgetting all the past,
 I will rest in peace at last !

JOHANN WILHELM LUDWIG GLEIM (*German*).

Translation of MACRAY.

THE TOBACCO-PIPE.

“OLD man, God bless you ! does your pipe taste sweetly ?
A beauty, by my soul !
A red clay flower-pot, rimmed with gold so neatly !
What ask you for the bowl ?”

“O sir, that bowl for worlds I would not part with ;
A brave man gave it me,
Who won it—now what think you ?—of a bashaw,
At Belgrade’s victory.

“There, sir, ah ! there was booty worth the showing,—
Long life to Prince Eugene !
Like after-grass you might have seen us mowing
The Turkish ranks down clean.”

“Another time I’ll hear your story :
Come, old man, be no fool ;
Take these two ducats,—gold for glory,—
And let me have the bowl !”

“I’m a poor churl, as you may say, sir ;
My pension’s all I’m worth :
Yet I’d not give that bowl away, sir,
For all the gold on earth.

“Just hear now ! Once, as we hussars, all merry,
Hard on the foe’s rear pressed,
A blundering rascal of a janizary
Shot through our captain’s breast.

“At once across my horse I hove him,—
The same would he have done,—
And from the smoke and tumult drove him
Safe to a nobleman.

“I nursed him ; and, before his end, bequeathing
His money and this bowl
To me, he pressed my hand, just ceased his breathing,
And so he died, brave soul !

“The money thou must give mine host,—so thought I,—
Three plunderings suffered he ;
And in remembrance of my old friend, brought I
The pipe away with me.

“Henceforth in all campaigns with me I bore it,
In flight or in pursuit ;
It was a holy thing, sir, and I wore it
Safe-sheltered in my boot.

“This very limb, I lost it by a shot, sir,
Under the walls of Prague :
First at my precious pipe, be sure, I caught, sir,
And then picked up my leg.”

“You move me even to tears, old Sire :
What was the brave man’s name ?
Tell me, that I, too, may admire
And venerate his fame.”

“They called him only the brave Walter ;
His farm lay near the Rhine.”
“God bless your old eyes ! ‘twas my father,
And that same farm is mine.

“Come, friend, you’ve seen some stormy weather ;
With me is now your bed ;
We’ll drink of Walter’s grapes together,
And eat of Walter’s bread.”

"Now—done ! I march in, then, to-morrow :
 You're his true heir, I see ;
And when I die, your thanks, kind master,
 The Turkish pipe shall be."

GOTTLIEB CONRAD PREYERL (*German*).

Translation of C. T. BROOKS.

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.

WHICH is the German's fatherland ?
Is 't Prussia's or Swabia's land ?
Is 't where the Rhine's rich vintage streams ?
Or where the Northern sea-gull screams ?—
 Ah, no, no, no !
His fatherland 's not bounded so !

Which is the German's fatherland ?
Bavaria's or Styria's land ?
Is 't where the Marsian ox unbends ?
Or where the Marksman iron rends ?—
 Ah, no, no, no !
His fatherland 's not bounded so !

Which is the German's fatherland ?
Pomerania's, or Westphalia's land ?
Is it where sweep the Dunian waves ?
Or where the thundering Danube raves ?—
 Ah, no, no, no !
His fatherland 's not bounded so !

Which is the German's fatherland ?
O, tell me now the famous land !
Is 't Tyrol, or the land of Tell ?
Such lands and people please me well.—
 Ah, no, no, no !
His fatherland 's not bounded so !

Which is the German's fatherland ?
Come, tell me now the famous land.
Doubtless, it is the Austrian state,
In honors and in triumphs great.—

 Ah, no, no, no !
His fatherland 's not bounded so !

Which is the German's fatherland ?
So tell me now the famous land !
Is 't what the Princes won by sleight
From the Emperor's and Empire's right ?—

 Ah no, no, no !
His fatherland 's not bounded so !

Which is the German's fatherland ?
So tell me now at last the land !—
As far 's the German accent rings
And hymns to God in Heaven sings,—

 That is the land,—
There, brother, is thy fatherland !

There is the German's fatherland,
Where oaths attest the grasped hand,—
Where truth beams from the sparkling eyes,
And in the heart love warmly lies ;—

 That is the land,—
There, brother, is thy fatherland !

That is the German's fatherland,
Where wrath pursues the foreign band,—
Where every Frank is held a foe,
And Germans all as brothers glow ;—

 That is the land,—
All Germany 's thy fatherland !

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT (*German*).

Translation of MACRAY.

THE TWO GRENAIDIERS.

To France were travelling two grenadiers,
Who had fought with the Russian Suwarow ;
And when they came to the German frontiers,
They hung down their heads in sorrow.

There came the heart-breaking news to their ears,
That France was by fortune forsaken ;
Scattered and slain were her brave grenadiers,
And Napoleon, Napoleon was taken.

Then wept together those two grenadiers
O'er their country's departed glory ;
“ Woe's me ! ” said one, in the midst of his tears,
“ My old wound—how it burns at the story ! ”

The other said, “ The end has come,
What avails any longer living ?
Yet have I a wife and child at home,
For an absent father grieving.

“ What is my wife ? What is my child ?
Dearer thoughts in my bosom awaken ;
Go beg, wife and child, when with hunger wild,
For Napoleon, Napoleon is taken.

“ O grant me, brother, my only prayer,
When in death my eyes are closing ;
Take me to France, and bury me there ;
In France be my ashes reposing.

“ This cross of the Legion of Honor bright,
Let it lie near my heart—upon me ;
Give me my musket in my hand,
And buckle my sabre on me.

“ So will I lie, and arise no more,
 My watch like a sentinel keeping ;
 Till I hear the cannon’s thundering roar,
 And the squadrons above me sweeping.

“ Then the Emperor comes ! and his banners wave
 With their eagles o’er him bending ;
 And I will come forth, all in arms, from my grave,
 Napoleon, Napoleon, attending.”

HEINRICH HEINE (German).

Translation of W. H. FURNESS.



KING CHRISTIAN.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
 In mist and smoke ;
 His sword was hammering so fast,
 Through Gothic helm and brain it passed ;
 Then sank each hostile hulk and mast
 In mist and smoke.
 “ Fly ! ” shouted they, “ fly, he who can !
 Who braves of Denmark’s Christian
 The stroke ? ”

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest’s roar ;
 Now is the hour !
 He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
 And smote upon the foe full sore,
 And shouted loud, through the tempest’s roar,
 “ Now is the hour ! ”
 “ Fly ! ” shouted they, “ for shelter fly !
 Of Denmark’s Juel who can defy
 The power ? ”

North Sea ! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky !
Then champions to thine arms were sent ;
Terror and Death glared where he went ;
From the waves was heard a wail that rent
Thy murky sky !
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol' ;
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly !

Path of the Dane to fame and might !
Dark-rolling wave !
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave !
And, amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave !

JOHANNES ÈVALD (*Danish*).

Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE BARD.

O, GREAT was Denmark's land in time of old !
Wide to the South her branch of glory spread ;
Fierce to the battle rushed her heroes bold,
Eager to join the revels of the dead ;
While the fond maiden flew with smiles to fold
Round her returning warrior's vesture red
Her arm of snow, with nobler passion fired,
When to the breast of love, exhausted, he retired.

Nor bore they only to the field of death
 The bossy buckler and the spear of fire ;
 The bard was there, with spirit-stirring breath,
 His bold heart quivering as he swept the wire,
 And poured his notes, amidst the ensanguined heath,
 While panting thousands kindled at his lyre ;
 Then shone the eye with greater fury fired,
 Then clashed the glittering mail, and the proud foe retired.

And when the memorable day was past,
 And Thor triumphant on his people smiled,
 The actions died not with the day they graced ;
 The bard embalmed them in his descant wild,
 And their hymned names, through ages uneffaced,
 The weary hours of future Danes beguiled :
 When even their snowy bones had mouldered long,
 On the high column lived the imperishable song.

And the impetuous harp resounded high
 With feats of hardiment done far and wide,
 While the bard soothed with festive minstrelsy
 The chiefs, reposing after battle-tide :
 Nor would stern themes alone his hand employ ;
 He sang the virgin's sweetly tempered pride,
 And hoary eld, and woman's gentle cheer,
 And Denmark's manly hearts, to love and friendship dear.

ADAM GOTTLÖB OEHLENSCHLÄGER (*Danish*).

Translation of WALKER.

TO MY NATIVE LAND.

THOU spot of earth, where from the breast of woe
 My eye first rose, and in the purple glow
 Of morning, and the dewy smile of love,
 Marked the first gleamings of the Power above :

Where, wondering at its birth, my spirit rose,
Called forth from nothing by his word sublime,
To run its mighty race of joys and woes,
The proud coeval of immortal time :

Thou spot unequalled ! where the thousand lyres
Of Spring first met me on her balmy gale,
And my rapt fancy heard celestial choirs
In the wild wood-notes and my mother's tale :

Where my first trembling accents were addressed
To lisp the dear, the unforgotten name,
And, clasped to mild affection's throbbing breast,
My spirit caught from her the kindling flame :

My country ! have I found a spot of joy,
Through the wide precincts of the chequered earth,
So calm, so sweet, so guiltless of alloy,
As thou art to his soul, whose best employ
Is to recall the joys that blessed his birth ?

O, nowhere blooms so bright the summer rose,
As where youth cropt it from the valley's breast !
O, nowhere are the downs so soft as those
That pillow'd infancy's unbroken rest !

In vain the partial sun on other vales
Pours liberal down a more exhaustless ray,
And vermeil fruits, that blush along their dales,
Mock the pale products of our scanty day ;

In vain, far distant from the land we love,
The world's green breast soars higher to the sky :
O, what were Heaven itself, if lost above
Were the dear memory of departed joy !

Range ocean, melt in amorous forests dim,
 O'er icy peaks with sacred horror bend,
 View life in thousand forms, and hear the hymn
 Of love and joy from thousand hearts ascend,
 And trace each blessing, where round freedom's shrine
 Pure faith and equal laws their shadows twine :

Yet, wheresoe'er thou roani'st, to lovelier things
 With mingled joy and grief thy spirit springs ;
 And all bright Arno's pastoral lays of love
 Yield to the sports, where through the tangling grove
 The mimic falcon chased the little dove.

O, what are Eloisa's bowers of cost,
 Matched with the bush where, hid in berries white,
 Mine arms around my infant love were crossed ?
 What Jura's peak, to that upon whose height
 I strove to grasp the moon, and where the flight
 Of my first thought was in my Maker lost ?

No ! here,—but here,—in this lone paradise,
 Which Frederic, like the peaceful angel, gilds,
 Where my loved brethren mix in social ties,
 From Norway's rocks to Holstein's golden fields .

O Denmark ! in thy quiet lap reclined,
 The dazzling joys of varied earth forgot,
 I find the peace I strove in vain to find,
 The peace I never found where thou wert not.

The countless wonders of my devious youth,
 The forms of early love and early truth,
 Rise on my view, in memory's colors dressed ;
 And each lost angel smiles more lovingly,
 And every star that cheered my early sky
 Shines fairer in this happy port of rest !

JENS BAOGESSEN (*Danish*). *Translation of WILLIAM S. WALKER.*

THE WISHES.

ALL hail, thou new year, that, apparelled in sweetness,
Now spring'st like a youth from eternity's breast !
O, say, dost thou come from the bright throne of greatness,
Our herald of mercy, of gladness, and rest ?
Cheer the heart of our king with benignity's token ;
Light his soul with the sunbeam that sets not above ;
Be his sword unresisted, his sceptre unbroken ;
O, peace be to Christian, the monarch we love !

With an emerald zone bind the rocks of the North ;
O'er Denmark's green vales spread a buckler of gold ;
Pour the glories of harvest unsparingly forth,
And show that our wealth is our dear native mould :
Smile on the conqueror of ocean, who urges,
Through darkness and tempests, his blue path to fame ;
May the sea spare her hero, and waft on her surges
Blessings and peace to the land whence he came :

Round the forehead of Art twine the wreath that she loves,
And harden to labor the sinews of Youth ;
With a hedge of stout hearts guard our Eden's fair groves,
And temper their valor with mercy and truth :
Bless him, to whom Heaven its bright flame commendeth,
And shadow his couch with the folds of thy love ;
Give light to our judges,—the heart that ne'er bendeth,—
Inspirit our bards, and our teachers approve.

O, blest be the firm-hearted hero, who weaves not
A thought or a wish but his spirit may own !
O, shame on the cold son of interest, who cleaves not
To the heart of his country, and loves her alone !

Be her welfare our glory, our joy, our devotion ;
 Unchilled be her valor, her worth undecayed ;
 May her friends on her fields gaze with rapture's emotion ;
 May she long love the stranger, but ask not his aid !

JOHANNES EVALD (Danish).

Translation of WILLIAM S. WALKER.

SOLDIER SLAIN.

I FOUGHT, my land, for thee ! for thee I fell ;
 On, not beneath the turf I rest my head.
 Witness, my country ! that I loved thee well ;
 Living, I served thee,—and I guard thee dead.

JOHN GAWIŃSKI (Polish).

Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

SLAVONIA.

SLAVONIA ! glory-breathing name, surrounded
 With mingling mists of pleasure and of pain :
 Now torn by sorrow, now by treachery wounded,
 Now breaking into light and strength again.
 From the Karpathian to the Ural brows,
 From sandy wastes that wake the summer's heat,
 To where its ray falls powerless on the snows,
 Thou art enshrin'd in thy majestic seat !
 Thou hast o'erliv'd misfortune, hast withstood
 The idol worship of the nations round,
 E'en thy own children's black ingratitude ;
 And thou hast rear'd thee, on the eternal ground,
 A temple from the ruins of old time,
 Whence thou pour'st forth thine energies sublime.

JOHN KOLLÁR (Bohemian).

Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

POEMS OF SENTIMENT.

EPITAPH.

ON A VIRGIN OF MITYLENE, WHO DIED ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

THE virgin Myrtis' sepulchre am I ;
Creep softly to the pillow'd mound of woe :
And whisper to the grave, in earth below,
“ Grave ! thou art envious in thy cruelty ! ”
To thee, now gazing here, her barb'rous fate
These bride's adornments tell ; that, with the fire
Of Hymen's torch, which led her to the gate,
Her husband burn'd the maid upon her pyre :
Yes Hymen ! thou didst change the marriage song
To the shrill wailing of the mourner's throng.

ERINNA (Greek).

Translation of SIR C. A. ELTON.

YOUTH AND AGE.

WHAT were life, and where its treasure,
Golden Venus, wert thou flown ?
Ne'er may I outlive the pleasure
Given to man by thee alone,—
Honied gifts and secret love,
Joys all other joys above.

Quickly, stripling ! quickly, maiden !
 Snatch life's blossoms ere they fall ;
 Age, with hate and sorrow laden,
 Soon draws nigh to level all,—
 Makes the man of comeliest mien,
 Like the most ill-favored seen.

Youth and grace his path declining,
 Gloomy thoughts his bosom tear ;
 Seems the sun, in glory shining,
 Now to him no longer fair,—
 Joys no more his soul engage,
 Such the power of dreary age,

MIMNERMUS (Greek)

Translation of H. N. COLERIDGE.

THE PROCESSION.

BEFORE the regal chariot, as it passed,
 Were bright Cydonian apples scattered round,
 And myrtle leaves, in showers of fragrance cast,
 And many a wreath was there with roses bound,
 And many a coronal, wherein were set,
 Like gems, rich rows of purple violet.

STESICHORUS (Greek).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

REMEMBRANCE AFTER DEATH.

LET not a death, unwept, unhonor'd, be
 The melancholy fate allotted me !
 But those who loved me living, when I die,
 Still fondly keep some cherish'd memory.

SOLON (Greek).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

A CONVIVIAL SONG.

Jove descends in sleet and snow,
Howls the vexed and angry deep;
Every stream forgets to flow,
Bound in winter's icy sleep.
Ocean wave and forest hoar
To the blast responsive roar.

Drive the tempest from your door,
Blaze on blaze, your hearthstone piling,
And unmeasured goblets pour,
Brimful high with nectar smiling.
Then beneath your poet's head
Be a downy pillow spread.

ALCAEUS (*Greek*).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

BEAUTY.

To all that breathe the air of Heaven
Some boon of strength has Nature given.
In forming the majestic bull,
She fenced with wreathed horns his skull ;
A hoof of strength she lent the steed,
And winged the timorous hare with speed ;
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And o'er the ocean's crystal mirror
Taught the unnumbered scaly throng
To trace the liquid path along ;
While for the umbrage of the grove
She plumed the warbling world of love.
To man she gave, in that proud hour,
The boon of intellectual power ;

Then what, O woman, what for thee
 Was left in Nature's treasury ?
 She gave thee beauty—mightier far
 Than all the pomp and power of war.
 Nor steel, nor fire itself hath power
 Like woman in her conquering hour :
 Be thou but fair,—mankind adore thee !
 Smile,—and a world is weak before thee !

ANACREON (Greek).

Translation of THOMAS MOORE.

TWO MILITARY PORTRAITS.

Boast me not your valiant captain,
 Strutting fierce with measur'd stride,
 Glorying in his well-trimm'd beard, and
 Wavy ringlets' clustered pride.
 Mine be he that's short of stature,
 Firm of foot, with curved knee ;
 Heart of oak in limb and feature,
 And of courage bold and free.

AESCHYLUS (Greek).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

PEACE.

InnumEROus are the boons bestowed
 On man by gracious Peace !
 The flowers of poets honey-tongued,
 And wealth's immense increase.
 Then from the joyous altars
 Unto the gods arise
 The fumes of sheep's and oxen's flesh
 In ruddy sacrifice :

In crowds to the gymnasium
The strenuous youth resort,
Or to the pipe blithe revellers
Pursue their maddening sport ;
The spider black doth weave his net
In the iron-handled shield,
And sharp-set spear and two-edged sword
To mouldy canker yield ;
No longer anywhere is heard
The trumpet's blazen blare,
From men's eyes soul-delighting sleep
At midnight sent to scare ;
Banquets, heap'd high with food and wine,
Are spread in every street,
And songs from youthful companies
Are sounding strong and sweet.

BACCHYLIDES (*Greek*).

Translation of ROBERT BLAND.

YOUTH AND AGE.

AH me ! alike o'er youth and age I sigh,
Impending age, and youth that hastens by ;
Swift as a thought the flowing moments roll,
Swift as a racer speeds to reach the goal.
How rich, how happy the contented guest,
Who leaves the banquet soon, and sinks to rest,
Damps chill my brow, my pulses flutt'ring beat,
Whene'er the vigorous pride of youth I meet
Pleasant and lovely ; hopeful to the view
As golden visions, and as transient too :
But ah ! no terrors stop, nor vows, nor tears
Life's mournful evening, and the gloom of years.

THEOGNIS (*Greek*).

Translation of ROBERT BLAND.

ON A BROTHER AND SISTER.

We buried him at dawn of day :
 Ere set of sun his sister lay
 Self-slaughter'd by his side.
 Poor Basilé ! she could not bear
 Longer to breathe the vital air,
 When Melanippus died.

Thus in one fatal hour was left,
 Of both a parent's hopes bereft,
 Their desolated sire ;
 While all Cyrene mourned to see
 The blossoms of her stateliest tree
 By one fell blight expire.

CALLIMACHUS (*Greek*).

Translation of J. H. MERRIVALE.

HYMN TO VIRTUE.

O SOUGHT with toil and mortal strife
 By those of human birth,
 Virtue, thou noblest end of life,
 Thou goodliest gain on earth !
 Thee, Maid, to win, our youth would bear,
 Unwearied, fiery pains ; and dare
 Death for thy beauty's worth ;
 So bright thy proffered honors shine,
 Like clusters of a fruit divine.

Sweeter than slumber's boasted joys,
 And more desired than gold,
 Dearer than nature's dearest ties :—
 For thee those heroes old,

Herculean son of highest Jove,
And the twin-birth of Leda, strove
 By perils manifold ;
Great Peleus' son, with like desire,
And Ajax sought the Stygian fire.

The bard shall crown with lasting lay,
 And age immortal make
Atarnea's sovereign, 'reft of day
 For thy dear beauty's sake :
Him, therefore, the recording Nine
In songs extol to heights divine,
 And every chord awake ;
Promoting still, with reverence due,
The meed of friendship tried and true.

ARISTOTLE (*Greek*).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

TO HEALTH.

HEALTH, brightest of the blest, do thou
 To my poor hearth descend !
For what of life kind Heaven allow,
 Be thou my guest and friend !
For every joy that fortune brings,
All that from wealth or children springs,
From courtly show or sovereign sway,
Lifting to gods us things of clay,
From love, or love's enchanting wiles,
From labor's pause, or pleasure's smiles,—
With thee they blossom, Health divine ;
Their spring, their beauty, all is thine ;
And none—save thou thy smile bestow—
May taste of happiness below.

ARIPHRON (*Greek*). *Translation of ROBERT BLAND.*

INSCRIPTION ON A BOAT.

THEY say that I am small and frail,
And cannot live in stormy seas :—
It may be so ; yet every sail
Makes shipwreck in the swelling breeze :
Nor strength nor size can then hold fast,
But fortune's favor, Heaven's decree :—
Let others trust in oar and mast,
But may the gods take care of me :

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM (*Greek*).
Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

ON TEARS.

Be temperate in grief ! I would not hide
The starting tear-drop with a Stoic's pride,
I would not bid the o'erburthen'd heart be still,
And outrage Nature, with contempt of ill.
Weep ; but not loudly ! He whose stony eyes
Ne'er melt in tears is hated by the skies.

EUPHORION (*Greek*).
Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THRICE happy they whose friendly hearts can burn
With purest flame, and meet a kind return.
With dear Pirithous, as poets tell,
Theseus was happy in the shades of hell :
Orestes' soul no fears, no woes deprest ;
'Midst Scythians he with Pylades was blest.

BION (*Greek*).
Translation of F. FAULKNER.

ON ONE WHO DIED IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY.

GRIEVE not, Philœnas, though condemned to die
Far from thy parent soil and native sky ;
Though strangers' hands must raise thy funeral pile,
And lay thine ashes in a foreign isle :
To all, on death's last dreary journey bound,
The road is equal, and alike the ground.

TYNDÆS (*Greek*).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

FRAGMENT.

THERE is a certain hospitable air
In a friend's house, that tells me I am welcome ;
The porter opens to me with a smile ;
The yard-dog wags his tail, the servant runs,
Beats up the cushion, spreads the couch, and says—
Sit down, good sir ! ere I can say I'm weary.

APOLODOREUS OF CARYSTUS (*Greek*).

Translation of RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

ON THE PICTURE OF AN INFANT PLAYING NEAR A PRECIPICE.

WHILE on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,
See, to the last, last verge her infant steals !
O fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.—
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

LEONIDAS OF ALEXANDRIA (*Greek*).

Translation of S. ROGERS.

FRAGMENT.

I HAVE a child—a lovely one—
 In beauty like the golden sun,
 Or like sweet flowers, of earliest bloom,
 And Cléis is her name :—for whom
 I Lydia's treasures, were they mine,
 Would glad resign.

SAPPHO (Greek).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

THE VIRGIN'S OFFERING TO VENUS.

A SHELL, Zephyritis, is all that I am,
 First fruits from Selena to thee.
 Time was, that a nautilus gaily I swam,
 And steer'd my light bark on the sea.

Then hoisting my own little yards and my sail,
 I swam the soft breeze as it came,
 And rowed with my feet, if a calm did prevail,
 And thus, Cypris, got I my name.

But cast by the waves on the Iùlian shore,
 I am sent for a plaything to thee,
 Now lifeless ;—the sea-loving halcyon no more
 Shall brood on the waters for me.

Arsinöe ! oh, may all grace from thy hand
 On Clinias' daughter alight ;
 From Smyrna she sends in Æolia's land,
 And sweet be her gift in thy sight.

CALLIMACHUS (Greek).

Translation of S. TREVOR.

ON TEARS.

If tears could medicine human ills, and give
The o'ercharged heart a sweet restorative,
Gold, jewels, splendor, all we reckon dear,
Were mean and worthless to a single tear.
But ah ! nor treasures bribe, nor raining eyes,
Our firm inexorable destinies :—
Weep we or not, as sun succeeds to sun,
In the same course our fates unpitying run.
Tears yet are ours, whene'er misfortunes press,
And though our weeping fails to give redress,
Long as their fruits the changing seasons bring,
Those bitter drops will flow from Sorrow's spring.

PHILEMON (*Greek*).

Translation of ROBERT BLAND.

OLD AGE.

Ye gods ! how easily the good man bears
His cumbrous honors of increasing years.
Age, O my father, is not, as they say,
A load of evils heap'd on mortal clay,
Unless impatient folly aids the curse
And weak lamenting makes our sorrows worse.
He whose soft soul, whose temper ever even,
Whose habits placid as a cloudless heaven,
Approve the partial blessings of the sky,
Smooths the rough road and walks untroubled by ;
Untimely wrinkles furrow not his brow,
And graceful wave his locks of reverend snow.

ANAXANDRIDES (*Greek*).

Translation of J. H. MERRIVALE.

FROM THE CHORUS IN ALCESTIS.

We will not look on her burial sod
 As the cell of supulchral sleep :
 It shall be as the shrine of a radiant god,
 And the pilgrim shall visit that blest abode,
 To worship and not to weep.
 And as he turns his steps aside,
 Thus shall he breathe his vow—
 Here slept a self-devoted bride ;
 Of old, to save her lord she died,
 She is a spirit now.

EURIPIDES (*Greek*).

Translation of CHAPMAN.

HOME.

CLING to thy home ! if there the meanest shed
 Yield thee a hearth, and shelter for thy head,
 And some poor plot, with vegetables stor'd,
 Be all that Heaven allots thee for thy board—
 Unsavory bread, and herbs that scattered grow
 Wild on the river-brink or mountain-brow,
 Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
 More heart's repose than all the world beside.

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM (*Greek*).

Translation of ROBERT BLAND.

BEAUTY COMPARED WITH FLOWERS.

"TIS now that the white violet
 Steals out the Spring to greet,
 And that, among his longed-for showers,
 Narcissus smiles so sweet ;

'Tis now that lilies, upland-born,
Frequent the slopes of green,
And that the flower which lovers love,
Of all the flowers the queen,
Without an equal anywhere,
In full-blown beauty glows—
Thou know'st it well, Zenophile !
Persuasion's flower, the rose !
Ah, why, ye hills and meadows,
Should laughter thus illumine
Your leafy haunts ? So lavish why,
And prodigal of bloom ?
Not all the wreaths of all the flowers
That Spring herself might cull,
As mine own maiden e'er could be
One half so beautiful !

MELEAGER (*Greek*).

Translation of JOHN WILSON.

AGE.

Offt am I by the women told,
“Poor Anacreon ! thou grow'st old ;
Look ! how thy hairs are falling all ;
Poor Anacreon, how they fall !”—
Whether I grow old or no,
By the effects I do not know ;
But this I know, without being told,
'Tis time to live, if I grow old ;
'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.

ANACREON (*Greek*).

Translation of ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THE GARLAND.

A FRESH garland will I braid
 Of lilies blithe and fair,
 Of the hyacinth's blue shade,
 And the crocus' golden hair,
 Of narcissus dewy-bright,
 Of myrtle, never sere,
 With the violet virgin white,
 And sweet rose to lovers dear.—
 Thus, for Heliodora's hair,
 Freshest, fairest flowers I've twined,
 But none half so sweet, so fair,
 As the dear, dear locks they'll bind,

MELAEGOR (Greek).

Translation of W. PETER.

THE GARLAND.

A WREATH to thee, my Rhodoclee,
 Twined by these hands, I send,
 Where the lily's snow, and the rose-cup's glow,
 In rival beauty blend ;
 Where the violet's hue of freshest blue
 With jonquil pale you see,
 And, fragrant yet with morning dew,
 The soft anemone.
 Then wear them, love ; but not elate,
 For soon such charms are flown ;
 And in the flowerets' changing fate
 Thou dost but read thine own.

RUFINUS (Greek).

Translation of W. PETER.

EPITAPH.

THOU art not dead, my Prote, though no more
A sojourner on earth's tempestuous shore ;
Fled to the peaceful islands of the blest,
Where youth and love, forever beaming, rest ;
Or joyful wandering o'er Elysian ground,
Among sweet flowers, where not a thorn is found.
No Winter freezes there, no Summer fires,
No sickness weakens, and no labor tires ;
No hunger, poverty, or wants oppress,
Nor envy of man's boasted happiness ;
But Spring forever glows, serenely bright,
And bliss immortal hails the heavenly light.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN (*Greek*).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

How sweet is life when passed with those
Whom our own hearts approving choose ;
When on some few surrounding friends
Our all of happiness depends !
It is not life to drag, alone,
A miserable being on,
Without one kindred soul to share
Our pleasure or relieve our care.
O welcome falls the stroke of fate,
That frees us from so sad a state.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN (*Greek*).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

POLLIO.

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier strain !
Though lowly shrubs and trees that shade the plain
Delight not all ; Sicilian Muse, prepare
To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.
The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finish'd course : Saturnian times
Roll round again ; and mighty years, begun
From their first orb, in radiant circles run.
The base degenerate iron offspring ends ;
A golden progeny from Heaven descends.
O chaste Lucina ! speed the mother's pains,
And haste the glorious birth ! thine own Apollo reigns !
The lovely boy, with his auspicious face,
Shall Pollio's consulship and triumph grace :
Majestic months set out with him to their appointed race.
The father banished virtue shall restore ;
And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.
The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
And with paternal virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden, earth shall wreathing ivy bring,
And fragrant herbs, the promises of spring,
As her first offerings to her infant king.
The goats with strutting dugs shall homeward speed,
And lowing herds secure from lions feed.
His cradle shall with rising flowers be crown'd ;
The serpent's brood shall die ; the sacred ground
Shall weeds and poisonous plants refuse to bear ;
Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.
But when heroic verse his youth shall raise,
And form it to hereditary praise,

Unlabored harvests shall the fields adorn,
And clustered grapes shall blush on every thorn ;
The knotted oaks shall showers of honey weep,
And through the matted grass the liquid gold shall creep.
Yet, of old fraud some footsteps shall remain :
The merchant still shall plough the deep for gain ;
Great cities shall with walls be compassed round ;
And sharpened shares shall vex the fruitful ground ;
Another Tiphys shall new seas explore ;
Another Argo land her chiefs upon th' Iberian shore ;
Another Helen other wars create,
And great Achilles urge the Trojan fate.
And when to ripened manhood he shall grow,
The greedy sailor shall the seas forego :
No keel shall cut the waves for foreign ware ;
For every soil shall every product bear.
The laboring hind his oxen shall disjoin :
No plough shall hurt the glebe, no pruning-hook the vine ;
Nor wool shall in dissembled colors shine ;
But the luxurious father of the fold,
With native purple, or unborrowed gold,
Beneath his pompous fleece shall proudly sweat ;
And under Tyrian robes the lamb shall bleat.
The Fates, when they this happy web have spun,
Shall bless the sacred clue, and bid it smoothly run.
Mature in years, to ready honors move,
O of celestial seed ! O foster-son of Jove !
See, laboring Nature calls thee to sustain
The nodding frame of Heaven, and earth, and main !
See, to their base restored, earth, seas, and air ;
And joyful ages, from behind, in crowding ranks appear.
To sing thy praise, would Heaven my breath prolong,
Infusing spirits worthy such a song,
Not Thracian Orpheus should transcend my lays,
Nor Linus, crowned with never-fading bays ;

Though each his heavenly parent should inspire,
 The Muse instruct the voice, and Phœbus tune the lyre.
 Should Pan contend in verse, and thou my theme,
 Arcadian judges should their god condemn.
 Begin, auspicious boy ! to cast about
 Thy infant eye, and, with a smile, thy mother single out.
 Thy mother well deserves that short delight,
 The nauseous qualms of ten long months and travail to
 requite.
 Then smile ! the frowning infant's doom is read :
 No god shall crown the board, nor goddess bless the bed.

VIRGIL (*Latin*).

Translation of JOHN DRYDEN.

ON THE DEATH OF LESBIA'S SPARROW.

MOURN, all ye Loves and Graces ! mourn,
 Ye wits, ye gallants, and ye gay !
 Death from my fair her bird has torn,
 Her much-lov'd sparrow's snatch'd away.

Her very eyes she priz'd not so,
 For he was fond and knew my fair
 Well as young girls their mothers know,
 And sought her breast and nestled there.

Once fluttering round, from place to place,
 He gaily chirp'd to her alone ;
 But now that gloomy path must trace,
 Whence Fate permits return to none.

Accursed Shades, o'er hell that lower,
 Oh, be my curses on you heard !
 Ye, that all pretty things devour,
 Have torn from me my pretty bird.

Oh evil deed ! Oh sparrow dead !
 Oh what a wretch, if thou canst see
My fair-one's eyes with weeping red,
 And know how much she grieves for thee !

CATULLUS (*Latin*).

Translation of Hon. G. LAMB.

TO SULPICTIA.

“ NEVER shall woman’s smile have power
 To win me from those gentle charms !”—
Thus swore I in that happy hour
 When Love first gave them to my arms.

And still alone thou charm’st my sight—
 Still, though our city proudly shine
With forms and faces fair and bright,
 I see none fair or bright but thine.

Would thou wert fair for only me
 And could’st no heart but mine allure !—
To all men else unpleasing be,
 So shall I feel my prize secure.

Oh love like mine ne’er wants the zest
 Of others’ envy, others’ praise ;
But, in its silence safely blest,
 Broods o’er a bliss it ne’er betrays.

Charm of my life ! by whose sweet power
 All cares are hush’d, all ills subdued—
My light, in even the darkest hour,
 My crowd in deepest solitude !

No ; not though Heaven itself sent down
 Some maid of more than heavenly charms,
 With bliss undreamt thy bard to crown,
 Would I for her forsake those charms.

TIBULLUS (*Latin*).

Translation of THOMAS MOORE.

CLIMB AT COURT FOR ME THAT WILL.

CLIMB at court, for me, that will,
 Tottering Favor's pinnacle,
 All I seek is to lie still.
 Withdrawn to some secret nest,
 In calm leisure let me rest ;
 And, far off the public stage,
 Pass away my silent age.

Thus, when noiseless and unknown
 I have lived out all my span,
 Let me die, without a groan,
 An old honest countryman.
 Who, exposed to others' eyes,
 Into his own heart ne'er pries,
 Death's to him a strange surprise.

SENECA (*Latin*).

Translation of ANDREW MARVELL.

TO DELLIUS.

WHEN dangers press, a mind sustain
 Unshaken by the storms of Fate ;
 And when delight succeeds to pain
 With no glad insolence elate ;
 For death will end the various toys
 Of hopes, and fears, and cares, and joys.

Mortal alike, if sadly grave
 You pass life's melancholy day ;
Or in some green, retired cave,
 Wearing the idle hours away,
Give to the Muses all your soul,
 And pledge them in the flowing bowl ;

Where the broad pine, and poplar white,
 To join their hospitable shade,
With intertwined boughs delight ;
 And o'er its pebbly bed convey'd,
Labors the winding stream to run
 Trembling and glittering to the sun.

Thy generous wine, and rich perfume,
 And fragrant roses hither bring,
That with the early zephyrs bloom,
 And wither with declining spring,
While joy and youth not yet have fled,
 And Fate still holds the uncertain thread.

You soon must leave your verdant bowers,
 And groves yourself had taught to grow,
Your soft retreats from sultry hours,
 Where Tiber's gentle waters flow,
Soon leave ; and all you call your own
 Be squandered by an heir unknown.

Whether of wealth and lineage proud,
 A high patrician name you bear,
Or pass ignoble in the crowd,
 Unshelter'd from the mid-night air,
'Tis all alike ; no age or state
 Is spared by unrelenting Fate.

To the same port our barks are bound ;
 One final doom is fixed for all :
 The universal wheel goes round,
 And soon or late each lot must fall,
 When all together shall be sent
 To one eternal banishment.

HORACE (*Latin*), ODE III., BOOK II.
 Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

◆◆◆

TO HIS SERVANT.

Boy ! I detest all Persian fopperies ;
 Fillet-bound garlands are to me disgusting ;
 Task not thyself with any search, I charge thee,
 Where latest roses linger.

Bring me alone (for thou wilt find that readily)
 Plain myrtle. Myrtle neither will disparage
 Thee occupied to serve me, or me drinking
 Beneath my vine's cool shelter.

HORACE (*Latin*), ODE XXXVIII., BOOK I.
 Translation of WILLIAM COWPER.

◆◆◆

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

THE man, my friend, whose conscious heart
 With virtue's sacred ardor glows,
 Nor taints with death th' envenom'd dart,
 Nor needs the guard of Moorish bows.

O'er icy Caucasus he treads,
 O'er torrid Afric's faithless sands ;
 Or where the fam'd Hydaspes spreads
 His liquid wealth, through barbarous lands.

For while in Sabine forests charm'd
By Lalage, too far I strayed,
Me singing, careless and unarm'd,
A furious wolf approached and fled.

No beast more dreadful ever stain'd
Apulia's spacious wilds with gore ;
No beast more fierce Numidia's land,
The lion's thirsty parent, bore.

Place me where no soft summer gale
Among the quivering branches sighs,
Where clouds, condens'd, forever veil,
With horrid gloom, the frowning skies ;

Place me beneath the burning zone,
A clime denied to human race ;
My flame for Lalage I'll own ;
Her voice, her smiles, my song shall grace.

HORACE (*Latin*), ODE XXII., BOOK I.

Translation of SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE INVITATION.

I HAVE a cottage by the hill ;
It stands upon a meadow green ;
Behind it flows a murmuring rill,
Cool-rooted moss and flowers between.

Beside the cottage stands a tree,
That flings its shadow o'er the eaves ;
And scarce the sunshine visits me,
Save when a light wind rifts the leaves.

A nightingale sings on a spray
 Through the sweet summer time night-long,
 And evening travellers, on their way,
 Linger to hear her plaintive song.

Thou maiden with the yellow hair,
 The winds of life are sharp and chill ;
 Wilt thou not seek a shelter there,
 In yon lone cottage by the hill ?

J. W. L. GLEIM (*German*).

Translation of S. H. WHITMAN.

DEDICATION TO FAUST.

AGAIN ye come, again ye throng around me,
 Dim, shadowy beings of my boyhood's dream !
 Still shall I bless, as then, your spell that bound me ?
 Still bend to mists and vapors, as ye seem ?
 Nearer ye come !—I yield me, as ye found me
 In youth, your worshipper ; and as the stream
 Of air that folds you in its magic wreaths
 Flows by my lips, youth's joy my bosom breathes.

Lost forms and loved ones ye are with you bringing,
 And dearest images of happier days ;
 First-love and friendship in your path upspringing,
 Like old Tradition's half-remembered lays ;
 And long-slept sorrows waked, whose dirge-like singing
 Recalls my life's strange labyrinthine maze,
 And names the heart mourned, many a stern doom,
 Ere their year's summer, summoned to the tomb.

They hear not these my last songs, they whose greeting
 Gladdened my first,—my spring-time friends have gone ;

And gone, fast journeying from that place of meeting,
The echoes of their welcome, one by one.
Though stranger-crowds, my listeners since, are beating
Time to my music, their applauding tone
More grieves than glads me, while the tried and true,
If yet on earth, are wandering far and few.

A longing long unfelt, a deep-drawn sighing
For the far Spirit-world, o'erpowers me now ;
My song's faint voice sinks fainter, like the dying
Tones of the wind-harp swinging from the bough ;
And my changed heart throbs warm,—no more denying
Tears to my eyes, or sadness to my brow :
The Near afar off seems, the Distant nigh,
The Now a dream, the Past reality.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (*German*).
Translation of FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

THE WREATH.

THERE went a maid and plucked the flowers
That grew upon the sunny lea ;
A lady from the greenwood came
Most beautiful to see !

Unto the maid she friendly came,
And in her hand a wreath she bore :
“ It blooms not now, but soon will bloom ;
O, wear it evermore ! ”

And as this maid in beauty grew,
And walked the mellow moon beneath,
And wept young tears so tender, sweet,
Began to bud the wreath.

And when the maid, in beauty grown,
 Clasped in her arms the glad bridegroom,
 Forth from the bud's unfolded cup
 There blushed a joyous bloom.

And when a playsome child she rocked
 Her tender mother-arms between,
 Amid the spreading leafy crown
 A golden fruit was seen.

And when was sunk in death and night
 The heart a wife had held most dear,
 Then shook amid her shaken locks
 A yellow leaf and sear.

Soon lay she, too, in blenched death,
 And still this dear-loved wreath she wore,
 Then bore the wreath,—this wondrous wreath,
 Both fruit and bloom it bore.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND (*German*).

Translation in FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE PASSAGE.

MANY a year is in its grave,
 Since I crossed this restless wave ;
 And the evening, fair as ever,
 Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
 Sat two comrades old and tried,—
 One with all a father's truth,
 One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought ;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend ?
Soul-like were those hours of yore ;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,—
Take, I give it willingly ;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND (*German*).
Translation of SARAH AUSTIN.

THE LAST POET.

“ WHEN will your bards be weary
Of rhyming on ? How long
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old, eternal song ? ”

“ Is it not, long since, empty,
The horn of full supply ;
And all the posies gathered,
And all the fountains dry ? ”

As long as the sun’s chariot
Yet keeps its azure track,
And but one human visage
Gives answering glances back ;

As long as skies shall nourish
The thunderbolt and gale,
And, frightened at their fury,
One throbbing heart shall quail;

As long as after tempests
Shall spring one showery bow,
One breast with peaceful promise
And reconciliation glow;

As long as night the concave
Sows with its starry seed,
And but one man those letters
Of golden writ can read;

Long as a moonbeam glimmers,
Or bosom sighs a vow;
Long as the wood-leaves rustle
To cool a weary brow;

As long as roses blossom,
And earth is green in May;
As long as eyes shall sparkle
And smile in pleasure's ray;

As long as cypress shadows
The graves more mournful make,
Or one cheek 's wet with weeping,
Or one poor heart can break;—

So long on earth shall wander
The goddess Poesy,
And with her, one exulting
Her votarist to be.

And singing on, triumphing,
The old earth-mansion through,
Out marches the last minstrel ;—
He is the last man too.

The Lord holds the creation
Forth in his hand meanwhile,
Like a fresh flower just opened,
And views it with a smile.

When once this Flower Giant
Begins to show decay,
And earths and suns are flying
Like blossom-dust away;

Then ask,—if of the question
Not weary yet,—“ How long,
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old, eternal song ? ”

ANTON ALEXANDER VON AUERSPERG (German).

Translation of N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

AT MIDNIGHT HOUR.

At midnight hour I went, not willingly,
A little, little boy, yon churchyard past,
To Father Vicar's house ; the stars on high
On all around their beauteous radiance cast,
At midnight hour.

And when in journeying o'er the path of life,
My love I follow'd as she onward moved,
With stars and northern lights o'erhead in strife
Going and coming, perfect bliss I proved
At midnight hour.

Until at length the full moon, lustre fraught,
 Burst through the gloom wherein she was enshrined ;
 And then the willing, active, rapid thought
 Around the past, as round the future, twined,
 At midnight hour.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (German).
 Translation of E. A. BOWRING.

THE SINGER.

WHAT strains are these before the gate ?
 Upon the bridge what chorus ?
 Go, bring the minstrel hither straight,
 And let him play before us !
 The king commands, the page retires,
 The page returns, the king requires
 The aged man to enter.

God greet ye ! Lords and Ladies gay !
 What wealth of starry lustre !
 Star upon star in rich array,
 Who names each shining cluster ?
 Amid such wealth and pomp sublime
 Shut, shut, mine eyes ! this is no time
 To gaze in stupid wonder.

He closed his eyes, he struck a chord,
 A brave old ditty played he,
 Looked boldly on each noble lord,
 And in her lap each lady.
 The king, delighted with the strain,
 Commanded that a golden chain
 Reward the honored singer.

The golden chain give not to me ;
 Bestow it on thy Ritter,
Who bears the palm of chivalry,
 Where hostile lances glitter.
Bestow it on thy Chancellor,
And be one golden burden more,
 To other burdens added.

My song is like the woodbird's note,
 An unbought, careless burden ;
The lay that gushes from the throat
 Is all-sufficient guerdon.
But might I choose, this choice were mine,
A beaker of the richest wine,
 A golden beaker, bring me !

The beaker brought, the minstrel quaffed :
 O balmy cup of blessing !
And blessed the house, in such a draught,
 A common boon possessing !
When fortune smiles, then think of me,
And thank ye God as heartily
 As I for this now thank ye.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (*German*).
Translation of F. H. HEDGE.

MIGNON'S SONG.

Know'st thou the land where bloom the citron bowers,
 Where the gold orange lights the dusky grove ?
High waves the laurel there, the myrtle flowers,
 And through a still blue heaven the sweet winds rove:
Know'st thou it well ?
 There, there, with thee,
O friend ! O loved one ! fain my steps would flee.

Know'st thou the dwelling? There the pillars rise,
 Soft shines the hall, the painted chambers glow;
 And forms of marble seem with pitying eyes
 To say, "Poor child, what thus hath wrought thee woe?"
 Know'st thou it well?

There, there, with thee,
 O my protector! homewards might I flee!

Know'st thou the mountain? High its bridge is hung,
 Where the mule seeks through mist and cloud his way;
 There lurk the dragon race deep caves among,
 O'er beetling rocks there foams the torrent spray:
 Know'st thou it well?

With thee, with thee,
 There lies my path, O father! let us flee!

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (German).

Translation of FELICIA D. HEMANS.

THE SHARING OF THE EARTH.

"Here, take the world!" cried Jove from out his heaven
 To mortals,—"Be you of this earth the heirs:
 Free to your use the heritage is given;
 Brother-like choose the shares."

Then every hand stretch'd eager in its greed,
 And busy was the work with young and old;
 The Tiller settled upon glebe and mead,
 The Hunter, wood and wold.

The Merchant grip'd the store, and lock'd the ware—
 The Abbot chose the gardens of the vine—
 The King barr'd up the bridge and thoroughfare,
 And cried, "The tolls are mine."

And when the earth was thus divided, came
Too late the Poet from afar, to see
That all had proffer'd and had seiz'd their claim—
“And is there naught for me?

“Shall I, thy truest son, be yet of all
Thy human children portionless alone?”
Thus went his cry, and Jove beheld him fall
Before the heavenly throne.

“If in the land of dreams thou wert abiding,”
Answered the God, “why murmurest thou at me?
Say, where wert thou, when earth they were dividing?”
The Poet said, “By Thee

“Upon thy glorious aspect dwelt my sight—
The music of thy Heaven inthrall'd my ear;
Pardon the soul, if, drunken with thy light,
It lost its portion here!”

“Yet,” answered Jove, “the world no more is mine—
Field, chase and mart are given; no place for thee!
But come at will, since earth thou must resign,
To Heaven,—and live with me.”

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (German).
Translation of H. BULWER LYTTON.

THE PILGRIM.

Lif's first beams were bright around me,
When I left my father's cot,
Breaking every tie that bound me
To that dear and hallowed spot.

Childish hopes and youthful pleasures,
Freely I renounced them all ;
Went in quest of nobler treasures,
Trusting to a higher call.

For to me a voice had spoken,
And a spirit seemed to say,
Wander forth, the path is broken,
Yonder, eastward lies thy way.

Rest not till a golden portal
Thou hast reached ;—there enter in ;
And what thou hast prized as mortal,
There, immortal life shall win.

Evening came, and morn succeeded ;
On I sped, and never tired ;
Cold, nor heat, nor storm I heeded ;
Boundless hope my soul inspired.

Giant cliffs rose up before me ;
Horrid wilds around me lay ;
O'er the cliffs my spirit bore me ;
Through the wilds I found my way ;

Came to where a mighty river
Eastward rolled its sullen tide ;
Forth I launched with bold endeavor :
“ Pilgrim stream, be thou my guide ! ”

It hath brought me to the ocean :
Now, upon the wide, wide sea,
Where's the land of my devotion ?
What I seek seems still to flee.

Woe is me ! no path leads thither ;
Earth's horizons still retreat ;
Yonder never will come hither,
Sea and sky will never meet !

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (*German*).
Translation of F. H. HEDGE.

—
TRAVELLING.

TRAVEL, friends, and must I travel,
To refresh this weary heart ?
From this narrow work-day circle
You would have me then depart ;
And yet do I more deeply even
Into home's recesses shrink,
Feeling, to my home devoted,
Freer, richer, than you think.

These dear roads are always novel,
And this dear-loved valley too,
And the old long-trodden bridges
Always touch my heart anew.
Oft, when to myself I've said it
That the path was lone and drear,
Instantly there flitted past me,
At broad noon-day, shadows dear.

When the sun is hence departing,
Still my spirit knows no rest,
Seeking with him o'er the mountains
Fabled islands of the blest.
When the stars are all emerging,
Then my soul is all abroad,
And in ever deeper distance
I pursue the paths of God.

Old and new, all youthful dreamings,
 Things to be, and things that were,
 Heavenly spaces, deep and shoreless,
 Hourly open to me here.
 Therefore, friends, ah, yes ! I'll travel,
 Tell me whither shall I roam ?
 There is all too much excitement
 In the quiet of my home.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND (*German*).

Translation of W. H. FURNESS.

TO THE IDEALS.

So, wilt thou, with thy charming train,
 Relentless, faithless, fly from me,
 With all thy pleasure, all thy pain,
 And all thy World of Fantasy ?
 Alas ! can naught thy flight restrain ?
 Can naught mine age of gold delay ?
 No ! downward to the eternal main
 The hurrying waters lapse away.

Extinct in night the suns are lost
 That did my youth serenely gild :
 Dissolved in air the Ideal host
 That once the heart inebriate fill'd.
 Gone is the sweet belief divine
 In beings born to dreams ! I see
 The godlike realm, that once was mine,
 Thy spoil, O stern Reality !

As round the form his art had wrought
 Pygmalion's yearning arms were thrown,
 Till life from love the statue caught,
 And feeling glowed beneath the stone ;

So, Nature, in my loving arms,
And with my young desire, I prest ;
Tlll, warm'd to breath and living charms,
She kindled at my Poet's breast.

With mine impassion'd flame she burn'd,
Her silence found responsive tone ;
My kiss of love her kiss return'd ;
Her heart interpreted my own.
Then liv'd the flower—then liv'd the tree !
Then sang the fountain's silver fall !
No thing without a soul to me !
My life its echo heard in all !

Pent in the bosom's narrow bound,
The circling whole in embryo lay,
And strove in deed, word, shape and sound,
To burst existing into day.
How rich, while yet the germ conceal'd,
I thought that world of blooms must be ;
But from the germ they rose reveal'd,
And oh, how mean the flowers I see !

Light, as by valor wing'd for air,
On life illumed by morning beams,
Sprang Youth, as yet uncurb'd by care,
And blest in error's happy dreams :
Up to the ether's faintest star
Did wild design adventurous soar—
Oh, naught too high, and naught too far
For those strong pinions to explore.

Borne into Heaven—there seem'd no strife
Too hard for him the prize to gain ;

How danced before the car of life
The light Procession's airy train !
Love, with rewards to lovers known,
Fortune, with fillets golden-spun,
And Glory, with her starry crown,
And Truth, that glittered in the sun.

Ah ! midway soon the radiant shapes
Forsaking, faithless from me stray,
As one by one the host escapes
And into distance fades away.
Light Fortune was the first to fly ;—
The thirst for knowledge lingered still.
When Doubt, in tempest vail'd the sky,
And Truth no more was visible.

And holy Glory's crown sublime
I saw ignoble brows above ;
And oh, the brief sweet bloom of Time !
Oh, all too soon fled rosy Love !
And stiller yet, and yet more lone,
The desert path before me lay,
Till Hope itself but feebly shone
Along the glimmering, gloomy way.

Who, loving, lingers yet to guide,
When all that train inebrate fled,
Who stands consoling by my side
And follows to the House of Dread ?
Thou Friendship, thou art faithful there,
As gentle still to heal the wound,
As strong the load of life to share,
O ! thou the earliest sought and found.

And thou that dost with her combine
To lull the soul's unruly storm,
At least thy tasks, Employment Mine,
Destroy not, slowly though they form.
If swelling but by grains of sand,
Eternity—that pile sublime—
Yet moments, days and years thy hand
Strikes from the great account of Time.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (*German*).
Translation of E. BULWER LYTTON.

SONG OF THE BELL.

VIVOS VOCO. MORTUOS PLANGO. FULGURA FRANCO.

IN the earth, now firmly planted,
Stands the mould of well-burnt clay.
Brisk, my lads ! your strength is wanted,
We must make the bell to-day !
From the heated brow
Sweat must freely flow,
So the work the master sheweth ;
Yet the blessing Heaven bestoweth.

The work, we earnestly are doing,
Befitteth well an earnest word ;
Then Toil goes on, more cheerly flowing,
When good discourse is also heard.
So let us then with care now ponder
What through weak strength originates ;
To him no reverence can we render,
Who never heeds what he creates.
'Tis this indeed that man most graceth,
For this 'tis his to understand,
That in his inner heart he traceth
What he produces with his hand.

Take the wood, from pine-trunks riven,
Dry it must be through and through,
That the flame, straight inward driven,
Fiercely strike into the flue !

Let the copper brew !

Quick the tin in, too !

That the tough bell-metal going,
Through the mould be rightly flowing.

What in the pit, by help of fire,
The hand of man is forming thus,
High in the belfry of the spire,
There will it tell aloud of us.

Still will it last while years are rolling,
And many hearts by it be stirred,
With all the mourner's woes condoling,
And with Devotion's choir accord.

Whate'er this changing life is bringing,
Here down beneath, to Earth's frail son,
Strikes on the metal crown, which, ringing,
Will monitory sound it on.

Bubbles white I see appearing ;
Good ! the mass is melted now.
Throw in salts, the fluid clearing,
They will help it quick to flow.

Clean too from the scum
Must the mixture come,
That in metal pure abounding,
Pure and full the bell be sounding.

For, with joy's festal music ringing,
The child beloved it soon will greet
Upon his life's first walk beginning,
Wrapt in the arms of Slumber sweet ;

For him yet rest in Time's dark bosom
Funereal wreath and joyous blossom ;
A mother's tender care adorning
With watchful love his golden morning,—
The years—they fly like arrows fleet.
The maiden's plays the proud boy scorneth,
He rushes forth the world to roam
With pilgrim's staff, at last returneth,
A stranger in his father's home.
And brilliant in her youthful splendor,
Like creature come from Heaven's height,
With cheeks all mantling, modest, tender,
The maiden stands before his sight.
A nameless longing then is waking
In the youth's heart ; he strolls alone ;
The tears from out his eyes are breaking ;
Joy in his brothers' sports is gone.
He blushes as her steps he traces,
Her greeting smile his heart elates,
For fairest flowers the fields he searches,
Wherewith his love he decorates.
O tender longing, hope how thrilling,
The golden time of young first love,
The eye beholds all Heaven unveiling,
Revels the heart in bliss above !
Oh that, forever fresh and vernal,
First love's sweet season were eternal !

See how brown the pipes are getting !
This little rod I dip it in,
If it show a glazed coating,
Then the casting may begin.
Now, my lads, enough !
Prove me now the stuff,

The brittle with the soft combining,
See if they be rightly joining.
For when the Strong and Mild are pairing,
The Manly with the Tender sharing,
The chord will then be good and strong.
See ye, who join in endless union,
That heart with heart be in communion !
For Fancy's brief, Repentance long.

Lovely round the bride's locks clinging,
Plays the virgin coronal,
When the merry church bells ringing
Summon to the festival.
Ah ! the hour of life most festal
Ends the May of Life also,
With the veil and girdle vestal
Breaks the lovely charm in two.
For Passion will fly,
But Love is enduring,
The flower must die,
Fruit is maturing.
The man must be out
In hostile life striving,
Be toiling and thriving,
And planting, obtaining,
Devising and gaining,
And daring, enduring,
So fortune securing ;
Then riches flow in, all untold in their measure,
And filled is the garner with costliest treasure ;
The store-rooms increase, the house spreadeth out,
And in it presides
The chaste, gentle housewife,
The mother of children,

And ruleth metely
The household discreetly ;
The maidens she traineth,
The boys she restraineth,
And work never lingers,
So busy her fingers,
Increasing the gains
With ordering pains,
And sweet-scented presses with treasure is filling,
And thread round the swift-humming spindle is reeling,
And the neat burnished chests—she gathers them full
Of linen snow-white, and of glistering wool,
The gloss and the shine to the good she adds ever,
And resteth never.

And the father with look elate,
From the high, far-seeing gable
Surveys his blooming, broad estate,
Seeth his hay-stacks forest-like growing,
And the barns with their lofts o'erflowing,
And the granaries bent with the blessing,
And the corn as it waves unceasing ;
Boasting with pride-lit face :
Firm, as the Earth's own base,
'Gainst all misfortune's strength,
Standeth my house at length !
Yet with mighty Fate supernal
Man can weave no bond eternal,
And misfortune strideth fast.

Be the casting now beginning ;
Finely jagged is the grain.
But before we set it running,
Let us breathe a pious strain !

Now knock out the tap !

God forbid mishap !

Through the bending cannons hollow
Smoking shoots the fire-brown billow.

Beneficent the might of Flame,
When man keeps watch and makes it tame.
In what he fashions, what he makes,
Help from this Heaven's force he takes.
But fearful is the force of Heaven,
When, having all its fetters riven,
It bursts forth, its own law to be,
Thy daughter, Nature, wild and free !
Wo ! when once emancipated,
With nought her power to withstand,
Through the streets thick populated,
High she waves her monstrous brand !
By the elements is hated
What is formed by mortal hand.
From the heavens
Blessing gushes,
The shower rushes ;
From the heavens, all alike,
Lightnings strike.
Hear ye not the belfry moan ?
'Tis the alarm !
Blood-red now
Heaven is flushing ;
That is not the daylight's glow !
What a rushing
Streets all up !
Smoke rolls up !
The fire column, flickering, flowing,
Through the long streets swiftly growing,

With the wind is onward going ;
As from out a furnace flashing
Glows the air, and beams are crashing,
Pillars tumble, windows creaking,
Mothers fleeing, children shrieking,
Cattle lowing
'Mid the ruin ;
All is fleeing, saving, running,
Light as day the night's becoming ;
Through the chain of hands all vying,
Swiftly flying,
Goes the bucket ; bow-like bending,
Spouts the water, high ascending.
Howling comes the blast, befriending
The flame it roaring seeks and fans.
Crackling midst the well-dried grains,
Seizing in the granary chambers
On the dry wood of the timbers,
And, as if it would, in blowing,
Tear the huge bulk of the world
With it, in its flight uphurled,
Mounts the flame to heaven, growing
Giant tall !
Hopeless all,
Man to God at last hath yielded,
Idly sees what he hath builded,
Wondering, to destruction going.
All burnt out
Are the places,
Where the tempest wildly races,
In the vacant windows dreary
Horror's sitting,
And the clouds of heaven, flitting
High, look in.

Ere he goes,
On the ashes,
Where his riches
Buried lie, one look man throws,—
His pilgrim's staff then gladly clutches.
Whate'er the fire from him hath torn,
One solace sweet is ever nearest,
The heads he counteth of his dearest,
And lo ! not one dear head is gone.

In the earth it now reposes,
Happily the mould is full ;
When our work the light discloses,
Will it pay our pains and skill ?
Should the casting crack ?
If the mould should break !
Ah ! perhaps while we are waiting,
Mischief is its work completing.

To holy Earth's dark, silent bosom
We our handiwork resign,
The husbandmen the seed consign,
And hope that it will swell and blossom
And bless the sower, by laws divine.
Still costlier seed, in sorrow bringing,
We hide within the lap of earth,
And hope that, from the coffin springing,
'T will bloom in brighter beauty forth.

From the belfry,
Deep and slow,
Tolls the funeral
Note of woe.
Sad and solemn, with its knell attending
Some new wanderer, his last journey wending.

Ah ! the wife it is, the dear one ;
Ah ! it is the faithful mother,
Whom the angel dark is bearing
From the husband's arms endearing,
From the group of children far,
Whom she blooming to him bare ;
Whom she on her faithful breast
Saw, with joy maternal, rest.
Ah ! the household ties that bound her
Are unloosed for evermore,
For pale shadows now surround her,
Who the household rul'd o'er !
For her faithful guidance ceases,
No more keepeth watch her care,
In the void and orphaned places
Rules the stranger, loveless there.

Till the bell be cooled and hardened,
Let there rest from labor be ;
And be each as free, unburdened,
As the bird upon the tree.
Once the stars appear,
From all duty clear,
Workmen hear the vespers ringing ;
Still to Master care is clinging.

Joyous haste his bosom swelling,
In the wild and far-off greenwood,
Seeks the wanderer his dear dwelling.
Bleating wind the sheep slow homeward,
And the kine too,
Sleek and broad-browed, slowly trooping,
Come in lowing,
To the stalls accustomed going

Heavy in
Rocks the wagon,
Harvest laden.
Bright with flowers,
On sheafy towers
Garlands glance,
And the younger of the reapers
Seek the dance.
Street and market-place grow stiller ;
Round the light, domestic, social,
Gather now the household inmates,
And the city gate shuts creaking.
Black bedighted
All the Earth is ;
Rest the people unaffrighted
By the dark,
Which alarms the bad benighted ;
For the eye of Law doth watch and mark.

Holy Order, rich in blessing,
Heaven's daughter, lightly pressing,
Holds her law all ranks connected.
Mighty States hath she erected,
Calling from the wilds the savage
There to dwell—no more to ravage.
Into human huts she goeth,
And all gentle customs showeth,
Weaving that dear tie around us,
Which to Fatherland hath bound us.

Busy hands by thousands stirring
In a cheerful league unite,
And it is in fiery motion
That all forces come to light.

Briskly work, by Freedom guarded,
Both the master and the men,
Each one in his place rewarded,
Scorning every scoffer then.
Labor is our decoration,
Work the blessing will command,
Kings are honored by their station,
Honors us the toil-worn hand.

Gentle Concord,
Heavenly Peace,
Hover, hover
Ever friendly o'er this place !
Never may that day be dawning
When the hordes of battle swarming
Through this silent vale are storming :
When the heavens,
Which, with evening blushing mildly,
Softly beam,
Shall with flames, consuming wildly
Towns and cities, fearful gleam !

Break me up the useless structure,
It has now fulfilled its part,
That the work, without a fracture,
Joy may give to eye and heart.

 Swing the hammer, swing
 Till the case shall spring !
That the bell to light be given,
Be the mould in pieces riven.

The master wise alone is knowing
Just when the mould should broken be,
But wo ! when, streams of fire flowing,

The glowing ore itself sets free !
Blind raging, with the crash of thunder,
It shivers the exploded house,
As if hell's jaws had yawned asunder,
Destruction far and wide it throws.
When brutal force is senseless storming,
There can no perfect work be forming ;
When nations seek themselves to free,
There can no common welfare be.

Wo ! if heaped up, the fire-tinder
The inmost heart of cities fill,
Their fetters rending all asunder,
The people work their own fierce will !
Then at the bell ropes tuggeth Riot,
The bell howls forth a wailing sound,
Sacred to peace alone and quiet,
For blood it rings the signal round.
"Equality and Freedom" howling,
Rushes to arms the citizen,
And bloody-minded bands are prowling,
And streets and halls are filled with men ;
Then women, to hyenas turning,
On bloody horrors feast and laugh,
And, with the thirst of panthers burning,
The blood of hearts yet quivering quaff.
Nought sacred is there more, for breaking
Are all the bands of pious Awe,
The good man's place, the bad are taking,
And all the vices mock at law.
'Tis dangerous to rouse the lion,
And deadly is the tiger's tooth,
And yet the terriblest of terrors
Is man himself devoid of ruth.

Alas ! when to the ever blinded
The heavenly torch of Light is lent !
It guides him not, it can but kindle
Whole States in flames and ashes blent.

Joy to me now God hath given !
Look ye ! like a golden star,
From the shell, all bright and even,
Comes the metal kernel clear,
 Bright from top to rim,
 Like the sun's own beam.
E'en the 'scutcheon, formed completely,
Shows its maker worketh neatly.

Come all ! Come all !
My comrades stand around and listen,
While solemnly our work we christen !
CONCORDIA we the bell will call.
To concord and to heartful adoration
Assembling here the loving congregation.

And this its office be henceforth,
Whereto the master gave it birth ;
High, this low earthly being over,
Shall it, in Heaven's cerulean tent,
The neighbor of the thunder, hover,
And border on the firmament.
And let it be a voice from Heaven,
Joined with the starry host afar,
By which high praise to God is given,
And which leads on the crownéd year.
Its metal mouth alone devoted
To sacred and eternal things,

And hourly, Time, still onward flying,
 Shall touch it with his rapid wings.
 To Destiny a tongue affording,
 Heartless itself, befall what may,
 It feels for none, yet shall its swinging
 Attend upon life's changeful play.
 And as away its music fadeth,
 That strikes so grandly on the ear,
 So may it teach, that nought abideth,
 That all things earthly disappear.
 Now with strength the rope is lending,
 Raise the Bell from out the ground,
 In the atmosphere ascending,
 Let it seek the realms of Sound !
 Heave it, heave it, raise !
 Now it moves, it sways !
 Joy to us may it betoken,
 PEACE, the first sound by it spoken.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (*German*).

Translation of W. H. FURNESS.



MANLY TEARS.

MAIDEN, thou who saw'st me weeping,
 Say ! what is a woman's tear ?
 'Tis like the diamond dews of heaven,
 Sparkling on the flowerets clear.

Whether troubled night hath brought it,
 Or with the morn's sweet smile 'tis shed,
 Yet still it laves the lovely blossom
 That, refreshed, lifts up its head.

But the tears of men resemble
Those precious gums the Indies grow,
That, closely pent within the heart-wood,
Of themselves do seldom flow.

For deeply must the bark be severed,
Before the golden juice appears,
Which, flowing forth in crystal brightness,
I liken unto manly tears.

For though the fount may cease from flowing,
The tree in beauty bloom again,
And oft the budding Spring be welcomed,
Yet still the scars of wounds remain.

Think, maiden, as thou vainly strivest
Thy thoughts within thy breast to keep,
Think of the tree so deeply wounded,
Think of the man thou sawest weep.

ANTON ALEXANDER VON AUERSPECK (*German*).

Translation of WILLIAM HUNT.

THE EVENING GOSSIP.

We sat by the fisher's cottage,
We looked on sea and sky,
We saw the mists of evening
Come riding and rolling by.

The lights in the lighthouse window
Brighter and brighter grew,
And on the dim horizon
A ship still hung in view.

We spake of storm and shipwreck,
 Of sailors, and of their life,
 How they hover 'twixt sky and water,
 'Twixt joy and sorrow's strife.

We spoke of coasts far distant,
 We spoke of south and north,
 Strange men and stranger customs,
 That those wild lands send forth.

Of lands by the glancing Ganges
 The giant trees embower,
 And the fair and silent creatures
 That kneel to the Lotus flower.

In Lapland are filthy people,
 Flat skulled, wide mouthed, and small,
 Who bake their fish on the embers,
 And cower, and squeak, and squall.

The maidens listened earnestly ;
 At last the tales were ended,
 The ship was gone, the dusky night
 Had on our talk descended.

HEINRICH HEINE (*German*).

Translation in EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THOU GENTLE FERRY-MAIDEN.

Thou gentle ferry-maiden,
 Come—draw thy boat to land:
 And sit thee down beside me,
 We'll talk with hand in hand.

Lay thy head against my bosom,
And have no fear of me ;
Dost thou not venture boldly
Each day on the roaring sea ?

My heart is like the ocean,
It hath storm, and ebb, and flow ;
And many a pearl is hidden
In its silent depths below.

HEINRICH HEINE (*German*).

Translation of CHARLES G. LELAND.

THE RING.

I SATE upon a mountain
Far from my dear homeland,
Beneath me hills and cornfields,
And valleys on either hand.

And dreamingly from my finger
A precious ring I drew,
Which my dearest gave unto me,
A love pledge at adieu.

And, as one holds a spy-glass,
I held it to my eye,
And through the little circle
The world I did espy.

Oh, beautiful green mountains
And golden harvests bright,
Through such a pretty frame-work
Truly a lovely sight !

Here little cots are hanging
 On the green mountain side,
 There sickles and scythes are gleaming
 Through grain fields far and wide.

And then the plain outspreading,
 Where flows the stately stream,
 And distant blue-hill ranges
 Like border-watchers seem.

Cities with domes and spires,
 Green forests and waving trees,
 Clouds flying like my feelings
 Unto thee in the breeze.

The homes of happy people,
 The earth and then the skies,
 In a pretty golden frame-work
 Did my little ring comprise.

Oh beautiful thought, to know it,
 That a love-ring can comprise
 The homes of happy people,
 The earth and then the skies !

ANTON ALEXANDER VON AUERSPERG (German).

Translation of WILLIAM HUNT.

THE TWO COFFINS.

AWAY in the old cathedral
 Two coffins stand alone ;
 In one of them sleeps King Ottmar,
 And the singer rests in one.

The king sat once in power,
High throned in his father's land ;
The crown still graces his temples,
The falchion his kingly hand.

But near the proud king the singer
Is peacefully sleeping on,
In his lifeless hand still clasping
The harp of the pious tone.

The castles around are falling,
The war-cry rings through the land,
The sword, it stirreth never
There in the dead king's hand.

Blossoms and vernal breezes
Are floating the vale along,
And the singer's harp is sounding
In never-ending song.

ANDREAS JUSTINUS KERNER (*German*).
Translation of DULCKER.

THE POSTILLION.

LOVELY was the night of May,
Clouds of silvery whiteness
O'er the blooming Spring away
Sailed in fleecy lightness.

Meadow, grove, and mountain's brow
Silent rest were taking :
No one but the moonshine, now,
On the roads was waking.

Glare and din of day had fled—
Ceased each warbler's numbers—
Spring her fairy children led
Through the realm of slumbers.

Whispering breeze and brooklet crept
Slow with silent paces,
Fragrant dreams of flowers that slept
Filled the shadowy spaces.

But my rough postillion now
Cracked his whip, and, flying,
Left the vale and mountain's brow
To his horn replying.

O'er the hill—across the plain—
Loud the hoofs resounded,
As, through all the bright domain,
On the good steeds bounded.

Wood and mead, as on we sped,
Flew with scarce a greeting;
Town and country by us fled,
Like a still dream fleeting.

In the lovely May-moon light
Lay a churchyard nested,
And the traveller's roaming sight
Solemnly arrested.

On the mountain-side the wall
Seemed with age reclining,
And, above, a sad and tall
Crucifix was shining.

Driver, at a slower pace,
Up the road advances,
Stops, and toward the burial-place
Reverently glances.

“ Horse and wheel must tarry here—
Sir, 'tis not for danger—
But there lies one sleeping near,
Was to me no stranger !

“ 'Twas a lad most rare and true—
Ah, the sorrow ponder !
None so clear the post-horn blew
As my comrade yonder !

“ Always must I linger here,
And, with mournful pleasure,
To the dead one's waiting ear
Blow his favorite measure !”

Toward the churchyard now he blew
Such entrancing numbers,
Well might pierce the dull ground through,
Stir the dead man's slumbers.

And a blast, upon the air,
From the heights came flying—
Was the dead postillion there
To his songs replying ?

On again, and faster still,
On the good steeds bounded,—
Long that echo from the hill
In my ear resounded.

NICOLAUS LENAU (*German*). Translation of C. T. BROOKS.

TO DEATH.

METHINKS it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'er canopies the west ;
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
And, like an infant, fall asleep
On earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in yon sea
Of endless blue tranquillity ;
The clouds are living things ;
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.

These be the angels that convey
Us weary children of a day,—
Life's tedious nothing o'er,—
Where neither passions come, nor woes,
To vex the genius of repose
On Death's majestic shore.

No darkness there divides the sway
With startling dawn and dazzling day ;
But gloriously serene
Are the interminable plains ;—
One fixed, eternal sunset reigns
O'er the wide, silent scene.

I cannot doff all human fear ;
I know thy greeting is severe

To this poor shell of clay ;
Yet come, O Death ! thy freezing kiss
Emancipates ! thy rest is bliss !
I would I were away.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN (*German*).
Translator UNKNOWN.

THE FAIREST THING IN MORTAL EYES.

To make my lady's obsequies
My love a minster wrought ;
And, in the chantry, service there
Was sung by doleful thought.
The tapers were of burning sighs,
That light and odor gave ;
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,
Enlumined her grave ;
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved : " Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb,
Of gold and sapphires blue :
The gold doth show her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true ;
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelyly portrayed,
When gracious God with both his hands
Her goodly substance made.
He framed her in such wondrous wise,
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more ! my heart doth faint
When I the life recall

Of her who lived so free from taint,
 So virtuous deemed by all,
 That in herself was so complete,
 I think that she was ta'en
 By God to deck his paradise,
 And with his saints to reign ;
 Whom, while on earth, each one did prize
 The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But naught our tears avail, or cries :
 All soon or late in death shall sleep ;
 Nor living wight long time may keep
 The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS,
Translation of HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

SWEET babe ! true portrait of thy father's face
 Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed !
 Sleep, little one ; and closely, gently place
 Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast !

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
 Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me !
 I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend ;—
 'Tis sweet to watch for thee,—alone for thee !

His arms fall down ; sleep sits upon his brow ;
 His eye is closed ; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm ;
 Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
 Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm ?

Awake, my boy!—I tremble with affright!—

Awake, and chase this fatal thought!—Unclose
Thine eye, but for one moment, on the light!

Even at the price of thine, give me repose!

Sweet error!—he but slept,—I breathe again;—

Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile!

O, when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,

Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

CLOTILDE DE SURVILLE (French).

Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

REGRETS.

WHERE are my days of youth,—those fairy days,

Breathing of life, and strangers yet to pain,—

When inspiration kindled to a blaze

The rapture of the heart and brain?

Then nature was my kingdom; and I stood

Rich in the wealth of all beneath the pole;

An antique rock, a torrent, or a wood,

Awaked the transport of my soul.

When the young Spring her rosy arms outspread,

And ice-flakes melted from the green-tipped spray,

How rich the change! what magic hues were shed

On tribes of flowers that laughed in day!

Thou, too, black Winter, hadst a charm for me;

Thou held'st high festival: thy storms arose,

Delightsome in their horrid revelry

Of hail-blasts, hurricanes, and snows.

How have I loved to see the radiance run
 O'er the calm ocean from an azure sky ;
 Or on the liquid world the evening sun
 Gaze down with burning eye !

Yet dearer were thy shores, when, blackening round,
 Thy waves, O Sea, rolled, gathering from afar ;
 And all the waste in pompous horror frowned,
 As storm-lashed surges strove in war.

Jura ! thou throne of tempests ! many a time
 My love has sought thee in the musing hour ;
 Oft was I wont thy topmost ridge to climb,
 Thy fir-tree depths my shadowing bower.

How, when I saw thy lofty scenes unfold,
 My soul sprang forth, transported at the sight !
 Enthusiasm there shook its wings of gold,
 And bore me up from height to height.

My bounding step o'rvaulted summits high,
 Where resting clouds had checked their soaring pride ;
 And my foot seemed in hovering speed to vie
 With eagles swooping at my side.

O, then with what enamored touch I drew
 Thy pencilled outlines desolate and grand !
 Vast ice rifts ! ancient crags ! your wonders grew
 Beneath my recreating hand.

All was enchantment then ; but they depart,
 Those days so beautiful, when the bright flame
 From unveiled genius shot within my heart
 The noble pang of fame.

CHARLES DE CHENEDOLLE (French).
 Translation in LONDON MAGAZINE.

RECOLLECTION.

I FEARED to suffer, though I hoped to weep
In seeing thee again, thou hallowed ground,
Where ever dear remembrance for her sleep
A tomb has found.

Friends, in this solitude what did you dread,
Why did ye seek my footsteps to restrain,
When sweet and ancient custom hither led
My feet again ?

Here are these haunts beloved, the flow'ry waste,
The silvery footprints on the silent sand,
The paths, where lost in love-talk sweet we paced,
Hand locked in hand.

Here are the pine-trees with their sombre green,
The deep ravine, with rocky, winding ways,
Lulled by whose ancient murmurs I have seen
Such happy days.

Here are the thickets, where my joyous youth
Sings like a choir of birds in every tree ;
Sweet wilds, that saw my mistress pass, in sooth
Looked ye for me ?

Nay, let them flow, for they are precious tears,
The tears that from a heart unhardened rise,
Nor brush away this mist of bygone years
From off mine eyes !

I shall not wake with vain and bitter cry
The echo of these woods, where I was blest ;
Proud is the forest in its beauty high,
Proud is my breast.

Let him devote himself to endless woes
 Who kneels alone beside a loved one's tomb ;
 But here all breathes of life, the churchyard rose
 Here does not bloom.

And lo ! the moon is rising through the shades ;
 Her glance still trembles, "beauteous queen of night";
 But all the dark horizon she pervades
 With growing light.

As all the perfumes of the buried day
 Rise from this soil, still humid with the rain,
 So from my softened breast, beneath her ray,
 Rises my love again.

Whither have fled the griefs that made me old ?
 Vanished is all that vexed my life before,
 I grow, as I this friendly vale behold,
 A child once more.

O fatal power of time ! O fleeting hours !
 Our tears, our cries, our vain regrets ye hush,
 But pity moves you, and our faded flowers
 Ye do not crush.

ALFRED DE MUSSET (French).

Translation of S. B. WISTER.

THE WISE MAN SEES HIS WINTER CLOSE.

THE wise man sees his winter close
 Like evening on a summer day ;
 Each age, he knows, its roses bears,
 Its mournful moments and its gay.

Thus would I dwell with pleasing thought
Upon my spring of youthful pride ;
Yet, like the festive dancer, glad
To rest in peace at eventide.

The gazing crowds proclaimed me *fair*,
Ere, autumn-touched, my green leaves fell :
And now they smile, and call me *good* ;
Perhaps I like that name as well.

On beauty bliss depends not ; then
Why should I quarrel with old Time ?
He marches on :—how vain his power
With one whose heart is in its prime !

Though now, perhaps, a *little* old,
Yet still I love with youth to bide ;
Nor grieve I, if the gay coquettes
Seduce the gallants from my side.

And I can joy to see the nymphs
For favorite swains their chaplets twine,
In gardens trim and bowers so green,
With flowerets sweet and eglantine.

I love to see a pair defy
The noon tide heat in yonder shade ;
To hear the village song of love
Sweet echoing through the woodland glade.

I joy, too,—though the idle crew
Mock somewhat at my lengthened tale,—
To see how lays of ancient loves
The listening circle round regale.

They fancy time for *them* stands still,
 And pity *me* my hairs of gray ;
 And smile to hear how once their sires
 To me could kneeling homage pay.

And I, too, smile, to gaze upon
 These butterflies in youth elate,
 So heedless, sporting round the flame
 Where thousand such have met their fate.

BARRE DE VERRUE (French).

Translation of E. TAYLOR.

THE YOUNG MATRON AMONG THE RUINS OF ROME.

THROUGH Rome's green plains with silent tread
 I wandered, and on every side,
 O'er all the glorious soil, I read
 The nothingness of human pride.

Where reared the Capitol its brow,
 Entranced I gazed on desert glades,
 And saw the tangled herbage grow,
 And brambles crawl o'er crushed arcades.

Beneath a portal, half-disclosed,
 By its own ruins earthward pressed,
 A young Italian wife repos'd,
 Mild, blooming, with her babe at breast.

O'er that drear scene she breathed a grace,
 And near her I inquiring drew,
 And asked her of that lonely place,
 The old traditions that she knew.

“Stranger!” she softly said, “I grieve
Thy question must unanswered be ;
These ruins,—I should but deceive,
Did I rehearse their history.

“Some defter tongue, some wiser head,
May know, and can instruct thee right ;
I thought not whither I was led,
And scarce the pile had caught my sight.”

Thus, wrapped in tenderness alone,
Joy’s innocence becalmed her brow ;
She loved !—no other knowledge known,
She lived not in the past, but now.

CHARLES DE CHANEDOLLE (French).
Translation in LONDON MAGAZINE.

—
SONG.

Dear the felicity,
Gentle, and fair, and sweet,
Love and simplicity
When tender shepherds meet :
Better than store of gold,
Silver and gems untold,
Manners refined and cold,
Which to our lords belong.
We, when our toil is past,
Softest delight can taste,
While summer’s beauties last,
Dance, feast, and jocund song ;
And in our hearts a joy
No envy can destroy.

MARTIAL DE PARIS (French).
Translation of LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

RONDÉL.

I LIVE in hopes of better days,
 And leave the present hour to chance,
 Although so long my wish delays,
 And still recedes as I advance :
 Although hard fortune, too severe,
 My life in mourning weeds arrays,
 Nor in gay haunts may I appear,
 I live in hopes of better days.

Though constant care my portion prove,
 By long endurance patient grown,
 Still with the time my wishes move,
 Within my breast no murmur known :
 Whate'er my adverse lot displays,
 I live in hopes of better days.

CHRISTINE DE PISAN (*French*).

Translation of LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

MY OLD COAT.

STILL to my back, old trusty coat, be true !
 Dear to my heart, for both are growing old ;
 Ten years have flown since fresh in cut and hue,
 I brushed thee first, and still the brush I hold.
 What though thy threadbare texture suffers wrong
 From the rude insults of the time and weather,
 Be thou like me—we'll calmly go along—
 Mine ancient friend, we still will stick together.

Now busy Memory brings again the time
 When in thy glossy brightness first I wore thee ;

It was my birthday morn—in joyous rhyme
My merry comrades sung their praises o'er thee.
Their hearts are still as warm, their hands as true,
(Though thou art rusty now and out of feather,)
As on that festal morn, when thou wert new—
Mine ancient friend, oh ! let us stick together.

I smile whene'er thy patched-up skirt I view,
A sweet remembrance to my soul it brings,—
Romping with Lise, I sipped her lips of dew,
And feigned to fly ; she fondly to thee clings,
And thou art torn ; but Lise with ready wit
The rent repairs, while I, like lamb to tether,
Two days beside the ingenious seamstress sit—
Mine ancient friend, for that we'll stick together.

Thou ne'er hast known of costly musk or amber
Which fops exhale while peacock-like they strut ;
Ne'er wert thou seen in noble's antechamber :
For courtiers' jests thou hast not been a butt.
While France for ribands fought, a tyrant's dole—
A modest flower, the pride of summer weather,
Bloomed at thy unpretending button-hole—
Mine ancient friend, so let us stick together.

Still let us life's weak vanities disdain,
Those gaudy days which both of us enjoyed :
Days whose fair sunshine clouded was by rain,
Whose rapturous zest by sorrow was alloyed.
Soon will the time arrive when we must part,
When I must silent sleep beneath the heather ;
But while life's current flows within my heart,
Mine ancient friend, oh, we will stick together !

PIERRE JEAN DE BERANGER (French).

Translator UNKNOWN.

SERRANA.

I NE'ER on the border
 Saw girl fair as Rosa,
 The charming milk-maiden
 Of sweet Finojosa.

Once making a journey
 To Santa Maria
 Of Calataveño,
 From weary desire
 Of sleep, down a valley
 I strayed, where young Rosa
 I saw, the milk-maiden
 Of lone Finojosa.

In a pleasant green meadow,
 'Midst roses and grasses,
 Her herd she was tending,
 With other fair lasses ;
 So lovely her aspect,
 I could not suppose her
 A simple milk-maiden
 Of rude Finojosa.

I think not primroses
 Have half her smile's sweetness,
 Or mild, modest beauty ;—
 I speak with discreetness.
 Oh, had I beforehand
 But known of this Rosa,
 The handsome milk-maiden
 Of far Finojosa,—

Her very great beauty
Had not so subdued,
Because it had left me
To do as I would !
I have said more, O fair one,
By learning 't was Rosa,
The charming milk-maiden
Of sweet Finojosa.

MARQUIS DE SANTILLANA (Spanish).
Translation of T. ROSSOE.

ODE TO SLEEP.

SWEET Sleep, that through the starry path of night,
With dewy poppies crowned, pursu'st thy flight !
Stiller of human woes,
That shedd'st o'er Nature's breast a soft repose !
Oh, to these distant climates of the West
Thy slowly wandering pinions turn ;
And with thy influence blest
Bathe these love-burdened eyes, that ever burn
And find no moment's rest,
While my unceasing grief
Refuses all relief !
O, hear my prayer ! I ask it by thy love,
Whom Juno gave thee in the realms above.

Sweet power, that dost impart
Gentle oblivion to the suffering heart,
Beloved Sleep, thou only canst bestow
A solace for my woe !
Thrice happy be the hour
My weary limbs shall feel thy sovereign power !
Why to these eyes alone deny
The calm thou pour'st on Nature's boundless reign ?

Why let thy votary all neglected die,
 Nor yield a respite to a lover's pain ?
 And must I ask thy balmy aid in vain ?
 Hear, gentle power, Oh, hear my humble prayer,
 And let my soul thy heavenly banquet share !

In this extreme of grief, I own thy might ;
 Descend, and shed thy healing dew ;
 Descend, and put to flight
 The intruding Dawn, that with her garish light
 My sorrows would renew !
 Thou hear'st my sad lament, and in my face
 My many griefs may'st trace :
 Turn, then, sweet wanderer of the night, and spread
 Thy wings around my head !
 Haste, for the unwelcome Morn
 Is now on her return !
 Let the soft rest the hours of night denied
 Be by thy lenient hand supplied !

Fresh from my summer bowers,
 A crown of soothing flowers,
 Such as thou lov'st, the fairest and the best,
 I offer thee ; won by their odors sweet,
 The enamored air shall greet
 Thy advent : Oh, then, let thy hand
 Express their essence bland,
 And o'er my eyelids pour delicious rest !
 Enchanting power, soft as the breath of Spring
 Be the light gale that steers thy dewy wing !
 Come, ere the sun ascends the purple east,—
 Come, end my woes ! So, crowned with heavenly charms,
 May fair Pasithea take thee to her arms !

FERNANDO DE HERREIRA (Spanish).

Translation of T. Roscoe.

LET'S HOLD SWEET CONVERSE.

“LET’s hold sweet converse, ere we part,
Beloved fair!” “ ‘Tis sweet to be
With thee, the husband of my heart!”
“ I’ll in the garden wait for thee.”
“ When ?” “ At the sacred vesper-bell.”
“ That is the hour in which I dwell
Within the souls I love, and there
Fill the pure shrine with praise and prayer.”
“ But if, when dawns the vesper hour,
I should be absent——” “ Nay, my soul !
Lose not the holy, hallowing power
Of evening’s serene control !”
“ I’ll come ;—that hour shall not depart
Without thy smile who hold’st my heart !”
“ I’ll in the garden wait for thee.”
“ When ?” “ At the sacred vesper-bell.”
“ Yes, come ! Oh, come !—my breast shall be
A garden of fair flowers for thee,
Where thou the fairest flowers shalt cull.”
“ And wilt thou give a flower to me ?”
“ Yes ! flowers more bright, more beautiful,
Than ever in earth’s gardens grew,
If thou wilt trust and love me too.”
“ Yes ! I will trust and love thee well !”
“ I’ll in the garden wait for thee.”
“ When ?” “ At the sacred vesper-bell.”

ALONSO DE BONILLA (*Spanish*).

Translation of Sir JOHN BOWRING.

THE MIGHT OF ONE FAIR FACE.

THE might of one fair face sublimes my love,
 For it hath weaned my heart from low desires ;
 Nor death I need, nor purgatorial fires :
 Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,
 Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve ;
 For oh, how good, how beautiful, must be
 The God that made so good a thing as thee,
 So fair an image of the heavenly Dove !
 Forgive me if I cannot turn away
 From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven,
 For they are guiding stars, benignly given
 To tempt my footsteps to the upward way ;
 And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,
 I live and love in God's peculiar light.

MICHAEL ANGELO (*Italian*).
Translation of HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THE GENTLE SOUL.

YE gentle souls ! ye love-devoted fair !
 Who, passing by, to Pity's voice incline,
 O stay awhile and hear me ! then declare
 If there was ever grief that equals mine.

There was a woman to whose sacred breast
 Faith had retired, where Honor fixed his throne ;
 Pride, though upheld by Virtue, she represt :
 Ye gentle souls ! that woman was my own.

Beauty was more than beauty in her face ;
 Grace was in all she did, in all she said—
 In sorrow as in pleasure there was grace :
 Ye gentle souls ! that gentle soul is fled.

FRANCESCO REDI (*Italian*). *Translation of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.*

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

“**MAIDS** of these hills so fair and gay,
Say whence you come, and whither stray.”

“From yonder heights ; our lowly shed
Those clumps that rise so green disclose ;
There, by our simple parents bred,
We share their blessing and repose ;
Now, evening from the flowery close
Recalls, where late our flocks we fed.”

“Ah, tell me in what region grew
Such fruits, transcending all compare ?
Methinks, I Love’s own offspring view,
Such graces deck your shape and air ;
Nor gold nor diamonds glitter there ;
Mean your attire, but angels you.

“Yet well such beauties might repine
'Mid desert hills and vales to bloom ;
What scenes, where pride and splendor shine,
Would not your brighter charms become ?
But say,—with this your Alpine home,
Can ye, content, such bliss resign ?”

“Far happier we our fleecy care
Trip lightly after to the mead,
Than, pent in city walls, your fair
Foot the gay dance in silks arrayed :
Nor wish have we, save who should braid
With gayest wreaths her flowing hair.”

ANGELO POLIZIANO (*Italian*).

Translation of W. PARR GRISWELL.

CANZONE, WRITTEN IN PRISON.

THE love of song what can impart
To the lone captive's sinking heart?
Thou Sun ! thou fount divine
Of light ! the gift is thine !

Oh, how, beyond the gloom
That wraps my living tomb,
Through forest, garden, mead, and grove,
All nature drinks the ray
Of glorious day,—
Inebriate with love !

The jocund torrents flow
To distant worlds that owe
Their life to thee !
And if a slender ray
Chance through my bars to stray,
And pierce to me,
My cell, no more a tomb,
Smiles in its caverned gloom,—
As nature to the free !

If scarce thy bounty yields
To these ungenial fields
The gift divine,
Oh, shed thy blessings here,
Now while in dungeon drear
Italians pine !

Thy splendors faintly known,
Slavonia may not own

For thee the love
Our hearts must move,
Who from our cradle learn
To adore thee, and to yearn
With passionate desire
(Our nature's fondest prayer,
Needful as vital air)
To see thee, or expire.

Beneath my native, distant sky,
The captive's sire and mother sigh ;
Oh, never there may darkling cloud
With veil of circling horror shroud
The rising day ;
But thy warm beams, still glowing bright,
Enchant their hearts with joyous light,
And charm their grief away !

SILVIO PELLICO (*Italian*).

Translation in KNICKERBOCKER.

THE FAIR PRISONER TO THE SWALLOW.

PILGRIM swallow ! pilgrim swallow !
Thou that sitt'st by yonder stair,
Singing, as the mornings follow,
Quaint and pensive ditties there,—
What would'st tell me in thy lay ?
Prithee, pilgrim swallow, say !

All forgotten, com'st thou hither
Of thy tender spouse forlorn,
That we two may grieve together,
Little widow, sorrow worn ?
Grieve then, weep then, in thy lay !
Pilgrim swallow, grieve alway !

Yet a lighter woe thou weepest :
Thou at least art free of wing,
And, while land and lake thou sweepest,
Mayst make Heaven with sorrow ring,
Calling his dear name alway,
Pilgrim swallow, in thy lay.

Could I too ! that am forbidden
By this low and narrow cell,
Whence the sun's fair light is hidden,
Whence thou scarce canst hear me tell
Sorrows that I breathe alway,
While thou pip'st thy plaintive lay.

Ah ! September quickly coming,
Thou shalt take farewell of me,
And, to other summers roaming,
Other hills and waters see,—
Greeting them with songs more gay,
Pilgrim swallow, far away.

Still, with every hopeless morrow,
While I ope mine eyes in tears,
Sweetly through my brooding sorrow
Thy dear song shall reach mine ears,—
Pitying me, though far away,
Pilgrim swallow, in thy lay.

Thou, when thou and Spring together
Here return, a cross shalt see,—
In the pleasant evening weather
Wheel and pipe, here, over me !
Peace and peace ! the coming May,
Sing me in thy roundelay !”

TOMMASO GHOSI (*Italian*). Translation of W. D. HOWELLS.

MADRIGAL.

DEAR is the blush of early light
To him who ploughs the pathless deep,
When winds have rav'd throughout the night,
And roaring tempests banish'd sleep—
Dear is the dawn, which springs at last,
And shows him all his peril past.

Dearer to me the break of day,
Which thus thy bended eye illumes ;
And, chasing fear and doubt away,
Scatters the night of mental glooms,
And bids my spirit hope at last
A rich reward for peril past !

LUIIS DE CAMOENS (*Portuguese*).
Translation of LORD STRANGFORD.

WHEN DAY HAS SMILED A SOFT FAREWELL.

WHEN day has smiled a soft farewell,
And night-drops bathe each shutting bell,
And shadows sail along the green,
And birds are still and winds serene,
I wander silently.

And while my lone step prints the dew,
Dear are the dreams that bless my view,
To memory's eye the maid appears
For whom have sprung my sweetest tears,
So oft, so tenderly.

I see her, as with graceful care
 She binds her braids of sunny hair ;
 I feel her harp's melodious thrill
 Strike to my heart—and thence be still
 Re-echo'd faithfully ;

I meet her mild and quiet eye,
 Drink the warm spirit of her sigh,
 See young Love beating in her breast
 And wish to mine its pulses prest,
 God knows how fervently !

Such are my hours of dear delight,
 And morn but makes me long for night,
 And think how swift the minutes flew,
 When last amongst the dropping dew,

I wandered silently.

LUISE DE CAMORES (Portuguese).

Translation of LORD STRANGFORD.

ODE TO SLEEP.

SWEET sleep ! sure man might learn to die from thee
 Who dost unravel all death's mystery ;
 Come, spread thy balmy influence o'er my soul,
 And let it soar, beyond the world's control,
 Up to the realms where morning has its birth,
 Down to the abyss whence darkness wraps the earth.
 Where time has piled its everlasting snows,
 Where, parched by sunbeams, not a fountain flows :
 O let it count each bright and wandering star,
 Or trace its mazy pilgrimage afar ;
 Sit in the centre, while each circling sphere
 Pours its aerial music on the ear ;

Drink of the o'erflowing cup of joy and peace,
While the tired body sleeps in weariness ;
No dreams to hang upon its mortal breath :—
And so—undying—let it taste of death.

JOHN KOCHANOWSKI (*Polish*).

Translation of Sir JOHN BOWRING.

A SLAVONIAN MAID.

MOULD thee of brightest dreams an airy creature,
The loveliest soul in loveliest body dress ;
Bid beauty overflow from every feature,
But mind uplift them from earth's narrowness ;
Let the eye flash with light from heaven, and love
Mingle the tenderness of earthly care ;
And the tall forehead tower erect, above
Those smiling lips that breathe such odors fair ;
Bind living garlands round the snowy brow,
With flowers from every stem and every sphere—
Flowers gay and various as the Iris-bow,
And let that form pour music on the ear,
And, sweet Slavonian song, thou hast array'd
In shadowy dreams a true Slavonian maid.

JOHN KOLLAR (*Bohemian*).

Translation of Sir JOHN BOWRING.

M O R A L
AND
D I D A C T I C P O E M S.

A FRAGMENT.

THE man who boasts of golden stores,
Of grain that loads his groaning floors,
Of fields with freshening herbage green,
Where bounding steeds and herds are seen,
I call not happier than the swain,
Whose limbs are sound, whose food is plain,
Whose joys a blooming wife endears,
Whose hours a smiling offspring cheers.

SOLON (Greek).

Translation of LANGHORNE.

EQUANIMITY.

SPIRIT, thou Spirit, like a troubled sea,
Ruffled with deep and hard calamity,
Sustain the shock : a daring heart oppose :
Stand firm, amidst the charging spears of foes :
If conquering, vaunt not in vain-glorious show ;
If conquer'd, stoop not, prostrated in woe :
Moderate, in joy, rejoice ; in sorrow, mourn :
Muse on man's lot : be thine discreetly borne.

ARCHILOCHUS (Greek).

Translation of SIR C. A. ELTON.

JUSTICE.

SHORT are the triumphs to injustice given,—
Jove sees the end of all ; like vapors driven
By early Spring's impetuous blast, that sweeps
Along the billowy surface of the deeps,
Or, passing o'er the fields of tender green,
Lays in sad ruin all the lovely scene,
Till it reveals the clear celestial blue,
And gives the palace of the gods to view ;
Then bursts the sun's full radiance from the skies,
Where not a cloud can form or vapor rise ;
..... Such is Jove's vengeance : not like human ire,
Blown in an instant to a scorching fire,
But slow and certain ; though it long may lie,
Wrapt in the vast concealment of the sky ;
Yet never does the dread Avenger sleep,
And though the sire escape the son shall weep.

SOLON (*Greek*).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

VIRTUE.

VIRTUE in legend old is said to dwell
On high rocks, inaccessible ;
But swift descends from high,
And haunts of virtuous men the chaste society.
No man shall ever rise,
Conspicuous in his fellow-mortal's eyes,
To manly virtue's pinnacle ;
Unless within his soul he bear
The drops of painful sweat, that slowly well
From spirit-wasting thought, and toil, and care.

SIMONIDES (*Greek*).

Translation of SIR C. A. ELTON.

INNATE WORTH.**FROM THE THIRD NEMEAN.**

GREAT is the power of inbred nobleness :
 But he, that all he hath to schooling owes,
 A shallow wight obscure,
 Plants not his step secure ;
 Feeding vain thoughts on phantoms numberless,
 Of genuine excellence mere outward shows.

In Phillyra's house, a flaxen boy,
 Achilles oft in rapturous joy
 His feats of strength essay'd.
 Aloof, like wind, his little javelin flew ;
 The lion and the brindled boar he slew,
 Then homeward to old Chiron drew
 Their panting carcasses.
 This, when six years had fled.
 And all the after time
 Of his rejoicing prime,
 It was to Dian and the blue-eyed maid
 A wonder how he brought to ground
 The stag without or toils or hound :
 So fleet of foot was he.

PINDAR (Greek).*Translation of HENRY FRANCIS CARY.****ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.***

THIS life a theatre we well may call,
 Where every actor must perform with art,
 Or laugh it through, and make a farce of all,
 Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part.

PALLADAS (Greek).*Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.*

*A PRAYER FOR A GUILELESS AND
BENEVOLENT DISPOSITION.*

FROM THE EIGHTH NEMEAN.

Hateful of old the glozing plea,
With bland imposture at his side,
Still meditating guile ;
Fill'd with reproaches vile ;
Who pulls the splendid down,
And bids th' obscure in fest'ring glory shine.

Such temper far remove, O Father Jove, from me.
The simple paths of life be mine
That, when this being I resign,
I to my children may bequeath
A name they shall not blush to hear.
Others for gold the vow may breathe,
Or lands that see no limit near ;
But fain would I live out my days,
Beloved by those with whom they're past,
In mine own city, till at last
In earth my limbs are clad ;
Still praising what is worthy praise,
But scatt'ring censure on the bad.
For virtue, by the wise and just
Exalted, grows up like a tree,
That springeth from the dust,
And, by the green dews fed,
Doth raise aloft her head,
And in the blithe air waves her branches free.

PINDAR (*Greci*).

Translation of HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

CONTRADICTION.

In contradiction, wrong or right,
Do many place their sole delight.
If right, 'tis well—if wrong, why so!—
But contradict, whate'er you do.
Such reasoners deserve, I hold,
No argument save that of old,—
“ *You* say 'tis black—I say 'tis white—
And so, good sir, you're answered quite.”
Far different is the aspect seen
Of modest Wisdom's quiet mien—
Patient and soon to be persuaded,
When argument by truth is aided.

EURIPUS (Greek).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

ON DEATH.

CEASE, mourner, cease complaint, and weep no more!
Your lost friends are not dead, but gone before;
Advanced a stage or two upon that road
Which you must travel in the steps they trod.
In the same inn we all shall meet at last,
There take new life and laugh at sorrows past.

ANTIPHANES (Greek).

Translation of RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

THE TEST OF WISDOM.

EXTREMES of fortune are true wisdom's test,
And he's of men most wise, who bears them best.

PHILEMON (Greek).

Translation of RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

ON DEATH.

YES—'tis the greatest evil man can know,
The keenest sorrow in this world of woe,
The heaviest impost laid on human breath,
Which all must pay, or yield the forfeit—death.
For Death all wretches pray ; but when the prayer
Is heard, and he steps forth to ease their care,
Gods ! how they tremble at his aspect rude,
And, loathing turn ! Such man's ingratitude !
And none so fondly cling to life as he
Who hath outlived all life's felicity.

ANTIPHANES (Greek).

Translation of RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

DEATH THE UNIVERSAL LOT.

STRAIGHT is our passage to the grave,
Whether from Meroe's burning wave,
Or Attic groves we roam.
Grieve not in distant lands to die !
Our vessels seek, from every sky,
Death's universal home.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN (Greek).

Translation of FRANCIS HODGSON.

THE USE OF RICHES.

ABUNDANCE is a blessing to the wise ;
The use of riches in discretion lies.
Learn this, ye men of wealth—A heavy purse
In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.

MENANDER (Greek).

Translation of RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

PATIENCE UNDER SUFFERING.

O PERICLES ! in vain the feast is spread :
 To mirth and joy the afflicted soul is dead.
 The billows of the deep resounding sea
 Burst o'er our heads, and drown our revelry ;
 Grief swells our veins with pangs unfelt before ;
 But Jove's high clemency reserves in store
 All-suffering patience for his people's cure :
 The best of healing balms is—To endure.

ARCHILOCUS (Greek).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

TO POSTUMUS.

To-MORROW you will live, you always cry :—
 In what far country does this morrow lie,
 That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive ?
 Beyond the Indies does this morrow live ?
 'Tis so far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
 'Twill be both very old, and very dear.
 To-morrow I will live, the fool does say :
 To-day itself's too late :—the wise liv'd yesterday.

MARTIAL (Latin).

Translation of ABRAHAM COWLEY.

ON A HAPPY OLD MAN.

THINK not, whoe'er thou art, my fate severe ;
 Nor o'er my marble stop to shed a tear !
 One tender partner shared my happy state,
 And all that life imposes, but its weight.
 Three lovely girls in nuptial ties I bound,
 And children's children smiled my board around.

And often, pillow'd on their grandsire's breast,
Their darling offspring sank to sweetest rest.
Disease and death were strangers to my door,
Nor from my arms one blooming infant tore.
All, all survived, my dying eyes to close,
And hymn my spirit to a blest repose.

CARPHYLIDES (*Greek*).

Translation of ROBERT BLAND.

TO AVITUS.

ME, who have liv'd so long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a retreat ;
And a retreat so distant as may show
No thoughts of a return, when once I go.
Give me a country, how remote soe'er,
Where happiness a moderate rate does bear,
Where poverty itself in plenty flows,
And all the solid use of riches knows.

MARTIAL (*Latin*).

Translation of ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THE OAK AND THE REED.

FROM mountain summits by the roots upturn
Down rushed an oak, on madding whirlwind borne ;
A stream that wound beneath its swelling course
Received, and hurrying snatched with eddying force.
Impelled from bank to bank, the ponderous freight
Now on a bed of reeds reposed its weight,
And, clinging to a turf that edged the flood,
Admired how firm the watery bulrush stood :
That his vast trunk should topple from its height,
And the slim stem resist the tempest's might.

The reed with slender whisperings bland replies,
 “In this my weakness, know my safety lies.
 Thou scorn’st the storm, and buffetest the blast,
 And thy whole strength to earth is prostrate cast ;
 I, soft and slow, the rising gusts delay,
 And, provident, give every gale its way.
 The blast that smites thy gnarled strength but plies
 With my light motions, dallies, sports and dies.”
 Brunt not events, these whisper’d warnings say,
 Stern Fortune’s threats shall soften from delay.

AVIETUM (Latin).

Translation of Sir C. A. Elton.

TO JULIUS MARTIALIS.

WHAT constitutes true bliss below,
 A few plain rules, my friend, shall show :—
 A competence, not earn’d with toil,
 But left ; a not ungrateful soil ;
 No strife ; no law ; a mind sedate ;
 A constant fire within one’s grate ;
 Strength unimpair’d ; a healthful frame ;
 Friends equal both in years and fame ;
 A plentiful, though simple board,
 With wholesomes, but not dainties, stor’d
 Eves of sobriety, yet gladness ;
 And nights, though chaste, unmix’d with sadness,
 With sleep to shorten night’s dark sway ;
 Then, grateful for each coming day,
 Enjoy the present as the past,
 Nor wish, nor tremble at, the last.

MARTIAL (Latin).

Translator UNKNOWN.

THE OLD MAN OF VERONA.

HAPPY the man who his whole time doth bound
Within th' enclosure of his little ground :
Happy the man whom the same humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension, to that earth
Which both preserv'd his life and gave him birth.
Him no false distant lights, by Fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wand'rings get ;
He never dangers either saw or fear'd ;
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard :
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyer's bar :
No change of Consuls marks to him the year ;
The change of seasons is his calendar :
The cold and heat winter and summer shows,
Autumn by fruits, and Spring by flow'rs, he knows :
He measures time by landmarks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground :
A neighb'ring wood, born with himself, he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees ;
He's only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame ;
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red Sea, and of Benacus' lake.
Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,
And sees a long posterity of boys.
About the spacious world let others roam,
The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

Claudian (*Latin*).

Translation of ABRAHAM COWLEY.

TO MÆCENAS.

WELL the tower of brass, the massive doors, the watch-dogs' dismal bay
Had from midnight wooers guarded Danaë where immured she lay :
There she might have pined a virgin, prisoned by the timorous craft
Of her fated sire Acrisius, had not Jove and Venus laugh'd
At his terrors ; for no sooner changed the god to gold,
than he
Instantly unto the maiden access found secure and free.

Through close lines on lines of sentries gold to cleave its way delights,
Stronger than the crashing lightning through opposing rocks it smites ;
Twas through vile desire of lucre, as the storied legends tell,
That the house of Argos' augur whelm'd in death and ruin fell ;
Twas by bribes the Macedonian cities' gates could open fling,
Twas by bribes that he subverted many a dreaded rival king ;
Nay, there lies such fascination in the gleam of gold to some,
That our bluffest navy captains to its witchery succumb.

But as wealth into our coffers flows in still increasing store,
So, too, still our care increases, and the hunger still for more,
Therefore, O Mæcenas, glory of the knights, with righteous dread
Have I ever shrunk from lifting too conspicuously my head.

Yes, the more a man, believe me, shall unto himself deny,
So to him shall the Immortals bounteously the more
supply.

From the ranks of wealth deserting, I, of all their trap-
pings bare,

To the camp of those who covet naught that pelf can bring
repair,

More illustrious as the master of my poor despiséd hoard
Than if I should be reputed in my garners to have stored
All the fruits of all the labors of the stout Apulian boor,
Lord belike of wealth unbounded, yet as veriest beggar
poor.

In my crystal stream, my woodland, though its acres are
but few,

And the trust that I shall gather home my crops in season
due,

Lies a joy which he may never grasp, who rules in gor-
geous state

Fertile Africa's dominions. Happier, happier far, my fate !
Though for me no bees Calabrian store their honey, nor
doth wine

Sickening in the Læstrygonian amphora for me refine ;
Though for me no flocks unnumbered, browsing Gallia's
pastures fair,

Pant beneath their swelling fleeces, I at least am free from
care ;

Haggard want with direful clamor ravins never at my
door,

Nor wouldst thou, if more I wanted, O my friend, deny
me more.

Appetites subdued will make me richer with my scanty
gains,

Than the realms of Alyattes wedded to Mygdonia's plains.

Much will evermore be wanting unto those who much demand ;
 Blest, whom Jove with what sufficeth dowers, but dowers with sparing hand.

HORACE (*Latin*), ODE XVL, BOOK III.
 Translation of THEO. MARTIN.

TO LICINIUS.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,
 So shalt thou live beyond the reach
 Of adverse Fortune's power ;
 Not always tempt the distant deep,
 Nor always timorously creep
 Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
 And lives contentedly between
 The little and the great,
 Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
 Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
 Imbittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
 Of wintry blasts ; the loftiest tower
 Comes heaviest to the ground :
 The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
 His cloud-capt eminence divide,
 And spread the ruin round.

The well-informed philosopher
 Rejoices, with a wholesome fear,
 And hopes in spite of pain ;

If Winter bellow from the North,
Soon the sweet Spring comes dancing forth,
And Nature laughs again.

What if thine Heaven be overcast ?
The dark appearance will not last ;
Expect a brighter sky !
The god that strings the silver bow
Awakes sometimes the Muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen ;
But, oh ! if Fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvas in.

HORACE (*Latin*), ODE X., BOOK II.
Translation of WILLIAM COWPER.

ON LIFE.

LIKE sheep, we're doom'd to travel o'er
The fated track to all assign'd,
These follow those that went before,
And leave the world to those behind.

As the flock seeks the pasturing shade,
Man presses to the future day,
While Death, amidst the tufted glade,
Like the dun robber,* waits his prey.

SHEMS ALMAALI CABUS (*Arabian*), the dethroned Sultan of Georgia.
Translation of J. D. CARLYLE.

* Wolf.

ON FATALISM.

Not always wealth, not always force
 A splendid destiny commands ;
 The lordly vulture gnaws the corse
 That rots upon yon barren sands.

Nor want, nor weakness still conspire
 To bind us to a sordid state ;
 The fly that with a touch expires,
 Sips honey from the royal plate.

SHAFAY MOHAMMED BEN IDRIS (*Arabian*).

Translation of J. D. CARLYLE.

ON AVARICE.

How frail are riches and their joys !
 Morn builds the heap which eve destroys ;
 Yet can they leave one sure delight—
 The thought that we've employed them right.

What bliss can wealth afford to me
 When life's last solemn hour I see,
 When Mavia's sympathizing sighs
 Will but augment my agonies ?

Can hoarded gold dispel the gloom
 That death must shed around the tomb ?
 Or cheer the ghost which hovers there,
 And fills with shrieks the desert air ?

What boots it, Mavia, in the grave
 Whether I lov'd to waste or save ?
 The hand that millions now can grasp,
 In death no more than mine shall clasp.

Were I ambitious to behold
Increasing stores of treasured gold,
Each tribe that roves the desert knows
I might be wealthy if I chose ;

But other joys can gold impart,
Far other wishes warm my heart—
Ne'er shall I strive to swell the heap,
Till want and woe have ceased to weep.

With brow unaltered I can see
The hour of wealth or poverty :
I've drunk from both the cups of fate,
Nor this could sink, nor that elate.

With fortune blest, I ne'er was found
To look with scorn on those around ;
Nor, for the loss of paltry ore,
Shall Hatem seem to Hatem poor.

HATEM TAI (*Arabian*).

Translation of J. D. CARLYLE.

THE PHOENIX.

By fire the artist moulds the ductile steel
Into the beauteous forms his thought defines ;
And fire expels th' alloys, which else conceal
The gold's pure lustre, and its mass refines ;
Nor can the Phœnix, matchless bird, resume
Its plumes except it burn. Be it my doom
Thus into death to burn ; since Heaven assigns
Triumph o'er death to such in realms of light.

O Death, how sweet ! O Conflagration bright !
 If thus resolved to ashes upwards springs
 The soul, no more a mortal home to claim ;
 Or rather, if transmuted into flame,
 Which has by Nature's law a heavenward aim,
 I'm wafted thither on immortal wings.

MICHAEL ANGELO (*Italian*).

Translation of JOHN S. HARFORD.

TO VASARI.

TIME my frail bark o'er a rough ocean guides
 Swift to that Port where all must touch that live,
 And of their actions, good or evil, give
 A strict account, where Truth supreme presides.
 As to fond Fancy, in which Art confides,
 And even her Idol and her Monarch makes,
 Full well I know how largely it partakes
 Of error ; but frail man in error prides ;
 My thoughts, once prompt round hurtful things to twine,
 What are they now, when two dread Deaths are near !
 The one impends, the other shakes his spear.
 Painting's and Sculpture's aid in vain I crave ;
 My one sole refuge is that Love divine
 Which from the cross stretch'd forth its arms to save.

MICHAEL ANGELO (*Italian*).

Translation of JOHN S. HARFORD.

SONNET XLVI.

FALSE Love ! with thee, for many a livelong year,
 I've fed my soul ; in part my body too ;
 For thy seductive arts th' unwary woo
 To flowery paths, with pitfalls lurking near ;

Now wearied, on winged thoughts I upwards steer,
Where purer, nobler objects charm the view :
Pardon I ask of God, with sorrow true,
For faults which traced on endless sheets appear.
Far other Love points to Eternal Day ;
Imperishable Beauty leads me there ;
To its bright shafts my bosom I unbare ;
One urges on, the other smooths my way ;
Hope smiles celestial ; in those smiles I'll trust,
Till 'neath some marble sleep, at length, my dust.

MICHAEL ANGELO (*Italian*).

Translation of JOHN S. HARFORD.

PROVIDENCE.

JUST as a mother, with sweet, pious face,
Yearns towards her little children from her seat,
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
Takes this upon her knees, that on her feet ;
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretenses,
She learns their feelings and their various will,
To this a look, to that a word, dispenses,
And, whether stern or smiling, loves them still ;—
So Providence, for us, high, infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task,
Hearks to all our prayers, helps all our wants,
And even if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies because 't would have us ask,
Or seems but to deny, or in denying grants.

VINCENZO DA FILICAJA (*Italian*).

Translation of LEIGH HUNT.

THE CALCULATION OF LIFE.

THOU art aged ; but recount,
 Since thy early life began,
 What may be the just amount
 Thou shouldst number of thy span :
 How much to thy debts belong,
 How much when vain fancy caught thee,
 How much to the giddy throng,
 How much to the poor who sought thee,
 How much to thy lawyer's wiles,
 How much to thy menial crew,
 How much to thy lady's smiles,
 How much to thy sick-bed due,
 How much for thy hours of leisure,
 For thy hurrying to and fro,
 How much for each idle pleasure,—
 If the list thy memory know.
 Every wasted, misspent day,
 Which regret can ne'er recall,—
 If all these thou tak'st away,
 Thou wilt find thy age but small :
 That thy years were falsely told,
 And, even now, thou art not old.

Jean Antoine de Baïf (French).

Translation of Louisa Stuart Costello.

***VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.***

THROUGH night to light !—And though to mortal eyes
 Creation's face a pall of horror wear,
 Good cheer ! good cheer ! The gloom of midnight flies ;
 Then shall a sunrise follow, mild and fair.

Through storm to calm!—And though his thunder-car
The rumbling Tempest drive through earth and sky,
Good cheer! good cheer! The elemental war
Tells that a blessed healing hour is nigh.

Through frost to spring!—And though the biting blast
Of Eurus stiffen nature's juicy veins,
Good cheer! good cheer! When winter's wrath is past,
Soft-murmuring spring breathes sweetly o'er the plains.

Through strife to peace!—And though, with bristling front,
A thousand frightful deaths encompass thee,
Good cheer! good cheer! Brave thou the battle's brunt,
For the peace-march and song of victory.

Through sweat to sleep!—And though the sultry noon,
With heavy, drooping wing, oppress thee now,
Good cheer! good cheer! The cool of evening soon
Shall lull to sweet repose thy weary brow.

Through cross to crown!—And though thy spirit's life
Trials untold assail with giant strength,
Good cheer! geod cheer! Soon ends the bitter strife,
And thou shalt reign in peace with Christ at length.

Through woe to joy!—And though at morn thou weep,
And though the midnight find thee weeping still,
Good cheer! good cheer! The Shepherd loves his sheep;
Resign thee to the watchful Father's will.

Through death to life!—And through this vale of tears,
And through this thistle-field of life, ascend
To the great supper in that world whose years
Of bliss unfading, cloudless, know no end.

LUDWIG THEOBALD KOSBOARTEN (German).

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

THE AMEN OF THE STONES.

BLIND with old age, the Venerable Bede
Ceased not, for that, to preach and publish forth
The news from heaven,—the tidings of great joy.
From town to town,—through all the villages,—
With trusty guidance, roamed the aged saint,
And preached the word with all the fire of youth.

One day his boy had led him to a vale
That lay all thickly sowed with mighty rocks.
In mischief, more than malice, spake the boy :
“ Most reverend father ! there are many men
Assembled here, who wait to hear thy voice.”

The blind old man, so bowed, straightway rose up,
Chose him his text, expounded, then applied ;
Exhort ed, warned, rebuked, and comforted,
So fervently, that soon the gushing tears
Streamed thick and fast down to his hoary beard.
When, at the close, as seemeth always meet,
He prayed “ Our Father,” and pronounced aloud,
“ Thine is the kingdom and the power, thine
The glory now and through eternity,”—
At once there rang through all that echoing vale
A sound of many thousand voices crying,
“ Amen ! most reverend Sire, amen ! amen ! ”

Trembling with terror and remorse, the boy
Knelt down before the saint, and owned his sin.
“ Son,” said the old man, “ hast thou, then, ne’er read,
‘ When men are dumb, the stones shall cry aloud ?—
Henceforward mock not, son, the word of God !

Living it is, and mighty, cutting sharp,
Like a two-edged sword. And when the heart
Of flesh grows hard and stubborn as the stone,
A heart of flesh shall stir in stones themselves!"

LUDWIG THEOBALD KOSEGARTEN (*German*).

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

CHEERFULNESS.

SEE how the day beameth brightly before us !

Blue is the firmament, green is the earth ;
Grief hath no voice in the Universe chorus,

Nature is ringing with music and mirth.
Lift up the looks that are sinking in sadness ;

Gaze ! and if beauty can rapture thy soul,
Virtue herself shall allure thee to gladness,—
Gladness ! philosophy's guerdon and goal.

Enter the treasures Pleasure uncloses ;

List ! how she trills in the nightingale's lay !

Breathe ! she is wafting the sweets from the roses ;

Feel ! she is cool in the rivulet's play ;

Taste ! from the grape and the nectarine gushing,

Flows the red rill in the beams of the sun ;
Green in the hills, the flower-groves blushing,

Look ! she is always and everywhere one.

Banish, then, mourner, the tears that are trickling

Over the cheeks that should rosily bloom ;

Why should a man, like a girl or a sickling,

Suffer his lamp to be quenched in the tomb ?

Still may we battle for good and for beauty ;

Still have philanthropy much to essay :

Glory rewards the fulfilment of duty ;

Rest will pavilion the end of our way.

What though corroding and multiplied sorrows,
 Legion-like, darken this planet of ours ?
 Hope is a balsam the wounded heart borrows,
 Even when anguish hath palsied its powers ;
 Wherefore, though fate play the part of a traitor,
 Soar o'er the stars on the pinions of hope,—
 Fearlessly certain, that, sooner or later,
 Over the stars thy desires shall have scope.

Look round about on the face of creation !
 Still is God's earth undistorted and bright ;
 Comfort the captive's too long tribulation,
 Thus shalt thou reap thy perfect delight.
 Love !—but if love be a hollow emotion,
 Purity only its rapture should share ;
 Love, then, with willing and deathless devotion,
 All that is just, and exalted, and fair.

Act !—for in action are wisdom and glory ;
 Fame, immortality, these are its crown ;
 Wouldst thou illumine the tablets of story,
 Build on achievements thy doom of renown.
 Honor and feeling were given to cherish ;
 Cherish them, then, though all else should decay ;
 Landmarks be these that are never to perish,
 Stars that will shine on the dustiest day.

Courage ! disaster and peril once over,
 Freshen the spirits as flowers the grove ;
 O'er the dim graves that the cypresses cover,
 Soon the forget-me-not rises in love.
 Courage, then, friends ! though the universe crumble,
 Innocence, dreadless of danger beneath,
 Patient and trustful, and joyous and humble,
 Smiles through ruin on darkness and death !

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS (*German*). *Translator UNKNOWN.*

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

INTO the Silent Land !

Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, oh, thither,

Into the Silent Land ?

INTO the Silent Land !

To you, ye boundless regions

Of all perfection ! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls ! The Future's pledge and band !

Who in Life's battle firm doth stand

Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms

Into the Silent Land !

O Land ! O Land !

For all the broken-hearted

The mildest herald by our fate allotted

Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand

To lead us with a gentle hand

Into the land of the great departed,

Into the Silent Land !

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS (*German*).

Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

*TO A REFORMER.*

"Great sacrifice and much endeavor
Have I made for human good,
Scorn and hate have been my portion,
Pain and tears my daily food."

Shall I tell thee, friend Reformer,
 How I hold it with mankind ?
 Trust my words, they've ne'er deceived me,
 Strength they'll give unto thy mind.

Never canst thou think too highly
 Of man's great calling and his worth,
 For from the thoughts within thy bosom
 All thy outward deeds have birth.

Then when thou meet'st a fellow-brother
 Struggling for the means to live,
 Reach a helping hand unto him,
 Thou hast received, so freely give.

But for humanity's well being,
 For rain and dew and blessings more,
 The God who careth for the sparrows,
 Will care for them, as heretofore.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (*German*).
Translation of WILLIAM HUNT.

THE OLD WASHERWOMAN.

AMONG yon lines her hands have laden,
 A laundress with white hair appears,
 Alert as many a youthful maiden,
 Spite of her five and seventy years.
 Bravely she won those white hairs, still
 Eating the bread hard toil obtained her,
 And laboring truly to fulfil
 The duties to which God ordained her.

Once she was young and full of gladness,
 She loved and hoped, was wooed and won ;

Then came the matron's cares, the sadness
 No loving heart on earth may shun.
Three babes she bore her mate ; she prayed
 Beside his sick-bed ; he was taken ;
She saw him in the church-yard laid,
 Yet kept her faith and hope unshaken.

The task her little ones of feeding
 She met unfaltering from that hour ;
She taught them thrift and honest breeding,
 Her virtues were their worldly dower.
To seek employment, one by one,
 Forth with her blessing they departed,
And she was in the world alone ;
 Alone and old, but still high-hearted.

With frugal forethought, self-denying,
 She gathered coin, and flax she bought,
And many a night her spindle plying,
 Good store of fine-spun thread she wrought.
The thread was fashioned in the loom,
 She brought it home and calmly seated
To work, with not a thought of gloom,
 Her decent grave-clothes she completed.

She looks on them with fond elation,
 They are her wealth, her treasure rare,
Her age's pride and consolation,
 Hoarded with all a miser's care.
She dons the sack each Sabbath-day,
 To hear the Word that faileth never ;
Well-pleased she lays it then away,
 Till she shall sleep in it forever.

Would that my spirit witness bore me
 That, like this woman, I had done
 The work my Maker put before me,
 Duly from morn till set of sun.
 Would that life's cup had been by me
 Quaffed in such wise and happy measure,
 And that I too might finally
 Look on my shroud with such meek pleasure.

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSE (*Germany*).

Translation in FOREIGN QUARTERLY.



LIFE AND DEATH.

At morning I stood on the mountain's brow,
 In its May-wreath crowned, and there
 Saw day rise in gold and in purple glow,
 And I cried,—“O Life, how fair!”

As the birds in the bowers their lay began,
 When the dawning time was nigh,
 So wakened for song in the breast of man
 A passion heroic and high.

My spirit then felt the longing to soar
 From home afar in its flight,
 To roam, like the sun, still from shore to shore,
 A creator of flowers and light.

At even I stood on the mountain's brow,
 And, rapt in devotion and prayer,
 Saw night rise in silver and purple glow,
 And I cried,—“O Death, how fair!”

And when that the soft evening wind, so meek,
With its balmy breathing came,
It seemed as though Nature then kissed my cheek
And tenderly sighed my name !

I saw the vast Heaven encompassing all,
Like children the stars to her came ;
The exploits of man then seemed to me small,—
Naught great save the Infinite's name.

Ah ! how unheeded, all charms which invest
The joys and the hopes that men prize,
While the eternal thoughts in the poet's breast,
Like stars in the heavens arise !

ERIC SJÖBERG (*Swedish*).
Translation in FOREIGN REVIEW.

RETIREMENT.

Oh, happy, happy he, who flies
Far from the noisy world away,—
Who, with the worthy and the wise,
Hath chosen the narrow way,—
The silence of the secret road
That leads the soul to virtue and to God !

No passions in his breast arise ;
Calm in his own unaltered state,
He smiles superior, as he eyes
The splendor of the great ;
And his undazzled gaze is proof
Against the glittering hall and gilded roof.

He heeds not, though the trump of fame
Pour forth the loudest of its strains
To spread the glory of his name ;
And his high soul despairs
That flattery's voice should varnish o'er
The deed that truth or virtue would abhor.

Such lot be mine : what boots to me
The cumbrous pageantry of power ;
To court the gaze of crowds, and be
The idol of the hour ;
To chase an empty shape of air,
That leaves me weak with toil and worn with care ?

O streams, and shades, and hills on high,
Unto the stillness of your breast
My wounded spirit longs to fly,—
To fly, and be at rest !
Thus from the world's tempestuous sea,
O gentle Nature, do I turn to thee !

Be mine the holy calm of night,
Soft sleep and dreams serenely gay,
The freshness of the morning light,
The fulness of the day ;
Far from the sternly frowning eye
That pride and riches turn on poverty.

The warbling birds shall bid me wake
With their untutored melodies ;
No fearful dream my sleep shall break,
No wakeful cares arise,
Like the sad shapes that hover still
Round him that hangs upon another's will.

Be mine my hopes to Heaven to give,
To taste the bliss that Heaven bestows,
Alone and for myself to live,
And 'scape the many woes
That human hearts are doomed to bear,—
The pangs of love, and hate, and hope, and fear.

A garden by the mountain-side
Is mine, whose flowery blossoming
Shows, even in Spring's luxuriant pride,
What autumn's suns shall bring :
And from the mountain's lofty crown
A clear and sparkling rill comes trembling down ;

Then pausing in its downward force
The venerable trees among,
It gurgles on its winding course ;
And, as it glides along,
Gives freshness to the day, and pranks
With ever changing flowers its mossy banks.

The whisper of the balmy breeze
Scatters a thousand sweets around,
And sweeps in music through the trees,
With an enchanting sound,
That laps the soul in calm delight,
Where crowns and kingdoms are forgotten quite.

Theirs let the dear-bought treasure be,
Who in a treacherous bark confide ;
I stand aloof, and changeless see
The changes of the tide,
Nor fear the wail of those that weep,
When angry winds are warring with the deep :

Day turns to night ; the timbers rend ;
 More fierce the ruthless tempest blows
 Confused the varying cries ascend,
 As the sad merchant throws
 His hoards, to join the stores that lie
 In the deep sea's uncounted treasury
 Mine be the peaceful board of old,
 From want as from profusion free :
 His let the massy cup of gold,
 And glittering bawbles be,
 Who builds his baseless hope of gain
 Upon a brittle bark and stormy main.
 While others, thoughtless of the pain
 Of hope delayed and long suspense,
 Still struggle on to guard or gain
 A sad preëminence,
 May I, in woody covert laid,
 Be gayly chanting in the secret shade,—
 At ease within the shade reclined,
 With laurel and with ivy crowned,
 And my attentive ear inclined
 To catch the heavenly sound
 Of harp or lyre, when o'er the strings
 Some master-hand its practised finger flings.

LUIS PONCE DE LEON (Spanish).

Translation in EDINBURGH REVIEW.

NOCHE SERENA.

WHEN yonder glorious sky
 Lighted with million lamps I contemplate ;
 And turn my dazzled eye
 To this vain mortal state,
 All dim and visionary, mean and desolate ;

A mingled joy and grief
Fills all my soul with dark solicitude ;
I find a short relief
In tears, where torrents rude
Roll down my cheeks ; or thoughts which thus intrude :—

Thou so sublime abode :
Temple of light, and beauty's fairest shrine !
My soul, a spark of God,
Aspiring to thy seats divine,
Why, why is it condemned in this dull cell to pine ?

Why should I ask in vain
For truth's pure lamp, and wander here alone,
Seeking, through toil and pain,
Light from the Eternal One,—
Following a shadow still, that glimmers and is gone ?

Dreams and delusions play
With man,—he thinks not of his mortal fate :
Death treads his silent way ;
The earth turns round ; and then, too late,
Man finds no beam is left of all his fancied state.

Rise from your sleep, vain men !
Look round,—and ask if spirits born of Heaven,
And bound to Heaven again,
Were only lent or given
To be in this mean round of shades and follies driven.

Turn your unclouded eye
Up to yon bright, to yon eternal spheres ;
And spurn the vanity
Of time's delusive years,
And all its flattering hopes, and all its frowning fears.

What is the ground ye tread,
But a mere point, compared with that vast space,
 Around, above you spread,—
 Where, in the Almighty's face,
The present, future, past, hold an eternal place !

List to the concert pure
Of yon harmonious, countless worlds of light !
 See, in his orbit sure,
 Each takes his journey bright,
Led by an unseen hand through the vast maze of night !

See how the pale Moon rolls
Her silver wheel ; and, scattering beams afar
 On Earth's benighted souls,
 See Wisdom's holy star ;
Or, in his fiery course, the sanguine orb of War ;

 Or that benignant ray
Which Love hath called its own, and made so fair ;
 Or that serene display
 Of power supernal there,
Where Jupiter conducts his chariot through the air !

And, circling all the rest,
See Saturn, father of the golden hours :
 While round him, bright and blest,
 The whole empyreum showers
Its glorious streams of light on this low world of ours !

But who to these can turn,
And weigh them 'gainst a weeping world like this,—
 Nor feel his spirit burn
 To grasp so sweet a bliss,
And mourn that exile hard which here his portion is ?

For there, and there alone,
Are peace, and joy, and never-dying love,—
There, on a splendid throne,
'Midst all those fires above,
In glories and delights which never wane nor move.

O, wondrous blessedness,
Whose shadowy effluence hope o'er time can fling !
Day that shall never cease,—
No night there threatening,—
No winter there to chill joy's ever-during spring.

Ye fields of changeless green,
Covered with living streams and fadeless flowers !
Thou paradise serene !
Eternal, joyful hours
My disembodied soul shall welcome in thy bowers !

LUIS PONCE DE LEON (*Spanish*).

Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

STANZAS.

I saw the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumbered woes ;
And he was poor,—without a friend,—
Pressed by a thousand foes.

I saw the Passions' pliant slave
In gallant trim, and gay ;
His course was Pleasure's placid wave,—
His life, a summer's day.

And I was caught in Folly's snare,
And joined her giddy train,—
But found her soon the nurse of Care,
And Punishment, and Pain.

There surely is some guiding power
 Which rightly suffers wrong,—
 Gives Vice to bloom its little hour,—
 But Virtue, late and long.

LUIS DE CAMOENS (*Portuguese*).
 Translation of LORD STRANGFORD.

—

SONNET.

Now past for me are April's maddening hours,
 Whose freshness feeds the vanity of youth ;
 A spring so utterly devoid of truth,
 Whose fruit is error, and deceit whose flowers.
 Gone, too, for me, is summer's sultry time,
 When idly, reasonless, I sowed those seeds
 Yielding to manhood charms, now proving weeds,
 With gaudy colors, poisoning as they climb.
 And well I fancy that they both are flown,
 And that beyond their tyrant reach I'm placed ;
 But yet I know not, if I yet must taste
 Their vain attacks : my thoughts still make me own,
 That fruits of weeds deceitful do not die,
 When feelings sober not, as years pass by.

LUIS DE CAMOENS (*Portuguese*).
 Translation of LORD STRANGFORD.



WHILE TO BETHLEEM WE ARE GOING.

“ WHILE to Bethlem we are going,
 Tell me, Blas, to cheer the road,
 Tell me why this lovely infant
 Quitted his divine abode.”
 “ From that world to bring to this
 Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
 Is the brightest, purest bliss.”

“ Wherefore from his throne exalted
Came he on this earth to dwell,—
All his pomp an humble manger,
All his court a narrow cell ?”
“ From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss.”

“ Why did he, the Lord Eternal,
Mortal pilgrim deign to be,—
He who fashioned for his glory
Boundless immortality ?”
“ From that world to bring to this
Peace, which, of all earthly blisses,
Is the brightest, purest bliss.”

“ Well, then, let us haste to Bethlehem,—
Thither let us haste and rest :
For, of all Heaven’s gifts, the sweetest,
Sure, is peace,—the sweetest, best.”

VOLANTE DO CRO (*Portuguese*).
Translation of Sir JOHN BOWRING.

LINES WRITTEN DURING SEVERE ILLNESS.

O GRIEF beyond all other grief,
Com’st thou the messenger of Death ?
Then come ! I court thy wished relief,
And pour with joy this painful breath.

But thou, my soul, what art thou ? Where
Wing’st thou thy flight, immortal flame ?
Or fad’st thou into empty air,
A lamp burnt out, a sigh, a name ?

I reck not life, nor that with life
The world and the world's toys are o'er :
But, ah, 't is more than mortal strife
To leave the loved, and love no more !

To leave her thus !—my fond soul torn
From hers, without e'en time to tell
Hers are these tears and sighs that burn,
And hers this last and wild farewell !

Yes ! while, upon the awful brink
Of fate, I look to worlds above,
How happy, did I dare to think
These last faint words might greet my love :

“ O ever loved, though loved in vain,
With such a pure and ardent truth
As grows but once, and ne'er again
Renews the blossom of its youth !

“ To breathe the oft-repeated vow,
To say my soul was always thine,
Were idle here. Live happy thou,—
As I had been, hadst thou been mine !”

Now grief and anguish drown my voice,
Fresh pangs invade my breast ; more dim
Earth's objects on my senses rise,
And forms receding round me swim.

Shroud me with thy dear guardian wings,
Father of universal love !
Be near me now, with faith that springs
And joys that bloom in worlds above !

A mourner at thine awful throne,
I bring the sacrifice required,—
A laden heart, its duties done,
By simple truth and love inspired :

Love, such as Heaven may well approve,
Delighting most in others' joy,
Though mixed with errors such as love
May pardon, when no crimes alloy.

Come, Friendship, with thy last sad rite,
Thy pious office now fulfil !
One tear and one plain stone requite
Life's tale of misery and ill.

And thou, whose name is mingled thus
With these last trembling thoughts and sighs,
Though Love his fond regrets refuse,
Let the soft voice of Friendship rise,

And gently whisper in thine ear,
“He loves no more who loved so well !”
And when thou wanderest through those dear,
Delicious scenes, where, first to tell

The secrets of my glowing breast,
I led thee to the shadiest bower,
And at thy feet, absorbed, oppressed,
With faltering tongue confessed thy power,—

Then own no truer, holier vow
Was ever breathed in woman's ear ;
And let one gush of tears avow
That he who loved thee once was dear.

Yet weep not bitterly, but say,
 “He loved me not as others love;
 Mine, only mine, ere called away,—
 Mine, only mine in heaven above!”

J. A. DA CUNHA (*Portuguese*).

Translation of T. Roscoe.

CANZONEY.

SINCE in this dreary vale of tears
 No certainty but death appears,
 Why should we waste our vernal years
 In hoarding useless treasure?

No,—let the young and ardent mind
 Become the friend of human-kind,
 And in the generous service find
 A source of purer pleasure!

Better to live despised and poor,
 Than Guilt's eternal stings endure;
 The future smile of God shall cure
 The wound of earthly woes.

Vain world! did we but rightly feel
 What ills thy treacherous charms conceal,
 How would we long from thee to steal
 To death,—and sweet repose.

Luis de CAMOENS (*Portuguese*).

Translation of LORD STRANGFORD.

WHO FLIES THE MADDEN'D STORM.

WHO flies the madden'd storm, or fears the lightning's ire,
Should lurk in life's low vale, nor to proud heights aspire.
The lowly roof may stand by the fierce bolt unriuen,
When the loud tempest sends its mandate through the
heaven
And shakes the stubborn rocks that lift their heads on
high,
Braving with granite crowns the blue and lofty sky :—
It strikes the mighty tower, the monarch's citadel,
But spares the clay-built shed, where peace and meekness
dwell.
Oh ! happy, happy he, whose generous soul can rise
Above the dross of wealth, or pomp, or vanities ;
Scorn splendor, pleasure, fame ; and say with honest pride,—
I have ye not, indeed, but yet am satisfied.

JACOB CARS (Dutch).

Translation of Sir JOHN BOWLING.

POEMS OF RELIGION.

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

The world is very evil ;
The times are waxing late :
Be sober and keep vigil ;
The Judge is at the gate :
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the God, shall doom.

Arise, arise, good Christian !
Let right to wrong succeed ;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead ;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more

The kingdom to the Father
Whose own it was before,—
Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day.

Then, then from his oppressors
The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
The year of Jubilee ;
And the sunlit land that recks not
Of tempest nor of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite :
The home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn.

'Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around :
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace ! for war is needless,—
Yea, calm ! for storm is past,—
And goal from finish'd labor,
And anchorage at last.

That peace—but who may claim it ?
The guileless in their way,

Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say :
The peace that is for Heaven,
And shall be for the earth :
The palace that re-echoes
With festal song and mirth ;
The garden, breathing spices,
The paradise on high ;
Grace beautified to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy.

There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn :
Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
Tis peaceful peace below ;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Sion know :

Oh happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest ;
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest !
Strive, man, to win that glory ;
Toil, man, to gain that light ;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight :
Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satisfied,
The full, yet craving still.

That fulness and that craving
Alike are free from pain,

Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,
A home like theirs shalt gain.
Here is the warlike trumpet ;
There, life set free from sin ;
When to the last Great Supper
The faithful shall come in :
When the heavenly net is laden
With fishes many and great ;
So glorious in its fulness,
Yet so inviolate ;
And the perfect from the shatter'd,
And the fall'n from them that stand,
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd
Shall part on either hand !

And these shall pass to torment,
And those shall triumph, then ;
The new peculiar nation,
Blest number of blest men.
Jerusalem demands them :
They paid the price on earth,
And now shall reap the harvest
In blissfulness and mirth :
The glorious holy people,
Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
The King, the Crucified :
The sacred ransom'd number
Now bright with endless sheen,
Who made the Cross their watchword
Of Jesus Nazarene :
Who, fed with heavenly nectar,
Where soul-like odors play,
Draw out the endless leisure
Of that long vernal day :

And through the sacred lilies,
 And flowers on every side,
The happy dear-bought people
 Go wandering far and wide.
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
 Their mouths are tuned to praise,
What time, now safe for ever,
 On former sins they gaze :
The fouler was the error,
 The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
 Of Him who pardon'd all.

Their one and only anthem,
 The fulness of His love,
Who gives instead of torment
 Eternal joys above ;
Instead of torment, glory ;
 Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy country,
 True Israelites, is rife.

Brief life is here our portion,
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care,
The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life, is there.

O happy retribution !
 Short toil, eternal rest,
For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest !
That we should look, poor wand'lers,
 To have our home on high !
That worms should seek for dwellings
 Beyond the starry sky !

To all one happy guerdon
Of one celestial grace ;
For all, for all, who mourn their fall,
Is one eternal place.

And martyrdom hath roses
Upon that heavenly ground,
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin-souls abound.
There grief is turn'd to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know ;
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown ;
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope ;
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The miserable pleasures
Of the body shall decay ;
The bland and flattering struggles
Of the flesh shall pass away,

And none shall there be jealous,
And none shall there contend ;
Fraud, clamor, guile—what say I ?
All ill, all ill shall end !

And there is David's Fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow ;
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced,—
That spirit's food and sunshine
Whence earthly love is chased.
Amidst the happy chorus,
A place, however low,
Shall show Him us, and showing,
Shall satiate evermo.

By hope we struggle onward,
While here we must be fed
By milk, as tender infants,
But there by Living Bread.
The night was full of terror,
The morn is bright with gladness ;
The Cross becomes our harbor,
And we triumph after sadness.

And Jesus to His true ones
Brings trophies fair to see,

And Jesus shall be loved, and
Beheld in Galilee ;
Beheld, when morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day ;
And every ear shall hear it,—
Behold thy King's array,
Behold thy God in beauty,
The Law hath past away !

Yes ! God my King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.
Then Jacob into Israel,
From earthlier self estranged,
And Leah into Rachel,
For ever shall be changed :
Then all the halls of Sion
For aye shall be complete,
And, in the Land of Beauty,
All things of beauty meet.

For thee, oh dear, dear Country !
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep :
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O onely Mansaion !
O Paradise of Joy !

Where tears are ever banish'd
And smiles have no alloy ;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall :
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks ;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays :
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced :
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise :
His laud and benediction
Thy ransom'd people raise :
Jesus, the Gem of Beauty,
True God and Man, they sing :
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring :
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of his Court :
The Day-star of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower :
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower :

Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
 The Prince's loveliest smile ;
Unfading lilies, bracelets
 Of living pearl thine own ;
The Lamb is ever near thee,
 The Bridegroom thine alone ;
The Crown is He to guerdon,
 The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion,
 And He the Architect.

The only art thou needest,
 Thanksgiving for thy lot :
The only joy thou seekest,
 The Life where Death is not ;
And all thy endless leisure
 In sweetest accents sings,
The ill that was thy merit,—
 The wealth that is thy King's !

Jerusalem the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppress'd :
I know not, oh I know not,
 What social joys are there ;
What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare !

And when I fain would sing them,
 My spirit fails and faints :
And vainly would it image
 The assembly of the Saints.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng :
The Prince is ever in them ;
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the Blessed
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

There is the Throne of David,—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast ;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white !

O holy, placid harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn !
O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of Seraphim !
O thirst for ever ardent,
Yet evermore content !
O true peculiar vision
Of God cunctipotent !
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim :
For 'midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter,—
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious !
The glory of the Elect !
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect :
Even now by faith I see thee :
Even here thy walls discern ;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn :

Jerusalem the onely,
That look'st from Heaven below,
In thee is all my glory ;
In me is all my woe :
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.

Oh none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise :
Oh none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device :
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart :
And none, O Peace, O Sion,
Can sing thee as thou art.

New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.
Thou City of the Angels !
Thou City of the Lord !
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord !

And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
Of Israel's ransom'd tribes :
The lily-beds of virgins,
The roses' martyr-glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the faith below.

And there the Sole-Begotten
Is Lord in regal state ;
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow !
O state that fears no strife !
O princely bow'rs ! O land of flow'rs !
O realm and home of life !

Jerusalem, exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore !
I ask not for my merit :
I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I :
But yet with Faith I venture
And Hope upon my way ;
For those perennial guerdons
I labor night and day.

The best and dearest Father
Who made me, and who saved,
Bore with me in defilement
And from defilement laved ;

When in His strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep ;
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display,
And David's royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Sion !
O lovelier far than gold !
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold ;
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever see thy face ?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever win thy grace ?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless !
Shall I ever win the prize itself ?
Oh, tell me, tell me, Yes !

Exult, O dust and ashes !
The Lord shall be thy part ;
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art !
Exult, O dust and ashes !
The Lord shall be thy part ;
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art !

BERNARD OF CLUNY (*Latin*).

Translation of JOHN MASON NEALE.

DIES IRÆ.

DAY of vengeance, without morrow !
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from saint and seer we borrow.

Ah ! what terror is impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending !

To the throne, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Death and Nature, 'mazed, are quaking,
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

On the written volume's pages
Life is shown in all its stages,—
Judgment-record of past ages !

Sits the Judge, the raised arraigning,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended,
By no advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended ?

King of majesty tremendous,
By Thy saving grace defend us,
Fount of pity, safety send us !

Holy Jesus, meek, forbearing,
For my sins the death-crown wearing,
Save me, in that day, despairing.

Worn and weary, Thou hast sought me,
By Thy cross and passion bought me,—
Spare the hope Thy labors brought me.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, oh, give me absolution
Ere the day of dissolution.

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flush'd my face, my errors owning,
Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning !

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers no grace discerning,
Yet on me Thy favor turning,
Save my soul from endless burning.

Give me, when thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On Thy right a place abiding !

When the wicked are confounded,
And by bitter flames surrounded,
Be my joyful pardon sounded.

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning,
Heart as though to ashes turning,
Save, oh, save me from the burning !

Day of weeping, when from ashes
Man shall rise 'mid lightning-flashes,
Guilty, trembling with contrition,
Save him, Father, from perdition !

THOMAS DE CELANO (*Latin*). Translation of JOHN A. DIX.

STABAT MATER.

Stood the afflicted mother weeping
Near the cross her station keeping
Whereon hung her Son and Lord ;
Through whose spirit sympathizing,
Sorrowing and agonizing,
Also passed the cruel sword.

Oh ! how mournful and distressed
Was that favored and most blessed
Mother of the only Son !
Trembling, grieving, bosom heaving,
While perceiving, scarce believing,
Pains of that Illustrious One.

Who the man, who, called a brother,
Would not weep, saw he Christ's mother
In such deep distress and wild ?
Who could not sad tribute render
Witnessing that mother tender
Agonizing with her child ?

For His people's sins atoning,
Him she saw in torments groaning,
Given to the scourger's rod ;
Saw her darling offspring dying,
Desolate, forsaken, crying,
Yield His spirit up to God.

Make me feel thy sorrow's power,
That with thee I tears may shower,
Tender mother, fount of love !
Make my heart with love unceasing
Burn toward Christ the Lord, that pleasing
I may be to Him above.

Holy mother, this be granted,
That the slain one's wounds be planted
 Firmly in my heart to bide.
Of Him wounded, all astounded—
Depths unbounded for me founded,
 All the pangs with me divide.

Make me weep with thee in union ;
With the Crucified, communion
 In His grief and suffering give ;
Near the cross with tears unfailing
I would join thee in thy wailing
 Here as long as I shall live.

Maid of maidens, all excelling !
Be not bitter, me repelling,
 Make thou me a mourner too ;
Make me bear about Christ's dying,
Share His passion, shame defying ;
 All His wounds in me renew.

Wound for wound be there created ;
With the cross intoxicated
 For thy Son's dear sake, I pray—
May I, fired with pure affection,
Virgin, have through thee protection
 In the solemn Judgment Day.

Let me by the Cross be warded,
By the death of Christ be guarded,
 Nourished by divine supplies.
When the body death hath riven,
Grant that to the soul be given
 Glories bright of Paradise.

JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS (*Latin*).
Translation of ABRAHAM COLES.

STANZAS.

FOLLOW that fervor, O devoted spirit,
 With which thy Saviour's goodness fires thy breast !
 Go where it draws, and when it calls, oh, hear it !
 It is thy Shepherd's voice, and leads to rest.

In this thy new devotedness of feeling,
 Suspicion, envy, anger, have no claim ;
 Sure hope is highest happiness revealing,
 With peace, and gentleness, and purest fame.

For in thy holy and thy happy sadness
 If tears or sighs are sometimes sown by thee,
 In the pure regions of immortal gladness
 Sweet and eternal shall thine harvest be.

Leave them to say,—“ This people's meditation
 Is vain and idle !”—sit with ear and eye
 Fixed upon Christ, in childlike dedication,
 O thou inhabitant of Bethany !

LORENZO DE MEDICI (*Italian*).
Translation in LONDON MAGAZINE.

ORAZIONE.

ALL nature, hear the sacred song !
 Attend, O earth, the solemn strain !
 Ye whirlwinds wild that sweep along,
 Ye darkening storms of beating rain,
 Umbrageous glooms, and forests drear,
 And solitary deserts, hear !
 Be still, ye winds, whilst to the Maker's praise
 The creature of His power aspires his voice to raise !

Oh, may the solemn-breathing sound
Like incense rise before the throne,
Where He, whose glory knows no bound,
Great Cause of all things, dwells alone !
'Tis He I sing, whose powerful hand
Balanced the skies, outspread the land ;
Who spoke,—from ocean's stores sweet waters came,
And burst resplendent forth the heaven-aspiring flame.

One general song of praise arise
To Him whose goodness ceaseless flows ;
Who dwells enthroned beyond the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows !
Great Source of intellect, His ear
Benign receives our vows sincere :
Rise, then, my active powers, your task fulfil,
And give to Him your praise, responsive to my will !

Partaker of that living stream
Of light, that pours an endless blaze,
Oh, let thy strong reflected beam,
My understanding, speak His praise !
. My soul, in steadfast love secure,
Praise Him whose word is ever sure :
To Him, sole just, my sense of right incline :
Join, every prostrate limb ; my ardent spirit, join !

Let all of good this bosom fires,
To Him, sole good, give praises due :
Let all the truth Himself inspires
Unite to sing Him only true :
To Him my every thought ascend,
To Him my hopes, my wishes, bend :
From earth's wide bounds let louder hymns arise,
And His own word convey the pious sacrifice !

In ardent adoration joined,
 Obedient to Thy holy will,
 Let all my faculties combined,
 Thy just desires, O God, fulfil !
 From Thee derived, Eternal King,
 To Thee our noblest powers we bring :
 Oh, may Thy hand direct our wandering way !
 Oh, bid Thy light arise, and chase the clouds away !

Eternal Spirit, whose command
 Light, life, and being gave to all,
 O, hear the creature of Thy hand,
 Man, constant on Thy goodness call !
 By fire, by water, air, and earth,
 That soul to Thee that owes its birth,—
 By these, he supplicates Thy blest repose :
 Absent from Thee, no rest his wandering spirit knows.

LORENZO DE MEDICI (*Italian*).

Translation of W. ROSSON.

GOD.

O Thou eternal One ! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide ;
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight ;
 Thou only God ! There is no God beside !
 Being above all beings ! Mighty One !
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore ;
 Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone :
 Embracing all,—supporting—ruling o'er,—
 Being whom we call God—and know no more !

In its sublime research, philosophy
 May measure out the ocean-deep, may count
 The sands or the sun's rays—but, God ! for Thee
 There is no weight nor measure : none can mount

Up to Thy mysteries : Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark :
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence ; Lord ! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation : all
Sprung forth from Thee : of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin : all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create ;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be ! Glorious ! Great !
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate !

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround :
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath !
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death !
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee ;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss :
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ?
But Thou to these art as the noon to-night.

Yes ! as a drop of water in the sea,
 All this magnificence in Thee is lost :
 What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee ?
 And what am *I* then ? Heaven's unnumber'd host,
 Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,
 Is but an atom in the balance weighed
 Against Thy greatness ; is a cipher brought
 Against infinity ! What am I then ? Nought !

Nought ! But the effluence of Thy light divine,
 Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too ;
 Yes ! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
 Nought ! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
 Eager towards Thy presence ; for in Thee
 I live, and breathe, and dwell ; aspiring high,
 Even to the throne of thy divinity.
 I am, O God ! and surely *Thou* must be !

Thou art ! directing, guiding all, Thou art !
 Direct my understanding then to Thee ;
 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart :
 Though but an atom midst immensity,
 Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand !
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt Heaven and earth,
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,
 Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
 Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land !

The chain of being is complete in me ;
 In me is matter's last gradation lost,
 And the next step is spirit—Deity !
 I can command the lightning, and am dust !

A monarch, and a slave ; a worm, a god !
Whence came I here, and how ? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived ? unknown ! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy ;
For from itself alone it could not be !

Creator, yes ! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me ! Thou source of life and good !
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord !
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable ! O visions blest !
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God ! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar ;
Thus seek Thy presence, Being wise and good !
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore ;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

GABRIEL ROMANOVICH DERKHAVIN (*Russian*).

Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands ;
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To Him commend thy cause, His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove :

And whate'er thou will'st
Thou dost, O King of kings ;
What Thy unerring wisdom chose,
Thy power to being brings.

Thou everywhere hast way,
And all things serve Thy might ;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

When thou arisest, Lord,
What shall Thy work withstand ?
When all Thy children want Thou giv'st,
Who, who shall stay Thine hand ?

Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart ?
Still sink thy spirits down ?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

What though thou rulest not ?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose, and to command ;
So shalt thou wond'ring own His way
How wise, how strong His hand.

Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee ;
Oh, lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !

Let us in life, in death,
 Thy steadfast truth declare,
 And publish with our latest breath
 Thy love and guardian care.

PAUL GERHARDT (*GERMAN*).

Translation of CHARLES WESLEY.

HYMN.

A HYMN more, O my lyre !
 Praise to the God above,
 Of joy, and life, and love,
 Sweeping its strings of fire !

Oh, who the speed of bird and wind
 And sunbeam's glance will lend to me,
 That, soaring upward, I may find
 My resting-place and home in Thee ?
 Thou, whom my soul, 'midst doubt and gloom,
 Adoreth with a fervent flame,—
 Mysterious Spirit ! unto whom
 Pertains nor sign nor name !

Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go
 Up from the cold and joyless earth,
 Back to the God who bade them flow,
 Whose moving spirit sent them forth :
 But as for me, O God ! for me,
 The lowly creature of Thy will,
 Lingering and sad, I sigh to Thee,
 An earth-bound pilgrim still !

Was not my spirit born to shine
 Where yonder stars and suns are glowing ?
 To breathe with them the light divine,
 From God's own holy altar flowing ?

To be, indeed, whate'er the soul
In dreams hath thirsted for so long,—
A portion of Heaven's glorious whole
Of loveliness and song ?

O watchers of the stars of night,
Who breathe their fire, as we the air,—
Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of light,
Oh, say, is He, the Eternal, there ?
Bend there around His awful throne
The seraph's glance, the angel's knee ?
Or are thy inmost depths His own,
O wild and mighty sea ?

Thoughts of my soul ! how swift ye go—
Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,
Or arrows from the archer's bow—
To the far aim of your desire !
Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,
Like spring-doves from the startled wood,
Bearing like them your sacrifice
Of music unto God !

And shall there thoughts of joy and love
Come back again no more to me,—
Returning, like the Patriarch's dove,
Wing-weary, from the eternal sea,
To bear within my longing arms
The promise-bough of kindlier skies,
Plucked from the green, immortal palms
Which shadow paradise ?

All-moving Spirit ! freely forth,
At Thy command, the strong wind goes

Its errand to the passive earth ;
 Nor art can stay, nor strength oppose,
 Until it folds its weary wing
 Once more within the hand divine :
 So, weary of each earthly thing,
 My spirit turns to Thine !

Child of the sea, the mountain-stream
 From its dark caverns hurries on
 Ceaseless, by night and morning's beam,
 By evening's star and noon tide's sun,—
 Until at last it sinks to rest,
 O'erwearied, in the waiting sea,
 And moans upon its mother's breast :
 So turns my soul to Thee !

O Thou who bidd'st the torrent flow,
 Who lendest wings unto the wind,—
 Mover of all things ! where art Thou ?
 Oh, whither shall I go to find
 The secret of Thy resting-place ?
 Is there no holy wing for me,
 That, soaring, I may search the space
 Of highest heaven for Thee ?

Oh, would I were as free to rise,
 As leaves on autumn's whirlwind borne,
 The arrowy light of sunset skies,
 Or sound, or ray, or star of morn,
 Which melts in heaven at twilight's close,
 Or aught which soars unchecked and free,
 Through earth and heaven,—that I might lose
 Myself in finding Thee !

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE (French).
Translation in KNICKERBOCKER.

THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED.

Region of life and light !
Lord of the good whose earthly toils are o'er !
Nor frost nor heat may blight
Thy vernal beauty, fertile shore,
Yielding thy blessed fruits forevermore.

There, without crook or sling,
Walks the Good Shepherd ; blossoms white and red
Round His meek temples cling ;
And to sweet pastures led,
His own loved flock beneath His eye is fed.

He guides, and near Him they
Follow delighted ; for He makes them go
Where dwells eternal May,
And heavenly roses blow,
Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

He leads them to the height
Named of the infinite and long-sought Good,
And fountains of delight ;
And where His feet have stood,
Springs up, along the way, their tender food.

And when, in the mid skies,
The climbing sun has reached his highest bound,
Reposing as He lies,
With all his flock around,
He witches the still air with numerous sound.

From His sweet lute flow forth
Immortal harmonies, of power to still

All passions born of earth
 And draw the ardent will
 Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.

Might but a little part,
 A wandering breath, of that high melody
 Descend into my heart,
 And change it till it be
 Transformed and swallowed up, O Love ! in Thee.

Ah ! then my soul should know,
 Beloved ! where Thou liest at noon of day ;
 And from this place of woe
 Released, should take its way
 To mingle with Thy flock, and never stray.

Luis PONCE DE LEON (*Spanish*).

Translation of W. C. BRYANT.

SONNET.

'Tis not Thy terrors, Lord, Thy dreadful frown,
 Which keep my step in duty's narrow path ;
 'Tis not the awful threatenings of Thy wrath,—
 But that in virtue's sacred smile alone
 I find or peace or happiness. Thy light,
 In all its prodigality, is shed
 Upon the worthy and the unworthy head :
 And Thou dost wrap in misery's stormy night
 The holy as the thankless. All is well ;
 Thy wisdom has to each his portion given ;
 Why should our hearts by selfishness be riven ?
 'Tis vain to murmur,—daring to rebel :
 Lord, I would fear Thee, though I feared not hell ;
 And love Thee, though I had no hopes of heaven !

SANTA TERESA DE AVILA (*Spanish*).

Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

COME, WANDERING SHEEP! OH, COME.

Come, wandering sheep ! oh, come !
I'll bind thee to my breast,
I'll bear thee to thy home,
And lay thee down to rest.

I saw thee stray forlorn,
And heard thee faintly cry,
And on the tree of scorn,
For thee, I deigned to die ;
What greater proof could I
Give, than to seek the tomb ?
Come, wandering sheep ! oh, come !

I shield thee from alarms,
And wilt thou not be blest ?
I bear thee in my arms,—
Thou bear me in thy breast !
Oh, this is love !—Come, rest !
This is a blissful doom.
Come, wandering sheep ! oh, come !

LUIS DE GÓNGORA Y ARCOOT (Spanish).
Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

TO-MORROW.

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me,—that Thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there ?
O strange delusion, that I did not greet

Thy blest approach ! and oh, to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet !
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
“ Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee ! ”
And oh, how often to that voice of sorrow,
“ To-morrow we will open,” I replied !
And when the morrow came, I answered still,
“ To-morrow.”

LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO (Spanish).

Translation of H. W. LONGFELLOW.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

HYMN TO JUPITER.

Most glorious of the immortal powers above,
Oh thou of many names ! mysterious Jove !
For evermore Almighty ! Nature's source !
That govern'st all things in their order'd course !
All hail to thee ! since, innocent of blame,
E'en mortal creatures may address thy name ;
For all that breathe, and creep the lowly earth,
Echo thy being with reflected birth ;
Thee will I sing, thy strength for aye resound :
The universe, that rolls this globe around,
Moves whereso'er thy plastic influence guides,
And, ductile, owns the god whose arm presides.
The lightnings are thy ministers of ire,
The double-forked and ever-living fire ;
In thy unconquerable hand they glow,
And at the flash all nature quakes below.
Thus, thunder-arm'd, thou dost creation draw
To one immense, inevitable law :
And with the various mass of breathing souls
Thy power is mingled, and thy spirit rolls.
Dread genius of creation ! all things bow
To thee ; the universal monarch thou !

Nor aught is done without thy wise control,
 On earth, or sea, or round th' ethereal pole,
 Save when the wicked, in their frenzy blind,
 Act o'er the follies of a senseless mind.
 Thou curb'st th' excess ; confusion to thy sight
 Moves regular ; th' unlovely scene is bright.
 Thy hand, educating good from evil, brings
 To one apt harmony, the strife of things.
 One ever-during law still binds the whole,
 Though shunn'd, resisted, by the sinner's soul.
 Wretches ! while still they course the glittering prize,
 The law of God eludes their ears and eyes.
 Life then were virtue, did they this obey ;
 But wide from life's chief good they headlong stray.
 Now glory's arduous toils the breast inflame ;
 Now avarice thirsts, insensible of shame ;
 Now sloth unnerves them in voluptuous ease :
 And the sweet pleasures of the body please.
 With eager haste they rush the gulf within,
 And their whole souls are center'd in their sin.
 But oh, great Jove ! by whom all good is given,
 Dweller with lightnings and the clouds of heaven !
 Save from their dreadful error lost mankind !
 Father, disperse these shadows of the mind !
 Give them thy pure and righteous law to know,
 Wherewith thy justice governs all below.
 Thus honor'd by the knowledge of thy way,
 Shall men that honor to thyself repay :
 And bid thy mighty works in praises ring,
 As well befits a mortal's lips to sing ;
 More blest, nor men nor heavenly powers can be,
 Than when their songs are of thy law and thee.

CLEANTHES (*Greek*).

Translation of SIR C. A. ELTON.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

KEEP silence now, with reverential awe,
Wide æther, and ye mountains, and ye meads,
With earth, and sea, and every breeze, and sound,
And voice of tuneful bird—be silent all ;
For Phœbus, with his beaming locks unhorned,
Descends among us—on a stream of song.

Sire of Aurora,—*her* whose eyelids fair
Are of the braided snow—*her* rosy car,
Along the boundless ridge of Heaven's expanse,
Drawn by those winged steeds, thou urgest on—
Exulting in thy curls of flaming gold.

Thy coronal are rays of dazzling light
Revolving much, and pouring on the earth,
From their blest fountains, splendors ever bright :
While of thy rivers of immortal fire
Day, the beloved, is born.

For thee, the choirs
Of tranquil stars perform their mystic round
O'er heaven's imperial pavement ;—with thy lyre,
Oh ! Phœbus, warbling forth its ceaseless notes—
Delighted :—

While the Moon serenely clear
Borne onward in her steer-drawn team of light,
Heralds the changeful seasons—and her heart
With pleasure glows—while clothing dædal earth
With beauteous vestments of a various hue.

DIONYSIUS (*Greek*).

Translation of W. HAY.

THE COMBAT OF HIALMAR AND ODDUR.

FROM THE HERVARAR SAGA.

ODDUR.

HIALMAR, what does thee betide ?
Has thy color waxed pale ?
Mighty wounds have wrought thee woe ;
Sad I sing the mournful tale.
Furious blows have cleft thine helm,
On thy side have rent thy mail ;
Now thy life is nearly spent ;
Sad I sing the mournful tale.

HIALMAR.

Sixteen wounds my body bears,
And my mail is rent in twain ;
Darkness hangs before my sight ;
Ill my limbs their weight sustain.
Angantyr's enchanted blade
Stings my heart with fatal pain ;
Keenly piercing is the point,
Hard, and steeped in deadly bane.

Proud domains and palaces
Five I ruled with puissant hand ;
Yet I never could abide
Peaceful in my native land.
Hopeless now of light and life,
Rest I on a foreign strand,
Here on Samsey's joyless shore,
Wounded by the piercing brand.

Seated at the royal board,
Many lords of high degree

In the court of Upsala
Quaff the ale with mirth and glee ;
Many with the liquor filled
On the ground lie heavily :
Me the sword's keen wounds afflict,
Circled by the lonely sea.

Youthful beauty's fairest flower,
Me the monarch's daughter led
To the shore of Agnafit,
Soon a foreign coast to tread.
True I find the fatal words
Which the parting damsel said :
That I never should return
Blithe to claim her promised bed.

Thence unwilling did I wend,
Severed from the festive lay
Which the lovely women sing
East of Sota's spacious bay.
In the swiftly sailing bark
O'er the waves I took my way ;
Faithful friends the vessel trimmed ;
Here we sped with short delay.

From my finger draw the ring,
E'en in death my dearest pride ;
To the blooming Ingebjorg
Bear it o'er the billows wide.
In her bosom fair and young
Constant sorrow shall abide,
When she hears I ne'er return
Blithe to claim my promised bride.

O'er the rugged desert wild
 East the hungry raven flies ;
 And behind on stronger wing
 Swift the lordly eagle hies ;
 Soon to glut his hasty rage
 Here my feeble body lies ;
 He will gorge the welling blood,
 As I close my dying eyes.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN (*Icelandic*).

Translation of W. HERBERT.

THE FISHER-BOY URASHIMA.

'Tis Spring, and the mists come stealing
 O'er Suminóye's shore,
 And I stand by the sea-side musing
 On the days that are no more.

I muse on the old-world story,
 As the boats glide to and fro,
 Of the fisher-boy Urashima
 Who a-fishing loved to go.

How he came not back to the village
 Though sev'n suns had risen and set,
 But row'd on past the bounds of ocean,
 And the sea-god's daughter met ;

How they pledged their faith to each other,
 And came to the Evergreen Land,
 And enter'd the sea-god's palace
 So lovingly hand in hand,

To dwell for aye in that country,
The ocean-maiden and he,—
The country where youth and beauty
Abide eternally.

But the foolish boy said, “To-morrow
I'll come back with thee to dwell ;
But I have a word to my father,
A word to my mother to tell.”

The maiden answered, “A casket
I give into thine hand ;
And if that thou hopest truly
To come back to the Evergreen Land,

“Then open it not, I charge thee !
Open it not, I beseech !”
So the boy row'd home o'er the billows
To Suminóye's beach.

But where is his native hamlet ?
Strange hamlets line the strand.
Where is his mother's cottage ?
Strange cots rise on either hand.

“What, in three short years since I left it,”
He cries in his wonder sore,
“Has the home of my childhood vanished ?
Is the bamboo fence no more ?

“Perchance, if I open the casket
Which the maiden gave to me,
My home and the dear old village
Will come back, as they used to be.”

And he lifts the lid, and there rises
 A fleecy silvery cloud,
 That floats off to the Evergreen Country :
 And the fisher-boy cries aloud ;

He waves the sleeve of his tunic,
 He rolls over on the ground,
 He dances with fury and horror,
 Running wildly round and round.

But a sudden chill comes o'er him
 That bleaches his raven hair,
 And furrows with hoary wrinkles
 The form erst so young and fair.

His breath grows fainter and fainter,
 Till at last he sinks dead on the shore ;
 And I gaze on the spot where his cottage
 Once stood, but now stands no more.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN (Japanese).

Translation of BASIL HALL CHAMBERLAIN.

THE DIVER.

“OH, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
 As to dive to the howling charybdis below ?
 I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
 And o'er it already the dark waters flow ;
 Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
 Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king.”

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
 That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge

Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
 Swirl'd into the maelstrom that maddened the surge.
“And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?”

And the knights and the squires that gather'd around
 Stood silent, and fix'd on the ocean their eyes;
They looked on the dismal and savage Profound,
 And the peril chill'd back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the Monarch—“The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?”

And all as before heard in silence the king,
 Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
‘Mid the tremulous squires, stept out from the ring,
 Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
 One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
Lo! the wave that forever devours the wave
 Casts roaringly up the charybdis again;
And, as with the swell of the far thunder boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
 As when fire is with water commix'd and contending,
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
 And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And it never *will* rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sea.

Yet, at length, comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,
And dark through the whiteness, and still through the
swell,
The whirlpool cleaves downward and downward in ocean
A yawning abyss, like the pathway to hell ;
The stiller and darker the further it goes,
Suck'd into that smoothness the breakers repose.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker ! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again,
Hark ! a shriek from the gazers that circle the shore,—
And behold ! he is whirl'd in the grasp of the main !
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously roll'd
And the giant mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

All was still on the height, save the murmur that went
From the grave of the deep, sounding hollow and fell,
Or save when the tremulous sighing lament
Thrill'd from lip unto lip, "Gallant youth, fare thee well !"
More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear—
More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou should'st in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, "Who may find it shall win it and wear ;"
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.
For never shall lips of the living reveal
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave :
Again, crash'd together the keel and the mast,
To be seen toss aloft in the glee of the wave !
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commix'd and contending ;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending,
And as with the swell of the far thunder boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And lo ! from the heart of that far floating gloom,
Like the wing of the cygnet, what gleams on the sea ?
Lo ! an arm and a neck glancing up from the tomb !
Steering stalwart and shoreward : O joy, it is he !
The left hand is lifted in triumph ; behold,
It waves as a trophy the goblet of gold !

And he breathéd deep, and he breathéd long,
And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—
“ He lives—lo, the ocean has render'd its prey !
And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave !”

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamor and glee ;
And the goblet his daring has won from the water.
He lifts to the king, as he sinks on his knee ;—
And the king from her maidens has beckon'd his daughter.
She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
And thus spoke the Diver—“ Long life to the king !

“ Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given !
May the horror below nevermore find a voice,
Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven !”
Nevermore, nevermore may he lift from the sight
The veil which is woven with Terror and Night !

“ Quick bright’ning like light’ning the ocean rush’d o’er me,
 Wild floating, borne down fathom deep from the day ;
 Till a torrent rush’d out on the torrents that bore me
 And doubled the tempest that whirl’d me away.
 Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me,
 Round and round in its dance the mad element spun me.

“ From the deep then I call’d upon God—and He heard me,
 In the dread of my need He vouchseafed to mine eye
 A rock jutting out from the grave that interr’d me :
 I sprung there, I clung there, and Death pass’d me by.
 And lo ! where the goblet gleam’d through the abyss,
 By a coral reef saved from the far Fathomless.

“ Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
 Spread the gloomy and purple and pathless Obscure !
 A silence of Horror that slept on the ear,
 That the eye more appall’d might the Horror endure !
 Salamander, snake, dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
 In the deep—coil’d about the grim jaws of their hell.

“ Dark crawl’d, glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
 Clump’d together in masses, misshapen and vast ;
 Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms ;
 Here the dark moving bulk of the Hammer-fish pass’d ;
 And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
 Went the terrible Shark—the Hyæna of Ocean.

“ There I hung, and the awe gather’d icily o’er me,
 So far from the earth, where man’s help there was none !
 The one Human Thing, with the Goblins before me—
 Alone,—in a loneliness so ghastly—ALONE.
 Deep under the reach of the sweet living breath,
 And begirt with the broods of the desert of Death.

“ Methought as I gazed through the darkness, that now
It saw, a dread hundred-limb’d creature, its prey !
And darted devouring ; I sprang from the bough
Of the coral, and swept on the horrible way ;
And the whirl of the mighty wave seiz’d me once more,
It seized me to save me, and dash to the shore.”

On the youth gazed the Monarch, and marvel’d : quoth he,
“ Bold Diver, the goblet I promised is thine ;
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee,—
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine—
If thou’lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again
To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main.”

Then outspake the daughter in tender emotion—
“ Ah ! father, my father, what more can there rest ?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean ;
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confess'd.
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire !”

The king seized the goblet, he swung it on high,
And whirling it fell in the roar of the tide ;
“ But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side,
And thine arms shall embrace, as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee.”

And Heaven, as he listened, spoke out from the space,
And the hope that makes heroes shot flame from his eyes ;
He gazed on the blush in that beautiful face :
It pales ; at the feet of her father she lies !
How priceless the guerdon ! a moment, a breath,
And headlong he plunges to life and to death !

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
 Their coming the thunder sound heralds along !
 Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell :
 They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
 Roaring up to the cliff, roaring back as before,
 But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore !

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (*German*).

Translation of E. BULWER LYTTON.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

FROM Rhegium to the Isthmus, long
 Hallow'd to steeds and glorious song,
 Where, link'd awhile in holy peace,
 Meet all the sons of martial Greece,
 Wends Ibucus, whose lips the sweet
 And ever young Apollo fires ;
 The staff supports the wanderer's feet,
 The god the poet's soul inspires !

Soon from the mountain-ridges high,
 The tower-crown'd Corinth greets his eye ;
 In Neptune's groves of darksome pine
 He treads with shuddering awe divine ;
 Nought lives around him save a swarm
 Of CRANES, that still attend his way—
 Lured by the South, they wheel and form
 In lengthened files their squadrons gray.

And “Hail, beloved Birds !” he cried ;
 “My comrades on the ocean tide.
 Sure signs of good ye bode to me ;
 Alike our lots would seem to be ;

From far, together borne, we greet
A shelter now from toil and danger ;
And may the friendly hearts we meet
Preserve from every ill the stranger !”

His step more light, his heart more gay,
Along the mid-wood winds his way,
When, where the path the thickets close,
Burst sudden forth two rusian foes ;
Now strife to strife, and foot to foot !
The hand soon sinks before the foe ;
That hand so mighty with the lute,
Alas ! is powerless with the bow.

He calls on men and gods in vain !
His cries no blest deliverer gain :
Feebler and fainter grows the sound,
And still the deaf life slumbers round—
“ In the far land I fall forsaken,
Unwept and unregarded here ;
By death from caitiff’s hands o’ertaken,
Nor e’en one late avenger near !”

Down to the earth the death-stroke bore him :
Hark, where the Cranes wheel rustling o’er him.
He hears, as darkness vails his eyes,
Near, in hoarse croak, their dirge-like cries :
“ By you, wild birds, since yours alone
The voices that can right the dead,
Be borne the tale of murder done
To Heaven !”—And so the spirit fled.

Naked and maim’d the corpse was found—
And still, through many a mangling wound,

The sad Corinthian host could trace
The loved, too well remembered face.
“ And must I meet thee thus once more ?
Who hoped the singer’s brows to crown
With wreaths of pine—the victory o’er—
And radiant with a new renown ! ”

And loud lamented every guest
Who held the Sea God’s solemn feast,
As in a single heart prevailing,
Throughout all Hellas went the wailing.
Wild to the Council Hall they ran—
In thunder rushed the human flood—
“ Revenge shall right the murder’d man,
The last atonement—blood for blood ! ”

Yet ’mid the throng the Isthmus claims,
Lured by the Sea God’s glorious games—
The mighty many-nation’d throng—
How track the hand that wrought the wrong ?
How guess if that dread deed were done
By ruffian hands or secret foes ?
He who sees all on earth—the SUN—
Alone the gloomy secret knows.

Perchance he treads in careless peace,
Amidst your sons, assembled Greece—
Hears with a smile revenge decreed,
Gloats with fell joy upon the deed—
His steps the avenging gods may mock
Within the very Temple’s wall,
Or mingle with the crowds that flock
To yonder solemn scenic hall.

Wedg'd close and serried, swarms the crowd—
Beneath the weight the walls are bow'd—
Thitherwards streaming far and wide,
Broad Hellas flows in mingled tide—
A tide like that which heaves the deep
 Where hollow-sounding shoreward driven ;—
On, wave on wave, the thousands sweep
 Till arching, tier on tier, to Heaven !

The tribes, the nations, who shall name,
That guest-like, there assembled came ?
From Theseus' town, from Aulis' strand,
From Phocis, from the Spartans' land,
From Asia's wave-divided clime,
 The isles that gem Ionian seas,
To hearken on that stage sublime,
 The dark choir's dismal melodies !

True to the awful rites of old,
In long and measured strides, behold
The chorus from the hinder ground
Pace the vast circle's solemn round.
So this world's women never strode,
 Their race from mortal's ne'er began :
Gigantic, from their grim abode,
 They tower above the sons of man !

Across their loins the dark robe clinging,
In fleshless hands the torches swinging,
Now to and fro, with dark red glow—
No blood that lives the dead cheeks know !
Where flow the locks that woo to love
 On *human* temples, ghastly dwell
The serpents, coil'd the brows above,
 And the green asps with poison swell.

Thus circling, horrible, within
That space, doth their dark hymn begin ;
The hymn that cleaves the heart in twain,
And round the sinner coils the chain ;
The sense it robb'd, the soul it chill'd,
Enduring no accordant string ;
On through the very marrow thrill'd
The chant which choral Furies sing.

“ And weal to him, from crime secure,
Who keeps his soul as childhood's pure ;
Life's path he roves, a wanderer free,
We near him not—THE AVENGERS, WE !
But woe to him for whom we weave
The doom for deeds that shun the light ;
Fast to the murderer's feet we cleave,
The fearful Daughters of the Night.

“ And deems he flight from us can hide him ?
Still on dark wings we sail beside him !
The murderer's feet the snare intralls—
Or soon or late, to earth he falls !
Untiring, bounding on, we go ;
For blood can no remorse atone !
On, ever, to the Shades below,
And there we grasp him, still our own.”

So singing, their slow dance they wreath,
And stillness, like the hush of death,
Heavily there lay cold and drear,
As if the Godhead's self were near.
Then, true to those dread rites of old,
Pacing the circle's solemn round,
In long and measur'd strides, behold,
They vanish in the hinder ground !

Confused, and poised in doubt between
The solemn truth and mimic scene,
The crowd revere the Power, presiding
O'er secret deeds, to justice guiding—
The never fathom'd, all confess,
 By whom the web of doom is spun ;
That drags to light the darkest breast,
 Yet flies in darkness from the sun !

Just then, amidst the highest tier,
Breaks forth a voice that starts the ear :
“ See there—see there, Timotheus ;
Behold the Cranes of Ibycus ! ”
A sudden darkness wraps the sky,
 As sailing slow on solemn wing,
Above that roofless hall, on high
 The Cranes sweep, hoarsely murmuring !

“ Of Ibycus ? ” that name so dear
Re-wakes the grief in those who hear !
Like wave on wave on eager seas,
From mouth to mouth the murmur flees—
“ Of Ibycus, whom we bewail ?
 The murdered one ! What mean those words—
Who is the man—knows *he* the tale ?
 Why link that name with those wild birds ? ”

Questions on questions louder press—
Like lightning flies the inspiring guess—
Leaps every heart—“ The Truth we seize ;
Your might is here, EUMENIDES !
The murderer yields himself confess—
 Vengeance is near—that voice the token !
Ho ! him who yonder spoke arrest !
 And him to whom the words were spoken ! ”

Scarce had the wretch the words let fall,
 Than fain their sense he would recall.
 In vain ; those whitening lips behold !
 The secret have already told.
 The judge is there, the court array'd ;
 The scene becomes the tribunal—
 So lightning pierced the guilty shade,
 And with it fell the thunder ball.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER (*German*).

Translation of E. BULWER LYTTOK.



ELLENORE.

At break of day from frightful dreams
 Upstarted Ellenore :
 " My William, art thou slayn," she sayde,
 " Or dost thou love no more ? "

He went abroade with Richard's host
 The paynim foes to quell ;
 But he no word to her had writh,
 An he were sick or well.

With blore of trump and thump of drum
 His fellow-soldyers come,
 Their helms bedeckt with oaken boughs,
 They seeke their long'd-for home.

And evry road and evry lane
 Was full of old and young,
 To gaze at the rejoicing band,
 To haile with gladsom young.

“Thank God !” their wives and children sayde,
“Welcome !” the brides did saye ;
But greet or kiss gave Ellenore
To none upon that daye.

And when the soldyers all were bye,
She tore her raven hair,
And cast herself upon the growne,
In furious despair.

Her mother ran and lyfte her up,
And clasped her in her arm :
“My child, my child, what dost thou ail ?
God shield thy life from harm !”

“O mother, mother ! William’s gone !
What’s all besyde to me ?
There is no mercie, sure, above !
All, all were spar’d but he !”

“Kneele downe, thy paternoster saye,
’Twill calm thy troubled spright :
The Lord is wise, the Lord is good ;
What he hath done is right.”

“O mother, mother ! saye not so ;
Most cruel is my fate :
I prayde, and prayde ; but watte avaylde ?
’Tis now, alas ! too late.”

Our Heavenly Father, if we praye,
Will help a suffring child :
Go, take the holy sacrament ;
So shal thy grief grow mild.”

“O mother, what I feele within
No sacrament can staye ;
No sacrament can teche the dead
To bear the sight of daye.”

“May-be, among the heathen folk
Thy William false doth prove,
And put away his faith and troth,
And take another love.

“Then wherefor sorrowe for his loss ?
Thy moans are all in vain :
But when his soul and body parte,
His falsehode brings him pain.”

“O mother, mother ! gone is gone :
My hope is all forlorn ;
The grave my only safeguard is :
Oh, had I ne'er been born !

“Go out, go out, my lamp of life,
In grizely darkness die !
There is no mercie, sure, above !
For ever let me lie !”

“Almighty God ! oh, do not judge
My poor unhappy child !
She knows not what her lips pronounce,
Her anguish makes her wild.

“My girl, forget thine earthly woe,
And think on God and bliss ;
For so, at least, shal not thy soul
Its heavenly bridegroom miss.”

“O mother, mother ! what is bliss,
And what the fiendis cell ?
With him ‘tis heaven anywhere ;
Without my William, hell.

“Go out, go out, my lamp of life,
In endless darkness die !
Without him I must loathe the earth,
Without him scorne the skie.”

And so despair did rave and rage
Athwarte her boiling veins ;
Against the providence of God
She hurlde her impious strains.

She beat her breast, and wrung her hands,
And rollde her tearless eye,
From rise of morn, til the pale stars
Again orespred the skye.

When, harke ! abroade she herde the tramp
Of nimble-hooféd steed ;
She herde a knight with clank alighte,
And climbe the stair in speed.

And soon she herde a tinkling hand,
That twirléd at the pin ;
And thro her door, that opend not,
These words were breathed in :—

“What ho ! what ho ! thy door undo :
Art watching or asleepe ?
My love, dost yet remember me ?
And dost thou laugh or weepe ?”

“Ah, William, here so late at night?
Oh, I have wachte and wak’d!
Whence art thou come? For thy return
My heart has sorely ak’d.”

“At midnight only we may ride;
I come ore land and see:
I mounted late, but soone I go;
Aryse, and come with mee.”

“O William, enter first my bowre,
And give me one embrace:
The blasts athwart the hawthorn hiss,
Awayte a little space.”

“Tho blasts athwart the hawthorn hiss,
I may not harbour here;
My spurs are sett, my courser pawes,
My hour of flight is nere.

“All as thou lyest upon thy couch,
Aryse, and mount behinde;
To-night we’le ride a thousand miles,
The bridal bed to finde.”

“How! ride to-night a thousand miles?
Thy love thou dost bemock:
Eleven is the stroke that still
Rings on within the clock.”

“Looke up; the moon is brighte, and we
Outstride the earthly men:
I’le take thee to the bridal bed,
And night shal end but then.”

“ And where is, then, thy house, and home,
And bridal bed so meet ? ”
“ ’Tis narrow, silent, chilly, low,
Six planks, one shrouding sheet.”

“ And is there any room for me,
Wherein that I may creepe ? ”
“ There’s room enough for thee and me,
Wherein that we may sleepe.

“ All as thou lyest upon thy couch,
Aryse, no longer stop ;
The wedding-guests thy coming wayte,
The chamber-door is ope.”

All in her sark, as there she lay,
Upon his horse she sprung ;
And with her lily hands so pale
About her William clung.

And hurry-skurry off they go,
Unheeding wet or dry ;
And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.

How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,
Arigh, aleft, are gone !
The bridges thunder as they pass,
But earthly sowne is none.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede ;
Splash, splash, across the see :
“ Hurrah ! the dead can ride apace ;
Dost feare to ride with mee ? ”

“The moon is bright, and blue the night ;
Dost quake the blast to stem ?
Dost shudder, mayd, to seeke the dead ?”
“No, no, but what of them ?”

How glumly sownes yon dirgy song !
Night-ravens flappe the wing :
What knell doth slowly tolle ding dong ?
The psalms of death who sing ?

Forth creeps a swarthy funeral train,
A corse is on the biere ;
Like croke of todes from lonely moores,
The chauntinges meete the eere.

“Go, beare her corse, when midnight’s past,
With song, and tear, and wail ;
I’ve gott my wife, I take her home,
My hour of wedlock hail !

“Leade forth, O clark, the chaunting quire,
To swelle our spousal-song :
Come, preest, and reade the blessing soone ;
For our dark bed we long.”

The bier is gon, the dirges hush ;
His bidding all obaye,
And headlong rush thro briar and bush,
Beside his speedy waye.

Halloo ! halloo ! how swift they go,
Unheeding wet or dry !
And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.

How swift the hill, how swift the dale,
Arigh, aleft, are gon !
By hedge and tree, by thorp and town,
They gallop, gallop on.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede ;
Splash, splash, across the see :
“ Hurrah ! the dead can ride apace ;
Dost feare to ride with mee ?

“ Look up, look up ! an airy crew
In roundel daunces reele :
The moon is bright, and blue the night,
Mayst dimly see them wheele.

“ Come to, come to, ye ghostly crew
Come to, and follow me,
And daunce for us the wedding daunce,
When we in bed shal be.”

And brush, brush, brush, the ghostly crew
Came wheeling ore their heads,
All rustling like the withered leaves
That wild the whirlwind spreads.

Halloo ! halloo ! away they go,
Unheeding wet or dry ;
And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.

And all that in the moonshyne lay
Behind them fled afar ;
And backward scuddled over head
The skie and every star.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede ;
 Splash, splash, across the see :
“ Hurrah ! the dead can ride apace ;
 Dost feare to ride with mee ?

“ I weene the cock prepares to crowe ;
 The sand will soone be run :
I snuffe the early morning air ;
 Downe, downe ! our work is done.

“ The dead, the dead can ride apace :
 Our wed-bed here is fit :
Our race is ridde, our journey ore,
 Our endless union knit.”

And, lo ! an yron-grated gate
 Soon biggens to their view :
He crackde his whyppe ; the locks, the bolts,
 Cling, clang ! asunder flew.

They passe, and 'twas on graves they trodde :
 “ Tis hither we are bound ” :
And many a tombstone ghastly white
 Lay in the moonshyne round.

And when he from his steed alytte,
 His armure, black as cinder,
Did moulder, moulder all awaye,
 As were it made of tinder.

His head became a naked skull ;
 Nor hair nor eyne had he :
His body grew a skeleton,
 Whilome so blithe of ble.

And at his dry and boney heel
 No spur was left to bee :
And in his withered hand you might
 The scythe and hour-glass see.

And, lo ! his steed did thin to smoke,
 And charnel-fires outbreathe ;
And pal'd, and bleachde, then vanishde quite
 The mayd from underneathe.

And hollow howlings hung in air,
 And shrekes from vaults arose :
Then knewe the mayd she might no more
 Her living eyes unclose.

But onward to the judgment-seat,
 Thro mist and moonlight dreare,
The ghostly crew their flight persewe,
 And hollowe in her eare :

“ Be patient ; tho thyne herte should breke,
 Arrayne not Heaven's decree :
Thou nowe art of thy bodie reft,
 Thy soul forgiven bee !”

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER (German).
Translation of W. TAYLOR.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

PROUDLY and high a castle stood, in the warlike times of old,
Far looked it over the land and sea, so noble and so bold,
From blooming gardens round it a flowery wreath was flung,
And from gurgling wells and fountains the cooling waters
sprung.

A king lived there so haughty, rich both by wars and land,
Grimly he sat upon his throne, and ruled with iron hand ;
For what he thinks is terrible, his looks have nought of
good,
And what he speaks is scourging, and what he writes is
blood.

Once to this castle two minstrels came, they were a noble
pair,
The one in flowing golden locks, the other gray of hair ;
The old one with the harp he loved on a dappled steed
did ride,
And quickly and fresh the blooming youth did run along
beside.

Then to the youth the old one said, “Art ready, son of
mine ?
Remember our most moving lays, with that full voice of
thine
Use all thy powers of glorious song ; so let our music ring,
That it to-day will surely touch the stony-hearted king.”

Now in a richly-columned hall the singers are side and side,
Upon his throne the proud king sits, and by him sits his
bride,
The king in fearful majesty, like the bloody northern light,
The queen as sweet and lovely as the moon is mild and
bright.

The old man struck his harp-strings ; he played so won-
drous clear,
That richly and more rich the tones rose to the listening ear,
Then with a heavenly sweetness the youth’s full voice
chimed in,
And like a holy spirit-choir the old one sang between.

Of knightly deeds and love they sang, of truth and holiness,
Of freedom and of manly faith, of a time that all will bless,
They sang of all that's great and good to move the human
heart,
Of all that raises to high deeds and in the right takes part.

The scorning courtier circle forgot here sport to see,
The proud grim warriors of the king, to God they bend the
knee,
The queen in sweetest sympathy is melted with the rest,
To the singers she throws the bright red rose that's bloom-
ing on her breast.

" You have seduced my people, would you charm away my
bride ? "

The king with rage all trembling, in dreadful anger cried.
Quickly he throws his dagger, through the youth's white
breast it goes,
Instead of the golden songs therefrom, the purple life-blood
flows.

Now thunder-struck the listeners stood and all are still as
death,
The minstrel in his master's arms has breathed his latest
breath,
Gently the master folds his cloak around him for a shroud,
Upon the horse he binds the corse and leaves the wonder-
ing crowd.

But before the noble entrance the singer makes a stand,
Fiercely his harp he dashes (the best harp in the land)
Against a marble column ; its shattered pieces fly,
And then through hall and garden is heard his frightful
cry :

“Woe to you, proud and lofty halls, no music sweet and long

Shall e'er be heard within your walls, no sounding harp nor song,

But only sighs and groanings and coward slavery's tread,
Until to dust and ashes you are numbered with the dead.

“Woe to you, fragrant gardens in the beauty bloom of May,

To you I show this dead pale face, here in the light of day,
That at its sight ye wither fast ; let every fount be dry,
As stony fields and barren lands in future ye shall lie.

“And thou damned, hated murderer, thou blasting curse of song,

No more to thee shall the bloody wreath of victory belong,
In eternal night be buried, let thy name forever die,
Like a sigh upon the empty air, thy boasted fame shall fly.”

Thus spoke the aged minstrel, and Heaven hath heard his call,

Deep in the dust low lying you may see the castle wall,
One column alone is standing to speak of the splendor past,

And that, already crackling, will fall in a nightly blast.

And instead of blooming gardens, there's a scorched and dreary land,

No trees are spreading cooling shades, no springs well through the sand,

No name hath the king in hero-book, nor yet in sounding verse,

Forsaken and forgotten—that is the minstrel's curse.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND (*German*).

Translation of WILLIAM HUNT.

THE ERL-KING.

WHO rideth so late through the night-wind wild ?
It is the father with his child ;
He has the little one well in his arm ;
He holds him safe, and he folds him warm.

My son, why hidest thy face so shy !—
Seest thou not, father, the Erl-king nigh ?
The Erlen king, with train and crown ?—
It is a wreath of mist, my son.

“Come, lovely boy, come, go with me ;
Such merry plays I will play with thee ;
Many a bright flower grows on the strand,
And my mother has many a gay garment at hand.”

My father, my father, dost thou not hear
What the Erl-king whispers low in my ear ?—
Be quiet, my darling, be quiet, my child ;
Through withered leaves the wind howls wild.

“Come, lovely boy, wilt thou go with me ?
My daughters fair shall wait on thee ;
My daughters their nightly revels keep ;
They'll sing, and they'll dance, and they'll rock thee to sleep.”

My father, my father, and seest thou not
The Erl-king's daughters in yon dim spot ?
My son, my son, I see and I know
‘Tis the old gray willow that shimmers so.

“I love thee ; thy beauty has ravished my sense,
And, willing or not, I will carry thee hence.”
O father, the Erl-king now puts forth his arm !
O father, the Erl-king has done me harm !

The father shudders ; he hurries on ;
And faster he holds his moaning son ;
He reaches his home with fear and dread,
And lo ! in his arms the child was dead.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (*German*).

Translation of F. H. Hedge.

LORELEI.

I KNOW not what it foretelleth,
I am so sad at heart,
My mind on a legend dwelleth,
That comes and will not depart.

The air is cool in the twilight,
And the Rhine flows smoothly on,
The peaks of the mountains sparkle
In the glow of the evening sun.

High on yon rock reclineth
A maiden strangely fair ;
Her golden apparel shineth,
She combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it,
A song the while sings she,
All weird and wondrous is it,
And mighty the melody.

The boatman, as it comes o'er him,
It seizes with fierce delight,
He sees not the rocks before him,
His gaze is fixed on the height.

I believe in the end that the billows
O'er boatman and boat roll high ;
And this with her fearful singing
Was done by the Lorelei.

HEINRICH HEINE (*German*).
Translation of W. H. FURNESS.

WAR-SONG.

We met, a hundred of us met,
At curfew, in the field ;
We talked of Heaven and Jesus Christ,
And all devoutly kneeled :

When lo ! we saw, all of us saw,
The star-lit sky unclose,
And heard the far-high thunders roll
Like seas where storm-wind blows.

We listened, in amazement lost,
As still as stones for dread,
And heard the war proclaimed above,
And sins of nations read.

The sound was like a solemn psalm
That holy Christians sing ;
And by-and-by the noise was ceased
Of all the angelic ring :

Yet still, beyond the cloven sky,
We saw the sheet of fire ;
There came a voice, as from a throne,
To all the heavenly choir,

Which spake : " Though many men must fall,
 I will that these prevail ;
 To me the poor man's cause is dear."
 Then slowly sank a scale.

The hand that poised was lost in clouds,
 One shell did weighty seem :
 But sceptres, scutcheons, mitres, gold
 Flew up, and kicked the beam.

J. W. L. GLEIM (*German*).
Translation of W. TAYLOR.

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

FROM his grave the Drummer rises
 At the twelfth hour of night,
 And goes his rounds with his drumming,
 Marching to left and right.

With his fleshless arms he rattles
 His drum-sticks good and true,
 Beats many an old tune loudly,
 Reveillé and tattoo.

The music rolls so strangely
 And with such ringing staves,
 That the old dead infantry startle,
 And waken in their graves.

Those who lie in the Northland,
 Stiff frozen in ice and snow,
 Those who were slain in Italy,
 Under the sun's hot glow,

Those whom the Nile slime covers,
Those under Arab sands,
Out from their graves they clamber,
With their muskets in their hands.

From his grave the Trumpeter rises
At the twelfth hour of night,
The assembly he plays on his bugle,
Turning to left and right.

Then mounted on ghostly horses,
Dead troopers come in swarms,
And form the old famous squadrons,
Carrying their varied arms.

On white skulls grinning ghastly,
They wear their helmets bright,
Their bony hands are holding
The trusty swords upright.

From his grave the General rises
At the twelfth hour of night,
Slowly he rideth onward
With his staff at left and right.

On his head there's a little hat,
A dagger he wears at his side,
With his old gray coat about him
He taketh his spectre ride.

The yellow light of the moon
Widely brightens the plain,
And the man with the little hat
Looks on his troops again.

The columns present, then shoulder,
 And at the commander's cry,
 With noisy kling-klang marching,
 The ghastly host goes by.

The staff form a ring about him,
 With marshals and generals near,
 The Captain turns to his neighbor,
 And whispers a word in his ear.

The word is taken up quickly,
 Resounding now and again,
 Soldiers ! “ *France* ” is the watchword,
 And the counter-sign, “ *Sainte Hélène*. ”

This is the parade of heroes
 Whom the great Emperor knew,
 When in the fields Elysian
 He held his midnight review.

JOSEPH CHRISTIAN VON ZEDLITZ (*Germany*).

Translation of WILLIAM HUNT.

SWORD-SONG.

“ SWORD at my left side gleaming !
 Why is thy keen glance beaming,
 So fondly bent on mine ?
 I love that smile of thine !
 Hurrah ! ”

“ Borne by a trooper daring,
 My looks his fire-glance wearing,
 I arm a freeman's hand :
 This well delights thy brand !
 Hurrah ! ”

“Ay, good sword ! Free I wear thee ;
And, true heart’s love, I bear thee,
Betrothed one, at my side,
As my dear, chosen bride !

Hurrah !”

“To thee till death united,
Thy steel’s bright life is plighted ;
Ah, were my love but tried !
When wilt thou wed thy bride ?

Hurrah !”

“The trumpet’s festal warning
Shall hail our bridal morning ;
When loud the cannon chide,
Then clasp I my loved bride !

Hurrah !”

“Oh, joy, when thine arms hold me !
I pine until they fold me.
Come to me ! bridegroom, come !
Thine is my maiden bloom.

Hurrah !”

“Why, in thy sheath upspringing,
Thou wild, dear steel, art ringing ?
Why clangor with delight,
So eager for the fight ?

Hurrah !”

“Well may thy scabbard rattle,
Trooper, I pant for battle ;
Right eager for the fight,
I clang with wild delight.

Hurrah !”

“ Why thus, my love, forth creeping ?
 Stay, in thy chamber sleeping ;
 Wait, still, i’ th’ narrow room ;
 Soon for my bride I come.
 Hurrah !”

“ Keep me not longer pining !
 Oh, for Love’s garden, shining
 With roses bleeding red,
 And blooming with the dead !
 Hurrah !”

“ Come from thy sheath, then, treasure !
 Thou trooper’s true eye-pleasure !
 Come forth, my good sword, come !
 Enter thy father-home !
 Hurrah !”

“ Ha ! in the free air glancing,
 How brave this bridal dancing !
 How, in the sun’s glad beams,
 Bride-like thy bright steel gleams !
 Hurrah !”

Come on, ye German horsemen !
 Come on, ye valiant Norsemen !
 Swells not your hearts’ warm tide ?
 Clasp each in hand his bride !
 Hurrah !

Once at your left side sleeping,
 Scarce her veiled glance forth peeping ;
 Now, wedded with your right,
 God plights your bride i’ th’ light.
 Hurrah !

Then press, with warm caresses,
Close lips, and bridal kisses,
Your steel ;—cursed be his head,
Who fails the bride he wed !
 Hurrah !

Now, till your swords flash, flinging
Clear sparks forth, wave them singing ;
Day dawns for bridal pride ;
Hurrah, thou Iron-bride !

Hurrah !

KARL THEODOR KÖRNER (*German*).
Translation of W. B. CHORLEY.

THE DESERTED MILL.

It stands in the lonely Winterthal,
At the base of Ilsberg hill ;
It stands as though it fain would fall,
The dark deserted mill.
Its engines, coated with moss and mould,
Bide silent all the day ;
Its mildewed walls and windows old
Are crumbling into decay.

So through the daylight's lingering hours
It mourns in weary rest ;
But, soon as the sunset's gorgeous bowers
Begin to fade in the west,
The long-dead millers leave their lairs,
And open its creaking doors,
And their feet glide up and down its stairs,
And over its dusty floors.

And the millers' men, they too awake,
And the night's weird work begins :
The wheels turn round, the hoppers shake,
The flour falls into the bins.
The mill-bell tolls agen and agen,
And the cry is, "Grist here, ho!"
And the dead old millers and their men
Move busily to and fro.

And ever as the night wears more and more
New groups throng into the mill,
And the clangor, deafening enough before,
Grows louder and wilder still.
Huge sacks are barrowed from floor to floor ;
The wheels redouble their din ;
The hoppers clatter, the engines roar ;
And the flour o'erflows the bin.

But with the morning's pearly sheen
This ghastly hubbub wanes ;
And the moon-dim face of a woman is seen
Through the meal-dulled window-panes.
She opens the sash, and her words resound
In tones of unearthly power,—
"Come hither, good folks, the corn is ground ;
Come hither, and take your flour!"

Thereon strange hazy lights appear
A-flitting all through the pile,
And a deep, melodious, choral cheer
Ascends through the roof the while.
But, a moment more, and you gaze and hark
And wonder and wait in vain ;
For suddenly all again is dark,
And all is hushed again.

It stands in the desolate Winterthal,
At the base of Ilsberg hill ;
It stands as though it would rather fall,
The long-deserted mill.
Its engines, coated with moss and mould,
Bide silent all the day ;
And its mildewed walls and windows old
Are crumbling fast away.

AUGUST SCHNEELEB (*German*).

Translation of JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

THE DJINNS.

TOWN, tower,
Shore, deep,
Where lower
Cliffs steep ;
Waves gray,
Where play
Winds gay,—
All sleep.

Hark ! a sound,
Far and slight,
Breathes around
On the night :
High and higher,
Nigh and nigher,
Like a fire
Roaring bright.

Now on 'tis sweeping
With rattling beat,
Like dwarf imp leaping
In gallop fleet :

He flies, he prances,
In frolic fancies,
On wave-crest dances
With pattering feet.

Hark, the rising swell,
With each nearer burst !
Like the toll of bell
Of a convent cursed ;
Like the billowy roar
On a storm-lashed shore,—
Now hushed, now once more
Maddening to its worst.

O God ! the deadly sound
Of the Djinns' fearful cry !
Quick, 'neath the spiral round
Of the deep staircase fly !
See, see our lamplight fade !
And of the balustrade
Mounts, mounts the circling shade
Up to the ceiling high !

'Tis the Djinns' wild streaming swarm
Whistling in their tempest-flight ;
Snap the tall yews 'neath the storm,
Like a pine-flame crackling bright.
Swift and heavy, lo, their crowd
Through the heavens rushing loud,
Like a vivid thunder-cloud
With its bolt of fiery night !

Ha ! they are on us, close without !
Shut tight the shelter where we lie !
With hideous din the monster rout,
Dragon and vampire, fill the sky !



The loosened rafter overhead
Trembles and bends like quivering reed ;
Shakes the old door with shuddering dread,
As from its rusty hinge 'twould fly !

Wild cries of hell ! voices that howl and shriek !
The horrid swarm before the tempest tossed—
O Heaven !—descends my lowly roof to seek :
Bends the strong wall beneath the furious host.
Totters the house, as though, like dry leaf shorn
From autumn bough and on the mad blast borne,
Up from its deep foundations it were torn
To join the stormy whirl. Ah ! all is lost !

O Prophet ! if thy hand but now
Save from these foul and hellish things,
A pilgrim at thy shrine I'll bow,
Laden with pious offerings.
Bid their hot breath its fiery rain
Stream on my faithful door in vain,
Vainly upon my blackened pane
Grate the fierce claws of their dark wings !

They have passed !—and their wild legion
Cease to thunder at my door ;
Fleeting through night's rayless region,
Hither they return no more.
Clanking chains and sounds of woe
Fill the forests as they go ;
And the tall oaks cower low,
Bent their flaming flight before.

On ! on ! the storm of wings
Bears far the fiery fear,
Till scarce the breeze now brings
Dim murmurings to the ear ;

Like locusts' humming hail,
Or thrash of tiny flail
Plied by the pattering hail
On some old roof-tree near.

Fainter now are borne
Fitful mutterings still ;
As, when Arab horn
Swells its magic peal,
Shoreward o'er the deep
Fairy voices sweep,
And the infant's sleep
Golden visions fill.

Each deadly Djinn,
Dark child of fright,
Of death and sin,
Speeds the wild flight.
Hark, the dull moan,
Like the deep tone
Of ocean's groan,
Afar, by night !

More and more
Fades it now,
As on shore
Ripples flow,—
As the plaint
Far and faint
Of a saint
Murmured low.

Hark ! hist !
Around,
I list !
The bounds

Of space
All trace
Efface
Of sound.

VICTOR HUGO (French).

Translation of JOHN L. O'SULLIVAN.

DRINKING.

OBSERVE, when mother Earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky ;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapors, which at evening sweep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep :
And while the rosy sun appears
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The Moon, too, quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre from the solar beam.
Then hence with all your sober thinking
Since Nature's holiest law is drinking :
I'll make the laws of Nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine.

ANACREON (Greek).

Translation of THOMAS MOORE.

TO A DUEENNA.

GUARDIAN of yon blushing fair,
Reverend matron, tell me why
You affect that churlish air,
Snarling as I pass you by.
I deserve not such rebuke :—
All I ask is but to look.

True, I on her steps attend—
 True, I cannot choose but gaze ;
 But I meant not to offend—
 Common are the public ways :
 And I need not your rebuke,
 When I follow but to look.

Are my eyes so much in fault
 That they cannot choose but see ?
 By the gods we're homage taught,
 Homage is idolatry.
 Spare that undeserv'd rebuke ;—
 E'en the gods permit to look.

Diotimus (Greek).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

—

GENEALOGIES.

Good gossip, if you love me, prate no more :
 What are your genealogies to me ?
 Away to those who have more need of them !
 Let the degenerate wretches, if they can,
 Dig up dead honor from their fathers' tombs,
 And boast it for their own—vain, empty boast !
 When every common fellow that they meet,
 If accident hath not cut off the scroll,
 Can show a list of ancestry as long.
 You call the Scythians barbarous, and despise them ;
 Yet Anacharsis was a Scythian born ;
 And every man of a like noble nature,
 Though he were moulded from an *Æthiop's* loins,
 Is nobler than your pedigrees can make him.

EPICHARMEUS (Greek).

Translation of RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

THE HONEST SHEPHERD.

WHEN hungry wolves had trespass'd on the fold,
And the robb'd shepherd his sad story told,
“Call in Alcides,” said a crafty priest,
“Give him one-half, and he'll secure the rest.”
“No,” said the shepherd, “if the Fates decree,
By ravaging my flock, to ruin me,
To their commands I willingly resign ;
Power is their character, and patience mine ;
Though, 'troth to me there seems but little odds,
Who prove the greatest robbers—wolves or gods.”

ANTIPATER OF SIDON (*Greek*).

Translation of MATTHEW PRIOR.

A PARASITE.

WHAT art, vocation, trade, or mystery
Can match with your fine Parasite ? The painter ?
He ! a mere dauber : a vile drudge, the farmer :
Their business is to labor, ours to laugh,
To jeer, to quibble, faith, sirs ! and to drink.
Ay, and to drink lustily. Is not this rare ?
'Tis life, my life at least : the first of pleasure
Were to be rich myself ; but next to this
I hold it best to be a Parasite,
And feed upon the rich. Now, mark me right !
Set down my virtues one by one : *imprimis*,
Good will to all men. Would they were all rich,
So might I gull them all : malice to none ;
I envy no man's fortune—all I wish
Is but to share it : would you have a friend,
A gallant steady friend ? I am your man :
No striker I, no swaggerer, no defamer,
But one to bear all these and still forbear :

If you insult, I laugh, unruffled, merry,
 Invincibly good-humor'd, still I laugh :
 A stout, good soldier I, valorous to a fault,
 When once my stomach's up and supper's served :
 You know my humor, not one spark of pride,
 Such and the same forever to my friends :
 If cudgel'd, molten iron to the hammer
 Is not so malleable ; but if I cudgel,
 Bold as the thunder : is one to be blinded ?
 I am the lightning's flash : to be puff'd up,
 I am the wind to blow him to the bursting :
 Choked, strangled ? I can do 't and save a halter :
 Would you break down his doors ? Behold an earthquake :
 Open and enter them ! A battering ram :
 Will you sit down to supper ? I'm your guest,
 Your very *Fly*, to enter without bidding :
 Would you move off ? You'll move a well as soon :
 I'm for all work, and though the job were stabbing,
 Betraying, false accusing, only say
 Do this, and it is done ! I stick at nothing ;
 They call me thunderbolt for my despatch :
 Friend of my friends am I : let actions speak me :
 I'm much too modest to commend myself.

ANTIPHANES (Greek).

Translation of RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

CHORUS.

From THE BIRDS.

Ye children of man, whose life is a span,
 Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
 Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
 Sickly, calamitous creatures of clay !
 Attend to the words of the sovereign birds,
 (Immortal, illustrious, lords of the air,)

Who survey from on high, with a merciful eye,
Your struggles of misery, labor and care.
Whence you may learn and clearly discern
Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn ;
Which is busied of late with a mighty debate,
A profound speculation about the creation,
An organical life, and chaotical strife,
With various notions of heavenly motions,
And rivers and oceans, and valleys and mountains,
And sources of fountains, and meteors on high,
And stars in the sky. We propose by-and-by,
(If you'll listen and hear) to make it all clear,
And Prodicus henceforth shall pass for a dunce
When his doubts are explained and expounded at once.

Before the creation of *Aether* and Light,
Chaos and Night together were plight,
In the dungeon of Erebus foully bedight ;
Nor Ocean or Air, or Substance was there,
Or Solid or Rare, or Figure or Form,
But horrible Tartarus ruled in the storm.
At length, in the dreary chaotical closet
Of Erebus old, was a privy deposit,
By Night the primeval in secrecy laid ;
A mystical egg, that in silence and shade
Was brooded and hatched ; till time came about :
And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out,
In rapture and light, exulting and bright,
Sparkling and florid, with stars on his forehead,
His forehead and hair, and a flutter and flare,
As he rose in the air, triumphantly furnish'd,
To range his dominions, on glittering pinions,
And golden and azure, and blooming and burnish'd.

He soon in the murky Tartarean recesses,
With a hurricane's might, in his fiery caresses,

Impregnated Chaos ; and hastily snatch'd
 To being and life, begotten and hatch'd,
 The primitive Birds : But the Deities all,
 The celestial Lights, the terrestrial Ball,
 Were later of birth, with the dwellers on earth,
 More tamely combin'd, of a temperate kind,
 When chaotical mixture approach'd to a fixture.

Our antiquity prov'd ; it remains to be shown
 That Love is our author and master alone ;
 Like him we can ramble, and gambol, and fly
 O'er ocean and earth, and aloft to the sky :
 And all the world over we're friends to the lover,
 And when other means fail, we are found to prevail
 When a peacock or pheasant is sent for a present.

ARISTOPHANES (Greek).

Translation of J. H. FREKE.

THE LEAN LOVERS.

DEAR Lyce, thou art wond'rous thin,
 And I'm a bag of bones and skin ;
 Yet thou'r't to me a Venus !
 Fat lovers have not half our bliss ;
 Our very souls each other kiss,
 For there's no flesh between us.

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS (Greek).

Translator UNKNOWN.

FRAGMENT.

If love be folly as the schools would prove,
 The man must lose his wits who falls in love ;
 Deny him love, you doom the wretch to death,
 And then it follows he must lose his breath.
 Good sooth ! there is a young and dainty maid
 I dearly love, a minstrel she by trade ;

What then ? Must I defer to pedant rule,
And own that love transforms me to a fool ?
Not I, so help me ! by the gods I swear,
The nymph I love is fairest of the fair !
Wise, witty, dearer to a poet's sight
Than piles of money on an author's night ;
Must I not love her then ? Let the dull sot,
Who made the law, obey it ! I will not.

THEOPHILUS (*Greek*).

Translation of RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

TO A WORN-OUT BELLE.

Yes, you may change your hair, but not your age,
Nor smooth, alas ! the wrinkles of your face ;
Yes, you may varnish o'er the tell-tale page
And wear a mask for every vanish'd grace :
But there's an end. No Hecuba by aid
Of rouge and ceruse is a Helen made.

LUCIAN (*Greek*).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

THE PHYSICIAN AND HIS SON.

His darling son a certain doctor brought,
To be by me in the *belles lettres* taught.
The lad began—" Achilles' wrath, the spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing"—
When to the following line he onward went—
" Of souls to Hades prematurely sent,"
" Hold," said the leech, " no use in this I see ;
Such lesson he may learn as well of me,
Who souls to Hades prematurely send,
Without the aid of grammar-rules, my friend."

LUCIAN (*Greek*).

Translation of W. HAY.

ON A CELEBRATED ACTOR.

ONCE, in a fearful vision of the night,
 Lothario seem'd Rowe's frowning ghost to see.
 "I never wrong'd thee," cried the laurell'd sprite,
 "Oh why, Lothario, dost thou murder me?"

PALLADAS (*Greek*).

Translation of J. H. MERIVALE.

RUFUS.

LET Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
 Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk:
 Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
 Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute.
 He wrote his father, ending with this line,
 "I am, my lovely Nævia, only thine."

MARTIAL (*Latin*).

Translation in THE SPECTATOR.

ON AN ODD FELLOW.

IN all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
 Thou art such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
 Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
 There is no living with thee or without thee.

MARTIAL (*Latin*).

Translation in THE SPECTATOR.

ON A VALETUDINARIAN.

So careful is Isa and anxious to last,
 So afraid of himself is he grown,
 He swears thro' two nostrils the breath goes too fast,
 And he's trying to breathe thro' but one.

BEN ALBUMI (*Arabian*). Translation of J. D. CARLYLE.

*TO A LADY UPON HER REFUSAL OF A
PRESENT OF MELONS, AND HER RE-
JECTION OF THE ADDRESSES OF AN
ADMIRER.*

WHEN I sent you my melons, you cried out with scorn,
“They ought to be heavy and wrinkled and yellow.”
When I offered myself, whom those graces adorn,
You flouted, and call’d me an ugly old fellow.

ALY BEN ABD ALGANY OF CORDOVA (Arabian).

Translation of J. D. CARLYLE.

*AN EPIGRAM UPON ABOU ALCHAIR
SELAMU.*

AN EGYPTIAN PHYSICIAN.

WHOEVER has recourse to thee
Can hope for health no more,
He’s launched into perdition’s sea,
A sea without a shore.

Where’er admission thou canst gain,
Where’er thy phyz can pierce,
At once the doctor they retain,
The mourners and the hearse.

GEORGE, a physician of Antioch (Arabian).

Translation of J. D. CARLYLE.

ON TEMPER.

YES, Leila, I swore, by the fire of thine eyes,
I ne’er could a sweetness unvaried endure ;
The bubbles of spirit, that sparkling arise,
Forbid life to stagnate, and render it pure.

But yet, my dear maid, tho' thy spirit's my pride,
 I'd wish for some sweetness to temper the bowl ;
 If life be ne'er suffered to rest or subside,
 It may not be vapid, but wont it be foul ?

NABGAT BENI JAID (Arabian).

Translation of J. D. CARLYLE.

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

UPON an old estate, her father's heritage,
 A shrivelled countess dowager
 Had vegetated half an age ;
 She drank her tea mingled with elder-flowers,
 By aching bones foretold the weather,
 Scolded at times, but not for long together,
 And mostly yawned away her hours.
 One day, (God knows how such things should occur !)
 Sitting beside her chambermaid
 In her saloon, whose walls displayed
 Gilt leather hangings, and the pictured face
 Of many a member of her noble race,
 She pondered thus : " I almost doubt
 Whether, if I could condescend
 Some talk on this dull wench to spend,
 It might not call my thoughts off from my gout ;
 And, though the malkin cannot comprehend
 The charms of polished conversation,
 Twill give my lungs some exercise ;
 And then the goosecap's admiration
 Of my descent to ecstasy must rise."—
 " Susan," she said, " you sweep this drawing-room,
 And sweep it almost every day ;
 You see these pictures, yet your looks betray

You're absolutely ignorant whom
You clear from cobwebs with your broom.
Now, mind ! That's my great grandsire to the right,
The learned and travelled president,
Who knew the Greek and Latin names of
flies,
And to the Academy, in form polite,
Was pleased an earthworm to present
That he from India brought ; a prize
Well worth its weight in gold.—
That next him, in the corner hung by chance,
The ensign is, my dear, lost, only son,
A pattern in the graces of the dance,
My pride and hope, and all the family's.
Seven sorts of riding-whips did he invent ;
But sitting by the window caught a cold,
And so his honorable race was run.
He soon shall have a marble monument.—
Now, my good girl, observe that other,
The countess grandam of my lady mother,
A beauty in her time famed far and near ;
On Queen Christina's coronation-day,
She helped her majesty, they say,—
And truly, no false tale you hear,—
To tie her under-petticoat.—
The lady whose manteau you note
Was my great aunt. Beside her see
That ancient noble in the long simar ;
An uncle of the family,
Who once played chess with Russia's mighty czar.—
That portrait further to the left
Is the late colonel, my dear wedded lord ;
His equal shall the earth, of him bereft,
In partridge-shooting never more afford !—

But now observe the lovely dame
 In yonder splendid oval frame,
 Whose swelling bosom bears a rose ;—
 Not that one, ninny ;—look this way ;—
 What haughtiness those eyes display !
 How nobly aquiline that nose !
 King Frederick once was by her beauty caught ;
 But she was virtue's self, fired as she ought,
 And scolded, reverently, the royal youth,
 Till, utterly confused, he cried, ' My charmer,
 Your virtue's positively cased in armor !'
 Many can yet attest this story's truth.
 Well, Susan, do you know the lady now ?
 What ! don't you recognize *my* lofty brow ?"
 But, " Lord have mercy on me !" Susan cries,
 And scissors, needle, thread, lets slip ;
 " Could that be ever like your ladyship ?"—
 " What ! what !" the countess screams, with flashing eyes ;
 " Could that be like me ? Idiot ! Nincompoop !
 Out of my doors, with all thy trumpery !
 Intolerable ! But so must it be,
 If with such creatures to converse we stoop."
 A gouty twinge then seized the countess' toe,
 And of her history that's all I know.

ANNA MARIA LINNÉREN (Swedish).

Translation in QUARTERLY REVIEW.

" THEY GAVE ME ADVICE."

THEY gave me advice and counsel in store,
 Praised me and honored me, more and more ;
 Said that I only should " wait awhile,"
 Offered their patronage, too, with a smile.

But with all their honor and approbation,
I should, long ago, have died of starvation ;
Had there not come an excellent man,
And to help me along he bravely began.

Good fellow ! he got me the food I ate,
His kindness and care I shall never forget ;
Yet I cannot embrace him—though *other* folks *can*,
For I myself am this excellent man !

HEINRICH HEINE (*German*).

Translation of C. G. LELAND.

SAIN'T ANTHONY'S SERMON TO THE FISHES.

SAINT ANTHONY at church
Was left in the lurch,
So he went to the ditches
And preached to the fishes.
They wriggled their tails,
In the sun glanced their scales.

The carps, with their spawn,
Are all thither drawn ;
Have opened their jaws,
Eager for each clause.

No sermon beside
Had the carps so edified.

Sharp-snouted pikes,
Who keep fighting like tikes,
Now swam up harmonious
To hear Saint Antonius.

No sermon beside
Had the pikes so edified.

And that very odd fish,
Who loves fast-days, the cod-fish,—
The stock-fish, I mean,—
At the sermon was seen.
 No sermon beside
 Had the cods so edified.

Good eels and sturgeon,
Which aldermen gorge on,
Went out of their way
To hear preaching that day.
 No sermon beside
 Had the eels so edified.

Crabs and turtles also,
Who always move slow,
Made haste from the bottom,
As if the devil had got 'em.
 No sermon beside
 Had the crabs so edified.

Fish great and fish small,
Lords, lackeys, and all,
Each looked at the preacher
Like a reasonable creature.
 At God's word,
 They Anthony heard.

The sermon now ended,
Each turned and descended ;
The pikes went on stealing,
The eels went on eeling.
 Much delighted were they,
 But preferred the old way.

The crabs are backsliders,
The stock-fish thick-siders,
The carps are sharp-set,
All the sermon forgot.

Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

ABRAHAM A SANCTA CLARA (*German*).

Translator UNKNOWN.

THE KING OF YVETOT.

At Yvetot there lived a king
In history little known,
Who thought that glory (useless thing)
Would not become his throne.
A cotton night-cap graced his brows,
Which Jeannette, mistress of his house,
Gave him as crown. Oh dear!
Oh, what a funny king was here!

He breakfasted, he dined, he slept,
As other sovereigns do;
And on a donkey which he kept
Travelled his kingdom through.
Plain, honest, unsuspecting, free,
No other body-guard had he
But a poor dog. Oh dear!
Oh, what a funny king was here!

This sovereign had but one caprice,
He loved a jovial cup,
But kings who wish to live in peace
Must keep their spirits up.

He never let the flagon pass
 Without his tribute of a glass.
 This was his tax. Oh dear!
 Oh, what a funny king was here!

Him would the village girls admire,
 All hailed him with delight,
 Whilst his young subjects called him "*sire*"—
 And well indeed they might.
 'Twas only every now and then
 He drilled his little troop of men,
 But fired no ball. Oh dear!
 Oh, what a funny king was here!

He never clipped a neighboring state
 To aggrandize his own,
 This pattern for a potentate
 Made peace support his throne.
 And when this best of monarchs died
 His subjects buried him and cried,
 They cried—Oh dear! oh dear!
 Oh, what a funny king was here!

The portrait of this best of kings,
 So loved in days of yore,
 Is now a well known sign, and swings
 Above an ale-house door.
 And country folks on holidays
 Will stop and drink, and as they gaze
 Will cry, Oh dear! oh dear!
 Oh, what a funny king was here!

PIERRE JEAN DE BERANGER (*French*).

Translator UNKNOWN.

TO MY NOSE.

FAIR Nose ! whose rubies red have cost me many a barrel
 Of claret wine and white,
Who wearest in thy rich and sumptuous apparel
 Such red and purple light !

Great Nose ! who looks at thee through some huge glass at
 revel,
More of thy beauty thinks ;
For thou resemblest not the nose of some poor devil
 Who only water drinks.

The turkey-cock doth wear, resembling thee, his wattles ;
 How many rich men now
Have not so rich a nose ! To paint thee, many bottles
 And much time I allow.

The glass my pencil is for thine illumination ;
 My color is the wine,
With which I've painted thee more red than the carnation,
 By drinking of the fine.

'Tis said it hurts the eyes ; but shall they be the masters ?
 Wine is the cure for all ;
Better the windows both should suffer some disasters,
 Than have the whole house fall.

OLIVIER BASSELIN (*French*).
Translation of JOHN OXFORD.

MALBROUCK.

MALBROUCK, the prince of commanders,
Is gone to the war in Flanders;
His fame is like Alexander's;
But when will he come home?

Perhaps at Trinity Feast, or
Perhaps he may come at Easter.
Egad! he had better make haste, or
We fear he may never come.

For Trinity Feast is over,
And has brought no news from Dover,
And Easter is past, moreover,
And Malbrouck still delays.

Milady in her watch-tower
Spends many a pensive hour,
Not well knowing why or how her
Dear lord from England stays.

While sitting quite forlorn in
That tower, she spies returning
A page clad in deep mourning,
With fainting steps and slow.

"O page, prithee, come faster!
What news do you bring of your master?
I fear there is some disaster,
Your looks are so full of woe."

"The news I bring, fair lady,"
With sorrowful accent said he,
"Is one you are not ready
So soon, alas! to hear.

“ But since to speak I’m hurried,”
Added this page, quite flurried,
“ Malbrouck is dead and buried ! ”
And here he shed a tear.

“ He’s dead ! he’s dead as a herring !
For I beheld his *berring*,
And four officers transferring
His corpse away from the field.

“ One officer carried his sabre,
And he carried it not without labor,
Much envying his next neighbor,
Who only bore a shield.

“ The third was helmet-bearer,—
That helmet which on its wearer
Filled all who saw with terror,
And covered a hero’s brains.

“ Now, having got so far, I
Find, that—by the Lord Harry ! —
The fourth is left nothing to carry ;—
So there the thing remains.”

UNKNOWN (French).

Translation of FRANCIS MAHONY.

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN.

I WISH to make my sermon brief,—to shorten my oration,—
For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation ;
I like short women, suits at law without procrastination,
And am always most delighted with things of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock ; he's a fool who's always
grinning ;
But little women love so much, one falls in love with
sinning.
There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the
winning,
And in the change of short for long repentance finds be-
ginnings.

To praise the little women Love besought me in my
musing ;
To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing :
So I'll praise the little women, and you'll find the thing
amusing ;
They are, I know, as cold as snow, whilst flames around
diffusing.

They're cold without, whilst warm within the flame of Love
is raging ;
They're gay and pleasant in the street,—soft, cheerful, and
engaging ;
They're thrifty and discreet at home,—the cares of life
assuaging :
All this and more ;—try, and you'll find how true is my
presaging.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies !
So in a little woman love grows and multiplies :
You recollect the proverb says,—*A word unto the wise.*

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled
thinner :

Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her,—
There not a joy in all the world you will not find within
her.

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there's a taste of paradise.

Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,
Color, and price, and virtue, in the clearness of its rays,—
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light
of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that
sing:
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have many a thrilling
note,
Each as a gay musician doth strain his little throat,—
A merry little songster in his green and yellow coat:
And such a little woman is, when Love doth make her dote.

There's naught can be compared to her, throughout the
wide creation;
She is a paradise on earth,—our greatest consolation,—
So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexation;
In fine, she's better in the proof than in anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,
 Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.
*Now of two evils choose the less,—*said a wise man of the
 East:

By consequence, of woman-kind be sure to choose the least.

JUAN RUIZ DE HIRTA (Spanish).

Translation in NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

SLEEP.

SLEEP is no servant of the will,—
 It has caprices of its own :
 When most pursued, 'tis swiftly gone ;
 When courted least, it lingers still.
 With its vagaries long perplexed,
 I turned and turned my restless sconce,
 Till, one bright night, I thought at once
 I'd master it ;—so hear my text !

When sleep will tarry, I begin
 My long and my accustomed prayer ;
 And in a twinkling sleep is there,
 Through my bed-curtains peeping in ;
 When sleep hangs heavy on my eyes,
 I think of debts I fain would pay ;
 And then, as flies night's shade from day,
 Sleep from my heavy eyelids flies.

And thus controlled, the winged one bends
 E'en his fantastic will to me ;
 And, strange yet true, both I and he
 Are friends,—the very best of friends :

We are a happy, wedded pair,
And I the lord and he the dame ;
Our bed, our board, our hours the same ;
And we're united everywhere.

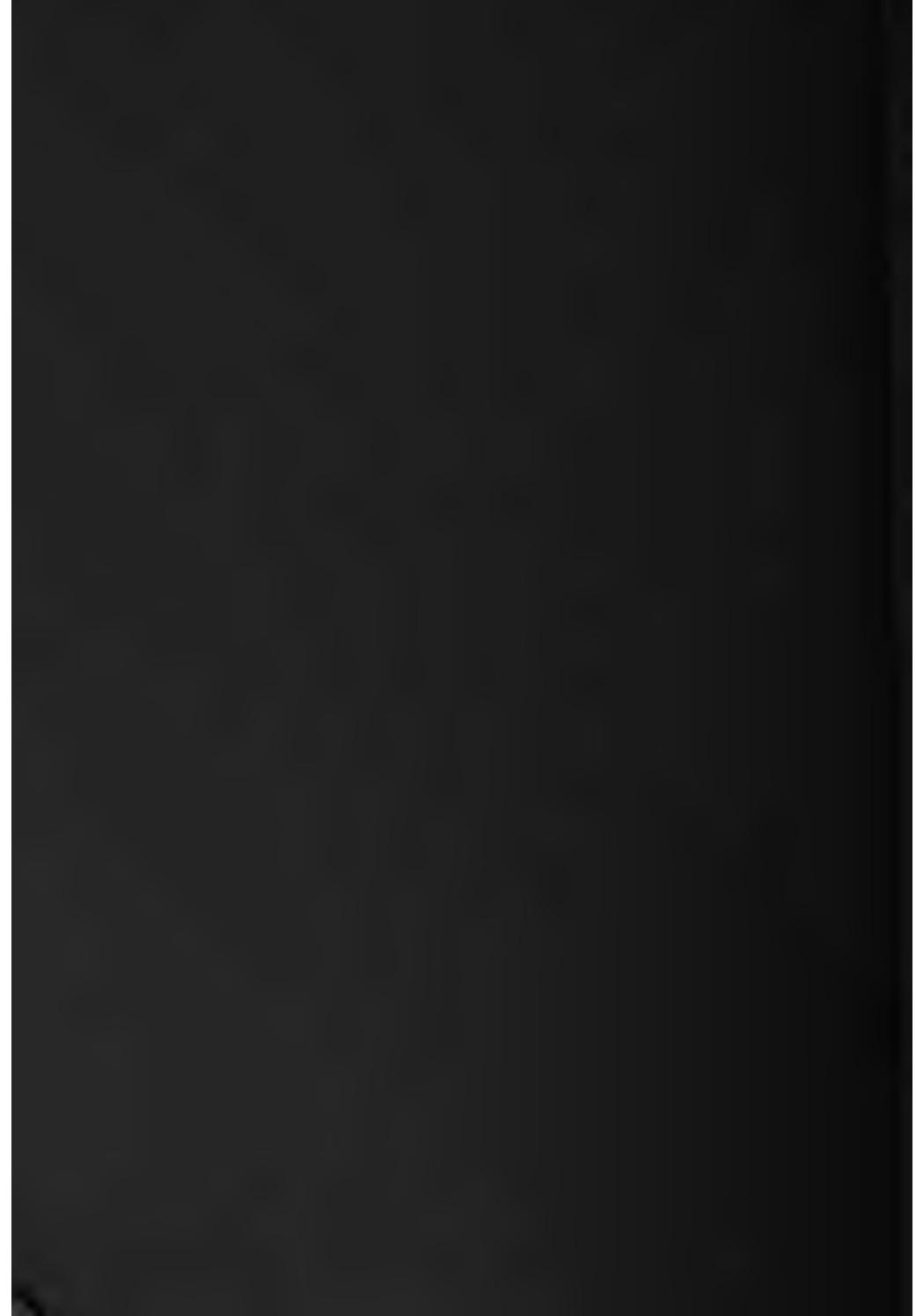
I'll tell you where I learned to school
This wayward sleep :—a whispered word
From a church-going hag I heard,—
And tried it,—for I was no fool.
So from that very hour I knew,
That having ready prayers to pray,
And having many debts to pay,
Will serve for sleep and waking too.

BALTASAR DEL ALCAZAR (*Spanish*).

Translation of SIR JOHN BOWRING.

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